UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE
3 1761 07096770 8

Ex libris

REV. W. P. CONSIDINE,

383 SIXTH STREET,

DETROIT,

MICH.

No. 136

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/messenger04aposuoft

THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.

A MAGAZINE
OF THE
LITERATURE OF CATHOLIC DEVOTION

Official Organ of the Apostleship of Prayer—League of the Sacred Heart.

EDITED BY THE AMERICAN HEAD DIRECTOR.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY—WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR.
VOL. IV—NEW SERIES.
JANUARY—DECEMBER, 1889.

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF
THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART,
114 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

COPYRIGHT, 1889,
BY REV. R. S. DEWEY, S. J.

INDEX

VOLUME IV—NEW SERIES

(Vol. XXIV of Whole Series—24th Year).

MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, 1889

THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART (Apostleship of Prayer).

GENERAL INTENTIONS, 1889. PAGE

January—God's Rights in the World ... 65
February—The Victims of Pride ... 145
March—The Victims of Sensuality ... 225
April—The Victims of the Love of Riches ... 305
May—The Conversion of the Jews ... 385
June—The Spread of the Spirit of Prayer ... 465
July—The Confessors and Directors of Souls ... 545
August—The Abolition of Slavery ... 625
September—The Oriental Churches ... 705
October—The Humiliation of the Church's Enemies ... 785
November—The Atoning Governments of South America ... 866
December—Preachers of the Gospel ... 946
The Winding up of the Pope's Jubilee (Illustration-piece) ... 45
I.—Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart.
II.—Our Lady's Canticle of Praise.
Interests of the Sacred Heart: Rome—Missions—America ... 223, 464

THE LEAGUE: The Present State of the Universal League ... 69
The Holy League: I.—Young Men Promoters; II.—College Work ... 149
Its Foundation-Idea, *by Father Ramière* ... 229
In the Seminary (St. Charles', Overbrook, Pa.) ... 231
Pastoral Letter of the *Rt. Rev. Bishop of Leavenworth;* At a Passionist Monastery—First Principles ... 309
The Apostleship of the Promoters, *by the Rev. Director General* ... 389
The Fruit of the General Intentions ... 393

First Principles..... 549
Encouragement from Rome..... 630
In a Cathedral (New York)—In Montreal..... 630
The Pope's Decree and the First Friday..... 709
Sample Work, New York—Montpelier, Vt.—Brooklyn..... 712
The Pope's Letter, the Rosary and St. Joseph..... 789
Father Ramière on the Organization of the League..... 790
What the League is and what it is not..... 874

APOSTLESHIP NOTICES: New League Centres—Sodalities B. V. M.—Correspondence—Treasury—Thanksgivings—Recent Approbations—Recent Aggregations to League, to Sodality B. V. M., to Archconfraternity, to *Bona Mors*—News from Centres—Notes on the Treasury.....75, 155, 235, 315, 395, 475, 553, 635, 715, 795, 876, 956

THE GENERAL CONSECRATION OF FAMILIES in 1889.
Notes.....469, 551, 789, 873
The Golden Books—Summary of Families Consecrated..... 950

DEVOTIONAL.

THE PROMISES OF THE SACRED HEART, *by the Editor:*
Introductory—The First Promise..... 55
The Second Promise of the Sacred Heart..... 135
The Third Promise of the Sacred Heart..... 214
The Fourth Promise of the Sacred Heart..... 297
The Fifth Promise of the Sacred Heart..... 377
The Sixth Promise of the Sacred Heart..... 454
The Seventh Promise of the Sacred Heart..... 535
The Eighth Promise of the Sacred Heart..... 613
The Ninth Promise of the Sacred Heart..... 696
The Tenth Promise of the Sacred Heart..... 776
The Eleventh Promise of the Sacred Heart..... 860
The Twelfth Promise of the Sacred Heart..... 931
The Great Promise of the Nine First Fridays.
The Church and her Seers..... 449
The Meaning of the Scapular, *by the Editor*..... 508, 609, 690, 770, 853
The Rights of Man, *by Father Ramière*..... 618
Mr. Kemper's Work and the Promises..... 685, 779
A Thought of Christmas Day..... 881

BIOGRAPHY.

The American Knight of St. Sylvester, *by M. L. Meany*..... 36, 109
Julius P. Garesché, Lieutenant Colonel U. S. A., killed in the battle of Murfreesboro, 31 December, 1862.
The Father of the Apostleship of Prayer..... 188
Francis Xavier Gautrelet, S.J. (1807–1886).
The Mother of the Good Shepherd, *by M. L. Meany*..... 254
Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia (1796-1868).
A Valiant Woman, *by M. L. Meany*..... 336
Mrs. Sarah Peter, died at Cincinnati, 1877.
An American Pioneer, *by M. L. Meany*..... 418
Rev. Elisha J. Durbin, born 1800, died 1887, in Kentucky. *Portrait*, from late photograph.
The First Canadian Carmelite, *by E. V. N.*..... 495
Sr. Teresa of Jesus (Hermine Frémont), died 1873.

An American Doctor of Mortification, *by M. L. Meany*..... 574
Rt. Rev. J. N. Neumann, C.SS.R., Bishop of Philadelphia, A.D. 1811–60.
A Religious Foundation in America, *by M. L. Meany*..... 667, 735
The Sisters of Loretto, Kentucky, founded by Father Charles Nerinckx, 1812.
A Breton Missionary, *by Frances Waite*..... 812
Blessed Louis-Marie Grignon De Montfort. Born January 31, 1673; died April 28, 1716.
A Noble American Life, *by M. L. Meany*..... 897
Jenny C. White Del Bal, born September 1, 1835; died September 24, 1867.

NARRATIVE.

The Holdings of a Vest Pocket, An American Tale, *by Harry Vincent*..... 15
Private Tom of the 18th Royal Irish, *by P. J. Coleman*..... 96
Mink, *by Joseph E. Barnaby*..... 176, 266, 352
A Pair of Graces:..... 287
I.—The Conversion of an Actress;
II.—How our Lady turned the Key of the Sacred Heart, *by Eleanor C. Donnelly.*
Poor Little Dick, A Southern Tale, *by Agnes Hampton*..... 413
The Legend of the Tree of the Cross..... 428
Pilate Fresh from College, *by Padre Coloma*..... 436, 516, 596, 677
Illustrations, from the original Spanish designs.
Bread Upon the Waters, *by a Sister of Mercy*..... 529
After Many Years:..... 589
I.—The Winning of the Grace, *by a Missionary Father.*
II.—Her Own Penance, *by a Sister of the Good Shepherd.*
III.—"One Hundred Years, Father!" *by a Hospital Chaplain.*
Father Carter's Tramp, *by B. A.*..... 657
'Tater John's Maggie, A Tale of London, *by Harry Vincent*..... 744, 828
Odd Baptisms, *by a Hospital Chaplain*..... 767
God's Heroine, *by a Sister of Mercy*..... 848
The Wreck of Christmas Eve, *by Brendan Burke*..... 908

THE READER.

The Church abroad, at home—Evangelicals and Recusants..... 61
The Church's Methods—The Poor—The Workingmen—The late Father Hecker and Conversions..... 141
Relations of the Weekly Journals with Magazines and Authors; A Romance in *The Century*..... 218
The late Mr. P. V. Hickey and his work—Commencement Books and Presents—Death of Father Thiry..... 301
The New Quarterly *Sacred Heart Library*—Mr. Kemper's "Promises in 100 Languages"..... 380
Americans and the French Revolution—Its true character—Parental Rights in Boston—The Austrian Tragedy..... 458
Novels and the MESSENGER stories (*by Padre Coloma*)..... 540
French Revolutionists—English Country Catholics—Mr. De Kay and St. Patrick—Blessed de la Salle..... 622
Catholic Literature in America—Catholic Public Opinion..... 700
Lourdes, its own and the Church's witness—Magazine Criticism—Bishop Dupanloup's Testimony..... 781
Father Von Doss's "Thoughts and Counsels for Catholic Young Men"—The Working Man and his True Friends..... 863
The Holy Father's Letter to the South American Governments—Politics—Church and State..... 942
New Books.....61, 141, 380, 540, 781, 942

POETRY.

A Favorite Madonna, *by Helen Grace Smith*..... 14
Ireland's Golden Noon, *by Joseph E. Barnaby*..... 60
Illustration-Piece, Illuminated Border, 14th Century.
The Whitening Harvest, *by T. B., with Decorative Pieces*..... 95
To Father Time, *by E. S.*..... 108
Illustration-Piece, The Holy Family in Glory, *by Fr. Vasseur, S.J.*
Marriage Feast of Cana, *by P. J. C.*..... 133
Our Father, *by E. V. N.*..... 134
The Lost Crucifix, *by Mrs. General F. Kilby Smith; Corner-piece*—14th Century illumination 174
Our Master's Lesson, *by T. B. F.*..... 187
Death as a Friend, *by E. S.*..... 253
Illustration, after recent Spanish design.
The Dead Christ Risen..... 265
The Easter Peace, *by Helen Grace Smith (with Illustration-Piece)*..... 335
Comest Thou to me? *by Sr. M. D.*..... 376
The Way of Interior Peace, *by Eleanor C. Donnelly*..... 412
The School of Life, *with Illumination-Piece*..... 448
The Visitation, *by C. H. M. (with Illustrations:* Headband, Birds *by Giacommelli;* Sunrise in Judea)..... 481
Longings of Carmel (*with Illustrations:* Moonlight Scene of Convent; Tail-piece, Nightingales)..... 514
The Honey Bees (*with Illustrations:* Initial, Palestine Wild Rose—Tail-piece, *by Giacommelli*..... 572
The Old Sexton, *to Rethel by W. Allingham (with Illustrations:* Head-piece, Alpine Lake; Tail-piece, Madonna in a Glory, *after Fra Angelico*)..... 641
Light in Death's Shadow, *by E. D. (with Illustration:* Decorative Initial)..... 684
St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, *by Helen Grace Smith (with Initial-piece)*..... 734
"Cold as Charity," *by John Acton*..... 769
"Pity and Pray for me!" *by Joseph E. Barnaby (with Illustration:* Purgatory)..... 811
"Oft as Yule-Tree Gleamings," *by J. H. L.*..... 896
"Grace Beameth Still," *by J. J. M.*..... 923

ILLUSTRATED VARIETIES.

A Flight into Egypt, *by Father Jullien, S.J.*..... 1, 81
Illustrations: Initial Headband; Views from Photographs—Tombs of the Caliphs—St. Joseph's Tree—The Virgin's Spring—The Virgin's Tree; Tail-piece—Desert Palms; Initial Headband; Views from Photographs—The Obelisk of Heliopolis—Donkey Boy of Cairo—Chapel at Matareeyeh; Side- and Tail-pieces, *by Fr. Vasseur, S.J.*—The Vision—The Flight—In Egypt.

Two Meek Saints' Tombs, *by E. W.*..... 48
Illustrations: Illuminated Headband—St. Frances de Chantal's Portrait of St. Francis de Sales—Lake—Distant View of Annecy.

A Flower of the Faith of China, *by a Missionary*..... 119
Illustrations: Views—Chinese god—Spirit-Kidnappers—Mission Chapel; Chinese pieces, *by Fr. Vasseur, S.J.*—The Presentation in the Temple—Catechism—Deathbed—Mosaic Tail-piece.

Croagh Patrick, *by Patrick Joseph Coleman*..... 161
Illustrations: Headband, Antique Irish—Initial, from "Book of Kells"; Views—Sunset on Clew Bay—Fisher Boys of Mayo (after *C. Whymper's* Poaching on Lough Corrib)—The Pins of Bunnabeola—Ruins of St. Colman's, Innisbofin—Ruins of Murrisk Abbey; Tail-piece—Village in Achill Island.

SAMOA AND ITS APOSTLES 204
Illustrations, after Photographs: Bishop Elloy—Port of Apia and Mt. Vaca—Street Scene—Hut of College—Mission House and Church.

MISSIONS AND MARTYRS OF THE GEORGIA COAST: I.—A.D. 1555–1597 241
Illustrations: Headband and Pieces, Scissor-bills—Off Amelia Island; Death of Father Martinez—In the Salt Creeks—Florida River Scene.

BELLS OF IRELAND, *by Patrick Joseph Coleman* 277
Illustrations: Head- and Tail-pieces, Portions of 10th Century Bell-shrine, Round Tower of Kilree—Ancient Irish Bell—Shrine of St. Patrick's Bell.

AT LOURDES, *by Mrs. Jane Cave* 321
Illustrations: Head-piece, Annunciation; Bernadette (after Photographs), Child—Nun—Deathbed; Grotto in Early Days—Town of Lourdes—Basilica and Church of the Rosary.

MISSIONS AND MARTYRS OF THE GEORGIA COAST: II.—A.D. 1597–1735 368
Illustrations: Corner- and Tail-pieces, Coast Birds; Florida Swamp—Coast Morass; The Last of the Chiefs (A.D. 1860).

A HIGHLAND OF FAITH 401
Illustrations (after recent German artists): (*by G. Closs*) Head-piece, From the Bavarian Plains; On the Walchensee—A Highland Hermit—A Chapel in the Rocks; (*by K. Raupp*) The Procession Comes—Corpus Christi; (*by J. G. Steffan*) Tail-piece, On the Ammersee.

FROM LOURDES TO BETHARRAM, *by Mrs. Jane Cave* 483
Illustrations: Initial, Field Flowers; Views from Photographs—Bridge over the Gave—The Stained-glass Window—The Church—The Fountain of St. Roch—The 2d Station—The Calvary—General View.

THE RUINS OF CLONMACNOISE, *by P. J. Coleman* 561
Illustrations: from recent art works and *Bartlett's* plates: Crosier—Distant View—Teampull MacDiarmuid—Ancient High Cross—Near View—Window.

WANDERING THOUGHTS IN MEXICO, *by Manuel Kennedy* 643, 721, 841
Illustrations: Head-piece, Arch at Tlamanalco; Views: Tezcuco—Mercedarian Cloisters, Mexico—Church of La Soledad, Vera Cruz; Head-piece, Lower Arches at Tlamanalco; Views: A Mexican City (Puebla from the West)—A Plaza Grande—A Confraternity Church (La Trinidad, Mexico)—In the Cemetery, Tlamanalco—A Tropical Home—A Tropical Kitchen—Tropical Scenes.

BRUNO THE SAINT 758
Illustrations: From the paintings of Le Sueur: St. Bruno's Conversion—Refusing the Mitre—Glorification; View, Road to the Grande Chartreuse.

SKELLIG MICHAEL, *by Patrick Joseph Coleman* 801
Illustrations: Head-piece, Ancient Stairway on Skellig Michael (from an autotype by the Earl of Dunraven)—The Gannet—The Great Skellig—Monastic Cell on Skellig Michael—Way of the Cross, Skellig Michael; Tail-piece—Valentia, with Station of the Transatlantic Cable.

THE DANCE OF ADORATION, Feast of the Immaculate Conception in Seville, *by an Eye-Witness* 884
Illustrations: Initial I (Spanish design); Views: The Giralda, Seville—The Girandola—The Dance of Adoration—Interior of the Cathedral, Seville; Tail-piece—The Bell of the Giralda.

FROM LOURDES TO NOTRE DAME DE POUEYLAÜN, *by Mrs. Jane Cave* 924
Illustrations: Views: Church of Our Lady of Poueylaün—Interior of the Church of Our Lady of Poueylaün—Church of Our Lady of Poueylaün (Distant view through the hills).

FRONTISPIECES:

Christ Child's Come! after the Painting of Ewers.....To face page 1
The Holy Family in Egypt, Altar-piece at Matareeyeh, *presented by the Very Rev. Father Beckx, General of the Society of Jesus*.....To face page 81
The Holy Family, after Painting of Franz Defregger, Munich School.. " " 161
The Entombment, from the Painting of Fra Bartolommeo, Dominican, Florentine School, 16th Century.....To face page 241
Sweet Lady of Mercy, from a 15th Century Illumination..... " " 321
The Heart of Jesus Pleading, after Painting of Gagliardi, in Roman Sanctuary..... " " 401
The Blessed Virgin and St. Elizabeth, from the Painting of Albertinelli (Florence, A.D. 1500).....To face page 481
The Assumption, after the Spanish Painter Del Castillo..... " " 561
Death as a Friend, after Alfred Rethel..... " " 641
Death of St. Bruno, after Le Sueur..... " " 721
The End of the World's Glory, after the Painting of Valdes Leal..... " " 801
—Not more, not less.
The Holy Night, Painting of Carl Müller, after photograph..... " " 881

CHRIST CHILD'S COME!

(AFTER THE PAINTING OF EWERS.)

THE MESSENGER
OF THE
SACRED HEART OF JESUS

NEW SERIES. JANUARY, 1889. VOL. IV (xxiv), No. 1.

By Father Jullien, S. J.

LET me take you to the blessed tree which, tradition says, gave shelter to the Holy Family on their arrival in Egypt. It's only a tramp of some five or six hours, so we will go by a roundabout way, to see some of the local curiosities.

1.—*Donkeys and Donkey-Boys.*

And, first of all, about our donkeys. What charming little creatures we have out here in Cairo! I mean not the large white donkeys, so hard to manage. They form a distinct breed, and will cost you as much as a first-class horse. The donkeys I speak of are of the more ordinary type, such as we have in France.

Yet, even here, what a difference! The Cairo specimen has nothing of the hang-dog look about him. On the contrary, he appears quite conscious of his worth when decked out

Copyright, 1889, by Rev. R. S. Dewey, S.J. All rights reserved.]

in his corduroy saddle, the pommel of which is of red leather, with an occasional covering of red plush tipped with golden fringe.

In repose, he holds his head high and his neck stiff; he will sometimes even paw the ground like a blood-horse, eyeing you the while with a glance brimful of life. You are hardly in the saddle when he trots off at a brisk pace, which he exchanges for a gallop at the very shadow of provocation. Yet he is gentle withal, ever the same, and never shows the faintest propensity to mischief. You may pass a hundred times a day through groups of these little creatures, waiting at the street-crossings for someone to hire them, and not one of them will dream of disturbing a hair of your head.

All these lovable qualifications make the donkey, in Egypt, an object of general esteem and even honor. His services are in demand by rich and poor, priest and magistrate, officer and soldier; so there can be nothing humiliating in adopting this method of travel.

The donkey-boy never forsakes his donkey. He follows him a few paces behind—a young lad of from ten to fifteen, with his blue shirt, bare legs, and white turban ablaze with brilliant colors. His duty is to be general purveyor, to encourage his charge with an occasional touch of the stick, point out the bad spots in the road, signal when to turn the corners, and clear the track of troublesome pedestrians.

You have absolutely nothing to do, nothing to fear, if you are only horseman enough to hold your equilibrium when your donkey plunges rather unexpectedly into a gallop at the faintest reminder from the driver. As for the donkey-boy, you will find him quite as untirable, as cheery, and as serviceable as the donkey.

For a single trip within city limits, the fare is only a piastre (five cents); for a whole day, three francs (sixty cents) at the most. A profitable bargain withal, seeing that the donkey lives on ten cents a day—on dry beans in summer, and in the winter on bersine or white clover, which the donkey-boy ties up and stuffs into his mouth with his hand as he travels along.

2.—*The Rubbish-Mounds.*

We are on the great noisy thoroughfare of the *Mooskee*, which starts from the centre of the town and runs directly east. What an array of shops! First comes the European, then the Jew, then the Greek, and, last of all, the Turk, so as to be nearer the gigantic mosque, El-Azhar, but a short distance from the end of the street. This is the most celebrated of all the Mussulman schools, and has at present an attendance of upward of nine thousand students.

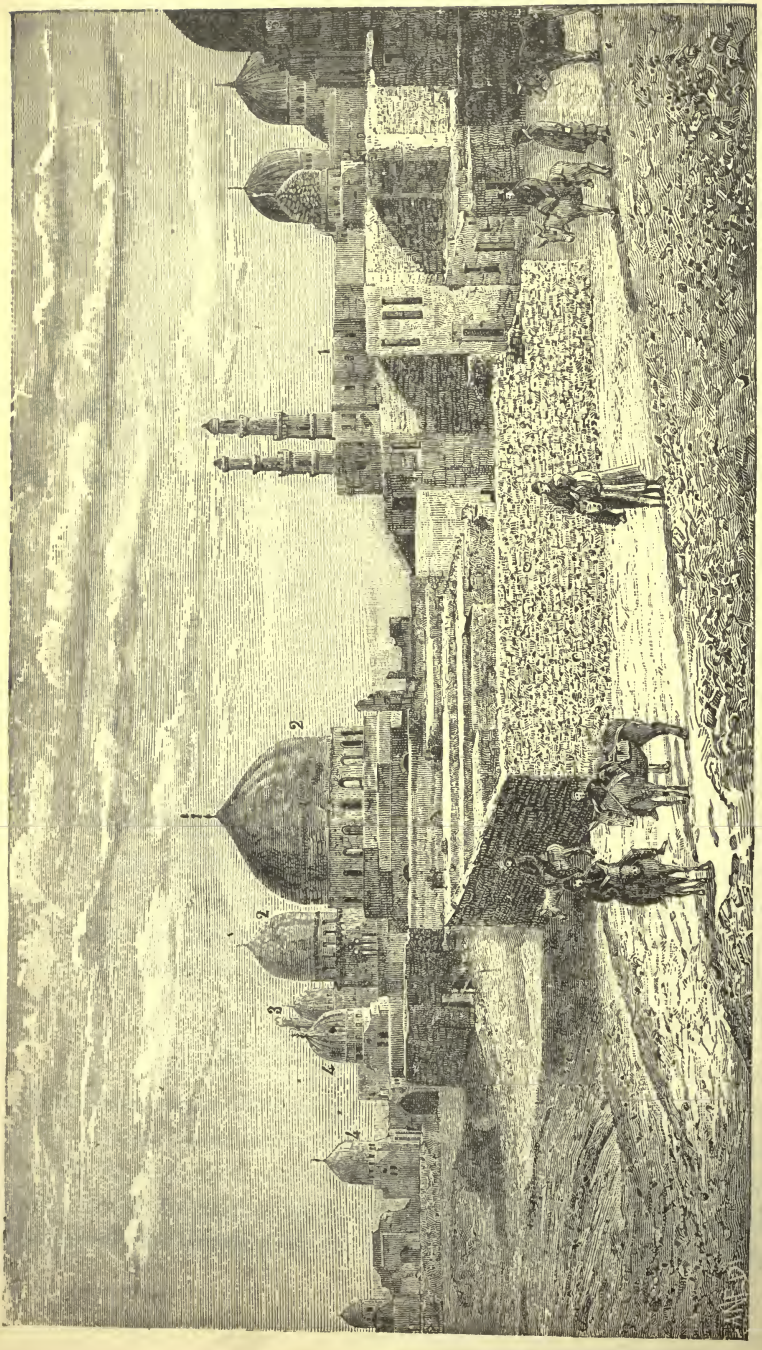
A mile and a quarter more and we are at the terminus of the thoroughfare—a veritable dust-pit lying at the foot of a small chain of round-topped hills which gird the horizon, and are known as the Rubbish-Mounds.

Perhaps your fancy is weaving pictures of crumbling ruins, blocks of stone, bits of fancy sculpture. I must disappoint you. There are only the remains of sun-baked brick and brick not baked crumbling into dust, broken crockery, sweepings. These are the crumbling ruins which you look for, and which have no interest beyond the immensity of area occupied.

These rubbish-mounds bound Cairo on the south and east, and measure four and a half miles in length, and nearly a hundred feet in average height. The whole city of Cairo, with its four hundred mosques and its palaces without number, upset and piled into one ruined heap, could be added on to them, and nobody would see a great difference. We have here not the dust of one city, but of many. For the Mussulman is never known to repair his house or his mosque. When he notices it getting beyond all hope, he quietly tears it down, carts away the useless rubbish, and puts up another one.

3.—*The Tombs of the Caliphs.*

We have just gained the summit of a hill after considerable zigzag climbing. Before us is the Mokattam range with its long stretch of white limestone to the east of the Nile valley. Below is the belt railroad connecting the main station of Shubra for Alexandria and Suez with the less pretentious one for the water-



TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS:

1, Mosque of El Barkook; 2, Mosques of Sheikh Ahmed; 3, Mosque (powder magazine); 4, Other mosques.

ing resort of Allouan. A splendid view in the valley below spreads out before us—a city with domes and minarets, graceful though fantastic in design, cemeteries on every side, noiseless, almost tenantless—the city of the dead, called Toarab Kaït-Bey, and known as the "Tombs of the Caliphs."

There are houses enough here for ten thousand inhabitants, yet it is questionable if three hundred be found. Their duty—a rather forlorn one—is to be the guardians of the dead and of mosques that are fallen into dilapidation. There is not a sign of a tree or a blade of grass anywhere—nothing save thousands and thousands of Mussulman graves, just as in the cemeteries of Algiers!

Common folks are buried in tombs whitewashed and with pointed stones placed at either end marking the distance from Mecca. The richer class cover in their tombs with wood painted, while the ancient Mameluke princes erected their stately mosques, now in ruins beyond repair. Between the mosques are houses and deserted streets. This well portrays Islamism crumbling in the chill of death.

Before entering the city of the dead we cast a glance backward at the great city with its 600,000 inhabitants, its minarets without number, its ever-changing noisy throngs. Verily are we between life and death!

On reaching the valley, with the monumental dead all around us, we veer around to the north from the east, which has been our course hitherto. I enclose an engraving of the last mosques we came to. The last of all, separated from the dwellings, is a structure of surpassing grace, and at present serves the purpose of a powder magazine. The little huts with cactus plants alongside, placed at the angles of the inclosure, are the quarters of the scanty garrison of some three or four men, kept there as wardens of the place. They are quite harmless, however, and make a pleasing variety to one in these dreary wastes, which begin but a short distance beyond, continuing in an unbroken stretch as far as Suez. The poor fellows came out to welcome us, and manifested the greatest admiration for our little chart which helped us

to divine the names of the several mosques without being obliged to ask.

Keeping due north, we pass in succession the Mokattam and Gebel-el-Ahmar, or Red Mountain, formed of an ironstone. On our left, at a considerable elevation, are the large filtering basins of the Water Company. But the bones which we meet at every step, and the hollows of tombs whose vaults have given way, remind us that we are still in the city of the dead.

[Two interesting chapters, but less suitable to the purposes of the MESSENGER—on the *Barracks* and the *Ostrich Farms*—are here omitted.—EDITOR.]

6.—*Matareeyeh.*

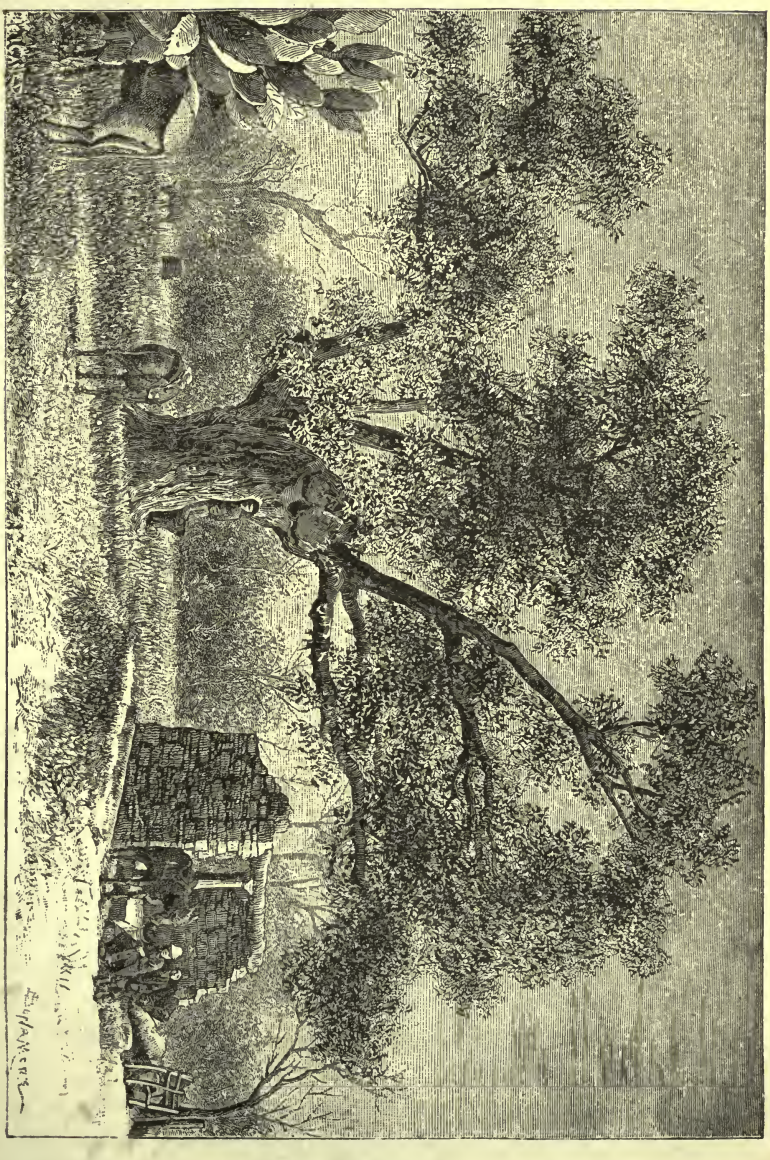
A few minutes more and we have reached the Virgin's tree. We had only to travel westward alongside of the gardens that surround Matareeyeh, until we came to the last, in the northwestern part of the village, the site on which stands the tree of the Virgin.

The village of Matareeyeh is one of the most thickly peopled in the surroundings of Cairo. It is six miles northwest from the city, and a little over half a mile south of the ruins of Heliopolis. On reaching Cairo by the main road, after a stretch of fine fields of cotton, clover, and the like, we came to a low meadow-land irrigated well-nigh the year round. It extends toward the desert on our right. Close by this bit of marshy land begin the dwellings of Matareeyeh.

As everywhere else, the bulk of these are of unbaked brick, made from the river-mud. The few exceptions are better specimens of building, and have an addition of one story to the ground-floor.

Keeping to our right, we pass on before the new mosque, a beautiful white stone structure erected by the Viceroy Tewfik I., a great land-proprietor in these parts.

Behind the mosque the village comes to an end toward the north. On the right of the road which we followed, was a patch of well-watered meadow-land. At the lower end between two citron groves stands a majestic and very ancient tree—the famous sycomore of St. Joseph, of which presently.



ST. JOSEPH'S TREE.

—Beyond the grove, a delightful bit of road eight rods in length conducts us to the garden of the Virgin's tree. The entrance is guarded by a cassia tree (*cassia fissula*) with its large clusters of yellow flowers and its long blackish pods of sugary pulp, known to apothecaries as cassia-stick.

7.—*The Garden of Balm.—The Spring.*

We have reached the hallowed spot, otherwise known as the Garden of Balm.

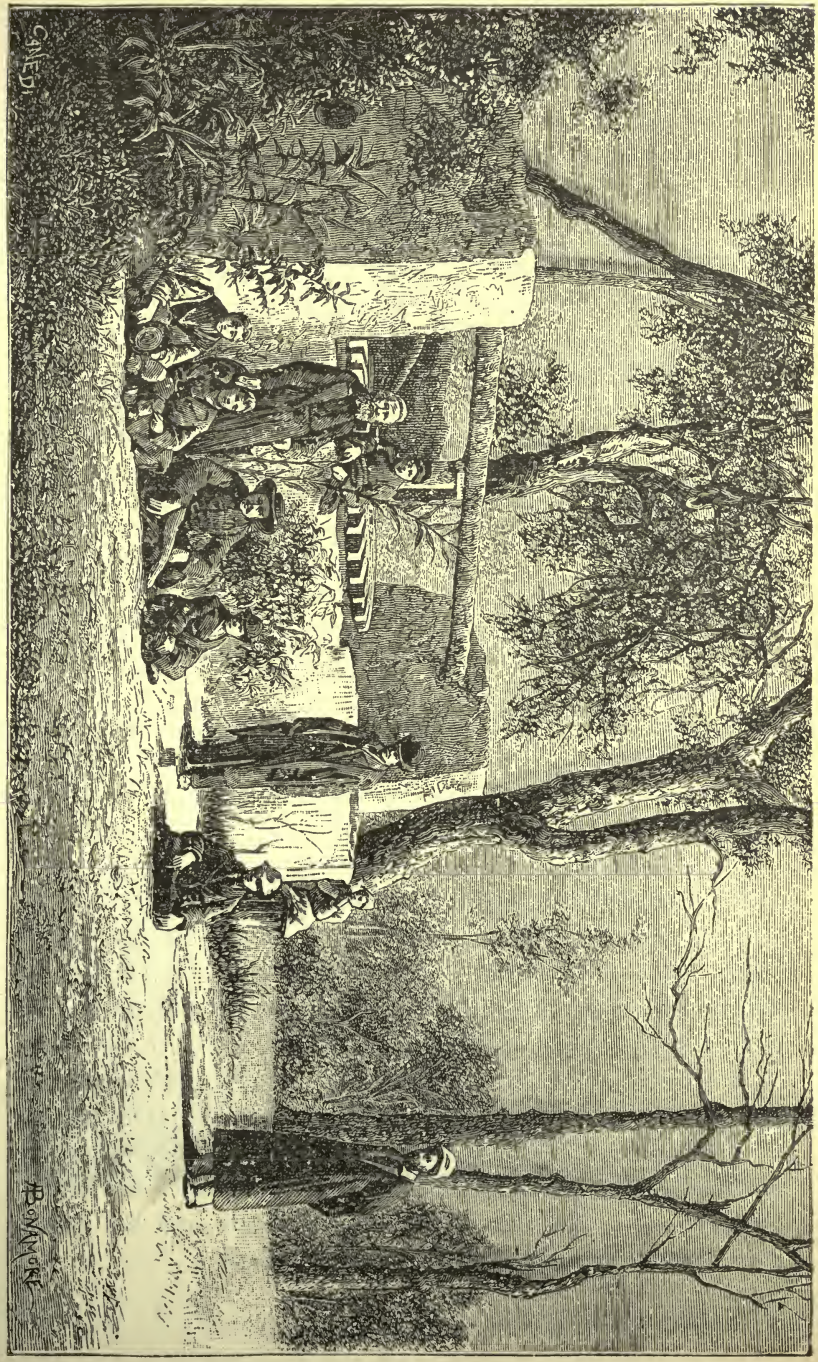
A very old tradition has it that the Holy Family used to live here, and that through the prayers of the Blessed Virgin a spring bubbled up, making this arid soil from that day wonderfully fertile. A little window and part of a wall were shown as portions of the dwelling of the Holy Family. Over this wall the Christians erected a church to the honor of our Lady which was a great centre of devotion on the 24th of the Coptic month Beham (31 May)—the feast of the arrival of the illustrious fugitives in Egypt.[1]

The church—demolished in the last century—was preserved for a long time, even down through the rule of the Mahometans, who were in the habit of venerating these holy places, and built a mosque in the neighborhood.

Close to the spring they cultivated the precious shrub that furnished the balm—the balm of Mecca—from which the garden derived its name. The Coptic bishops made use of it in compounding the Holy Chrism. But the balm has long since disappeared from the country, as far back as three hundred years ago, when one of the pachas kept a sprig of it in his garden. The shrub itself (*amyris opobalsamum*) is about the size of a gooseberry bush, with a leaf resembling that of rue. In the spring-time incisions were made in the bark as an outlet for the balm.

Such is the Coptic tradition, which has received the confirmation of Abouna Philothaos, the most learned priest of the nation and vicar-general of the schismatical Coptic patriarch.

[1] This feast is still preserved in the Coptic Catholic rite.



THE VIRGIN'S SPRING.

At present the Garden of Balm comprises about two and a half acres, and is quite modern in taste. One-half of it is laid out in walks and flower-beds, the other is a citron grove. The trees are not the same as the Corsican citron or lemon of Algiers; their fruit is about the size of a nut, and is extremely acid.

A short distance from the entrance, on the north side of the garden, there is a contrivance (a double *novia*) for hauling up the water in earthen jars that hang from cords made of the palm-leaf, while large water-wheels of wood—known among the natives as *sakieh*—are turned by oxen below.

The miraculous spring, formerly on a level with the surface of the ground, is sunk down a few yards, probably from the raising up of the ground. The water is deliciously fresh in the summer, and is always abundant, even when the sakieh of the neighborhood are without supply.

This water cannot come from the filtrations of the Nile. It is a genuine spring—the only one in Egypt, perhaps. In fact, how can a spring start up in a country that has but a rainfall of an inch or two a year, hardly enough to lay the dust of the road ten or twelve times a year?

It is to this spring, doubtless, that the village owes its name of Matareeyeh—new or fresh water.

We piously drank of this spring, which, according to tradition, brought solace to many a sick person in days gone by.

8.—*The Tree of the Virgin.*

About twenty-five yards to the southwest of the spring stands the tree of the Virgin, at a meeting-point of the walks. The story is, that the Holy Family were passing a large sycomore just when their pursuers lost sight of them, and that the trunk of the tree opened out sufficiently to shelter and conceal the whole party until the evil-doers were out of reach. The part of the trunk where they took refuge fell down in 1656. However credible the story itself, it is certain that this tree is known the country over as the tree of the Blessed Virgin, and has always been highly venerated as such by the Christians.

THE VIRGIN'S TREE.

The tree itself is a very old sycomore (*ficus sycomorus*), quite distinct from the European species of maple called *sycamore*, and of a kind with that mentioned in the Gospel, into which Zaccheus climbed to see our Lord. Its huge trunk is flattened from north to south; it seems but the half of a tree. It is seven yards and a half in circumference, nearly twenty-six feet high, and bends down toward the earth. It is still perfectly sound, and its vigorous branches make of it a beautiful tree. A wooden fence, with a jasmin vine intertwined, forming an enclosure some nine yards across, has been put around it to keep off the hands of indiscreet visitors. One may without difficulty, however, pluck a leaf or two from the great branches which bend to the ground, and the old Arab who sleeps wrapped up in his mantle at the foot of the tree readily allows the pious larceny if you slip the least backsheesh of coin into his hand.

The sycomore is a fig-tree. In the month of August, the young shoots, hanging from its great branches, are laden with a copious supply of round figs, of medium size and reddish color, having a sweetish earthy taste about them. They are sold in large quantities to the children and to the Arabs on the streets of Cairo. The wood of the tree is heavy and brittle, the large branches sometimes falling of themselves, sometimes bending down the tree by their weight. The leaf never falls, and resembles that of the alder on the banks of our streams.

The sycomore is very common in lower Egypt. When you descry, far off across the plain, the dark-green, round, handsome head of some tree, near a spring or a tomb, it is sure to be a sycomore. The long avenue of Shubra, which is to Cairo what the Bois de Boulogne is to Paris, is lined by old sycomores. The root, like that of the olive-tree, scarcely ever dies. Even though the rest of the tree meet its death from accident, disease, or old age, the root lives on, and, in time, shoots out into a new tree.

The trunk of the present tree, if not identical with the one that gave shelter to the Holy Family, is at least an offspring of the same root. It is in this sense that the pilgrims in the garden of Gethsemane are told—"These are the olives of the days of our Lord."

The Empress Eugénie went, in company with the Viceroy Ismael, to the tree of the Virgin, when, in 1869, she came to Egypt on the occasion of the opening of the Suez Canal. The Viceroy thought he could make her no more acceptable present than by offering to her, and to France, the blessed tree. But, unfortunately, no written acceptance was made out, and so the donation practically is not given. The Garden of Balm and the tree of the Virgin are at present (1882) the personal property of the Viceroy Tewfik.

We remained kneeling for some time under the branches of the blessed tree, praying to the Infant Jesus for our Mission, in the language of Zachary: *By the bowels of mercy of our God, in which He hath visited us, . . . enlighten those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.*

About two hundred paces south, with a plantation of large cactus between, is the tree of St. Joseph. Thither we repaired to convey our petition to the head of the Holy Family also.

The tree of St. Joseph is also a sycomore, of about the same age as the tree of the Virgin, with a very large hollow trunk, enough to accommodate four or five persons. It measures nearly eight yards around.

Very few pilgrims visit this tree, which is almost unknown. There is no fence, no garden around it, and it serves the purpose of a shade to the children and the oxen engaged in the work of the neighboring sakieh.

(*To be concluded.*)

A FAVORITE MADONNA.

By Helen Grace Smith.

BEAUTIFUL Mother, in meekness adoring
The Infant Redeemer, thy God and thy King,
Turn for one moment, and hear us imploring
Thine aid—See, sweet Virgin, the gifts that we bring!

Wilt thou not turn that rapt gaze from the Saviour,
Just for one moment, to list our low prayer?
We will adore Him, O wonderful Saviour!
We will kneel close by Him, watch with Him there.

Nay? Then, 'tis best, for perhaps He would miss thee;
Miss thy sweet presence, the light in thine eyes:
Then He would long first to clasp thee and kiss thee,
Smooth thy gold hair from the brow where it lies.

Stay with Him, Mother, and turn not thine eyes away—
Stay and adore Him, but hear while we plead—
Lonely and desolate, lost in the dark we stray,
Tell thy sweet Baby the favors we need.

Tell Him our heart-aches, our sighs, and our sore distress,
Our sad forebodings, our trials and tears;
Tell Him our feet are all torn with great thorns that press
Close on our pathway—Oh! tell Him our fears.

Ah! Thou dost smile; thou hast heard us, dear Mary,
And thy poor children give thanks for thy love:
Thy tender love will not fail, will not vary,
Dear "Rose of Sharon," thy sweetness we prove.

Beautiful, beautiful Virgin most pure and blest—
What tender loveliness beams from thy face!
Heavenly, heavenly Child in thy meek arms pressed,
Source of our happiness, fountain of peace!

THE HOLDINGS OF A VEST-POCKET.

By Harry Vincent.

I.

IN a small cottage on the outskirts of a manufacturing town in the State of New York, Mrs. Lalance lived with her son and daughter. The house was a frame building and very old, and but poorly furnished within. It was surrounded by a small untended lawn, studded here and there with flower-beds which had, ere now, rejoiced in pretty and well-cared-for geraniums and petunias.

After all she had been accustomed to, it was hard for Mrs. Lalance to live in such a house. Her husband had once been a millionaire, and even to the day of his death had been considered a wealthy man. It was the cause of no small amount of surprise after his death when it became known that his widow was left nothing more than a few hundred a year. At first Mrs. Lalance had given herself up to bitter complaints, then to tears, and finally, owing greatly to her daughter Mary, to the will of God.

For some months past she had been very contented in her quiet little home. She began to see, as her daughter had always contended, that things were not as bad as they might have been. The furniture in the house, it is true, was poor, and her carriages and horses and fine dresses were a thing of the past. But she had her books, of which she was very fond, and above all—a blessing for which she frequently thanked God—she was not separated from her children.

On the evening which commences our story, she was at times gay and gladsome, at times sad and sorrowful. Her son, who had of late given it out as his intention to go to New York, was provided with a letter of recommendation from the parish priest and was to start on the morrow, to seek his fortune.

Mary, who much regretted that she was to be separated from her brother John, was nevertheless delighted to think that he had roused himself into activity and had made up his mind, at last, to settle down to work.

As to John himself, he looked upon his departure from home to a large and strange city as exceedingly risky, and his faith in being able to find speedy and lucrative employment was but small. And besides, what did he know about business, he would say to himself, looking upon everything as usual from the blackest point of view. He had had no experience; he had never been intended for it. He had been brought up accustomed to every luxury, he had owned his horse and had belonged to a club and had had plenty of money to spend and clothes to wear. It was hardly to be expected that he should knuckle down to work in another man's employ and rough it in the office of a business-house.

Thoughts such as these had wrought a great change in John Lalance of late. From a naturally good-natured fellow, he was gradually growing into a sullen, discontented man. Such thoughts drove him to ask his sister this very evening, in an unkind and ungentle manner, for money.

"What can you want with money, John?" asked Mary, looking up in surprise from her book. "Did not Mother give you everything she could spare this afternoon for your journey to New York to-morrow?"

"What can I want with money?" said John angrily, paying no heed to the latter part of Mary's question. "Why, to spend, of course."

"Well, you have money. Go and spend it, if you must," replied Mary, and she went on reading her book.

Her manner brought him to his senses. He saw he had spoken rudely, and that her feelings were hurt; and he was immediately sorry for it.

"Forgive me, Mary. I beg your pardon," he said. "I am sorry for speaking to you as I did, but the truth is I am not myself to-night, and I want some money to get some things in town, and I don't want to take what Mother gave me to-day, for fear I should spend too much of it."

She felt that he did not deserve it, and would still have liked to refuse him; but it was not in her heart to do so.

"Yes, John," she said, "I will give you what I can, but I

want you to do something in return for me. You won't refuse me, will you? You know there is nothing I would ever refuse you." She went to a chest of drawers at the other side of the room, and came back to him with a little scapular of the Sacred Heart—what is called piously the "safe-guard"—in her hand. "I want you to keep and wear this," she said, "in honor of Him Whose Heart is imprinted on it."

"Oh, nonsense," replied John. "You know it's no use; I don't believe in such things."

"Oh, but you should believe in them," urged Mary, her soft eyes suffused with tears. "It is so pretty, and looks so pious; everything about it is holy. Perhaps some dear little nun made an ejaculation to the Sacred Heart for every stitch she put into it."

"My dear girl," said John, "you can't make me swallow such stuff; I don't believe a nun made it at all. It was probably turned out of some huge factory, and the men and women were ten to one swearing while they were at their work. You really should not put yourself under any obligations to Father O'Connor by taking such things from him."

"If I am allowed to accept a letter of recommendation for you from him, surely I may take this also," retorted Mary.

John saw that he was cornered, and Mary followed up her last argument by saying in her most winning way: "Won't you accept it, John?"

"Oh, well, I suppose I must," he replied, "though I'm sure it won't do me any good;" and he took it from her and put it into his waistcoat pocket.

"John," said Mary quietly, though she was pained and angry, "you know that is not the right place to wear it."

"Now, my good girl," he replied testily, "I promise you that I will keep it for your sake, but I will not be ruled by you. I have put it into my waistcoat pocket, and there it shall remain. You may be thankful that I have done that much with it. Now give me some money, and let me go."

She saw it was useless to argue further, so she handed him

what money she could spare, wished him good-night, and left him to himself.

II.

Mr. Lalance had now been dead two years. He had, till within a year of his death, been a singularly prosperous man. Indeed, to the very last day of his life he had held his head so high that his friends, as we have said, were astounded when it became known what a fearful state his affairs were in, and what small provision he had left for his family. To understand his son's life, it will be necessary to know something of the father's career.

He had commenced life in a large hardware establishment in Boston. For two long and weary years he dusted the desks and copied the statements and filed the letters, but learned nothing. He was on the point of tossing up his place, and trying a fresh start, but he was deterred from his purpose by the bookkeeper of the firm. Though a busy man and not much given to sympathy, the latter was moved in the case of his little office-boy.

"What you must do," he said to him one day, when the young lad was feeling very low, "is to get out of this office. I shall be very sorry to lose you, for you are a good boy, and you do your copying carefully, and can be trusted on an errand. But if you stay within these four walls, you'll learn how to manage these books, and you'll never get a step further. Take my case, for instance. I stamped letters and dusted desks as you have been doing, and I kept at it till they gave me a blotter. And I can say what very few can say, that I kept that blotter for three years, and sent out a huge batch of invoices every night of my life, and I never had one returned to me as incorrect. Of course I got my reward in time, and the day-book was put into my hands, and I worked hard till I got the ledger. And here I stay for the rest of my life, unless something very unlooked-for happens. Now you take my advice and don't do as I have done and waste your life. What you must do is to go there," and he pointed in the direction of the wareroom. "It's hard work at first, I'll admit,

and disagreeable. You'll have to wheel heavy cases about, and nail big boxes up, and tear your hands and cut your fingers and ruin your clothes, but you'll learn the business, and make your way."

And so the bookkeeper, who had never been known in all his years of service in the firm to interest himself in any of the employees of the house, brought it about that Lalance should be transferred from the office to the store, with a small increase of salary into the bargain.

He was not much of a boy for dawdling round and wasting time. He liked to be fully occupied, and when things were slack and the others sat around on the counters and boxes, young Lalance would go about from shelf to shelf and examine the goods, notice the manufacturers, how they were packed, and find out the prices at which they were bought and sold.

The partners of the firm and the heads of the departments could not fail to notice this close attention to business on the young man's part. One of them was heard to remark: "That boy always has his arms full of hardware now, and it won't be very long before his head is full of it."

He was rapidly pushed through all the grades of promotion, until he had experience in all the departments, and was then supplied with a full set of samples and sent out on the road as a traveller. For years he bore the reputation of being the finest salesman that ever belonged to the Commercial Travellers' Association of Boston.

A year after this last advancement he was married—in a small town in Massachusetts—to a pretty, fair-haired girl, but weak and with little or no character, and in no way suited to him. How strange it is that many of our brightest lights and clearest headed business-men, who succeed in everything they attempt, err in this most important event of their lives!

The life of a travelling salesman is beset with dangers. James Lalance was not the man to withstand them, nor was his wife the woman to restrain him. Whilst he was still under the eyes of his employers he had lived quietly and inexpensively.

But he was naturally fond of good dinners and late hours, and once out of their sight he gave himself up, gradually, it is true, to some of the pleasures it was his nature to indulge in.

Despite all this, however, he never allowed himself to forget his business, and where necessary to secure an order he would spend a quiet evening in his customer's office, and talk for hours on subjects for which he cared nothing. Unfortunately, he was all the more willing, to gain the same end, to drink and gamble till the dawn of day. But it was often remarked by his customers of this kind that he had never been known, in spite of his late suppers and all-night carousals, to forget to send in his mail or to miss a train.

This carefulness on his part in the midst of his dissipations was at the same time his fortune and his ruin. He received an offer from a large hardware manufacturer in the State of New York to manage his business, which he eagerly accepted. In two years he was a partner in the concern, and once his own master he gave himself up to a life of continuous and unrestrained debauchery.

He moved his family to New York, and established them in a handsome house. He joined a club, where he lived almost day and night, seldom going near his wife, who was powerless with him and gave herself up to weeping. He earned such a disgraceful and disreputable reputation, that his partners were obliged to ask him to sell them his share in the business and sever his connection with the firm.

The factory at this time was in its most flourishing condition, and it was well known that he received an enormous sum for his resignation. But his constant carousals had so dulled his acute foresight that he was tempted into a speculation which terminated most disastrously. Within two months of this event, he had an attack of apoplexy while on the street, and died before he could be conveyed to the nearest hospital.

Up to this time, John had shown every indication that he was his father's own son. During Mr. Lalance's lifetime he had been exceedingly extravagant, and since his death he had picked

up with the laziest, lowest, and fastest set of young fellows in the small town on the outskirts of which his mother lived.

He never had much money, it is true, but he was always ready to borrow and to forget to return; and every cent that found its way to his pocket was either lost or doubled at cards or spent at the drinking-counter.

So he took what Mary gave him this evening and walked briskly into town to spend a last evening with his companions. There was no card-playing that night. They sat at their accustomed table in the bar-room, and talked of past escapades over their drinks, where and how they would be likely to meet in the future, till one o'clock in the morning. Then, after singing "Auld Lang Syne" as well as they could, John was permitted to stagger home, with just enough sense left in his head to resolve that he had done with drinking forever.

III.

To some it would have been a novel and pleasant experience to spend a morning interviewing landladies about their rooms, and the tables they kept. But John did not find it so, and he made the quickest and best bargain he could, and set himself for the rest of the morning to the task of unpacking his trunk and spreading his belongings in order around his new home.

It was a pleasant and nicely furnished room in a house on Sixth Avenue—not too far away from the business part of the city—with two large windows which made it exceedingly bright and cheerful. Above all,—a matter of the most vital importance—it was cheap, considering its proximity to the large wholesale stores and warehouses of the city.

The landlady was a large, stout woman with a very red face and thin gray hair, who prided herself on the neatness of her house and the cleanliness of her rooms, the excellence of the table she kept, and the unquestionable superiority of all the gentlemen who made their homes with her. She could give, she said, the very best references, and irritated John greatly by requiring the same from him. In their absence, she found it her duty to ask for the payment of rent in advance, and asked him no less than three times if he was a student.

"For you know," she said, "my rooms are very nice, and my house has a most excellent reputation, and these student fellows are so likely to make a noise, with their songs, and their gayeties, and I have plenty of custom, and can get along right well without them."

But on assurance and reassurance from John that he was not a student, and had no intention whatever of becoming one, but was determined to enter some business house, he was—very much to his relief—left to himself, in possession of his new room. It was, however, only after payment of eight dollars as a week's rent for what the landlady was pleased to term "one of the cheeriest rooms in town, and three meals a day that could not be beat in any of the large and expensive hotels in the city." He first unpacked all his things, put his clothes away in the drawers and wardrobe, spread his photographs and few pieces of bric-a-brac about on the tables and mantel-piece. Then, after penning a hurried letter home to his mother to tell her that he had been fortunate enough to secure a comfortable room, and that his landlady apparently intended to be kind, he threw himself down in the most inviting chair to think out the problem of how he was to secure a good situation and make his name and fortune.

He could not deny to himself that heretofore he had led a most aimless life, and that he had wasted his time and opportunities deplorably. At the present moment there was not a more earnest young fellow in the world, nor a young man with such good intentions, or such desires to amend the past and succeed in the future.

Yet he could not help feeling downcast, as he sat there in his chair and thought, not only of his chances of prosperity, but of his chances of being able to make a start at all. He finally made up his mind that nothing was left to him but to answer advertisements in the morning papers, and present himself in the offices of business houses, in the hopes of being able to secure an interview with the head of the firm.

He thoroughly realized that in the case of advertisements he might answer, the probability was that half of his letters would

not be opened at all. And, where he was fortunate enough to have answers or an interview with the manager of a firm, what were his chances of obtaining a situation? He had no knowledge of such matters, but he knew that he would be asked what experience he had: and he had had none. And what reference could he give? Nothing but his letter of recommendation from a parish priest; and this, he felt, would in many cases—as well among Catholics as Protestants—be only detrimental to his cause.

"So," he said to himself, as he walked to his table and lit a cigarette, "I must rely at first on my face, my good grammar, and a respectable coat."

This set him thinking how he should best answer an advertisement, or begin the attack when ushered into the presence of a business-man who happened to have time enough on his hands to receive anyone that wished to make a personal application for a situation.

He sat down at his table and practised his handwriting; he thought out the best way to commence and end his letters. He was aware that he would meet all kinds and manners of men—the busy man, the polite man, the bad-tempered, exacting, far-seeing, hasty, and gruff man—and he sat and racked his brains, and thought out his mode of attack for each particular case, till he heard a bell ring, and his landlady called to him from the top of the stairs that, if he was ready, she would be most pleased to show him down-stairs and appoint him a place at her table; hoping at the same time, as she did all the way down, that he had spent a pleasant morning and was ready for a good dinner.

IV.

The room into which she led him was very large and long, but very crowded, owing to the presence therein of an enormous table. This, however, was neatly, carefully, and correctly spread out for the meal just on the point of being served up. There was nothing ornamental in it; and there were no pictures on the walls. Only an old clock, which was not going, stood on the mantel-piece, on either side of which there was a green glass vase filled with peacock's feathers. The chairs were ordinary wooden

ones, such as those which are used in music-halls, and are easily moved after a concert to make space for those who desire to dance. In fact, there was nothing whatever striking about the room, except its crowded appearance, the landlady having made use of every available inch.

"You can keep this seat permanently," said she, and John was careful to notice it was the third from the end. "And this is our new boarder, Mr. Lalance, ladies and gentlemen," she continued; "and that reminds me, I didn't mention my name, which is Mrs. Parks." Having thus delivered herself, she left the room, smiling, whilst John bowed a general "how d'ye do?" and took his seat at the table.

The presence of the new arrival, he soon discovered, had no effect on his companions. They all commenced to talk to each other at the tops of their voices, and, as they did not address him, he was enabled to make his observations undisturbed.

Sitting directly opposite to him were two nice-looking, but rather effeminate, young fellows, who smiled and looked at each other continuously, and showed every sign of the greatest friendship. They were altogether unlike the others, in that they spoke in undertones.

To the left of those two was a fair-haired young woman with a little girl,—apparently her daughter—talking vehemently with a lady who sat exactly opposite to her, and consequently on John's right hand side, about some large retail dry goods store in the city. Such information was extracted as to give John the idea that his neighbor was closely connected with the establishment in question. Of this fact he was immediately afterward convinced, for she turned round to the waitress and desired to be attended to without further delay, as she had to wait on a lady customer who wanted some particular lace, exactly at two o'clock. Thereupon the girl walked to her left elbow, and called out loud enough almost to be heard in the street: "We have roast beef and tripe for dinner."

To his left there was an unoccupied seat, exactly opposite to which sat a young man with very sharp features, and light hair

and mustache. He talked excitedly with his neighbors on his right and with others who sat opposite them, about some very unexpected events which had lately happened in the base-ball field resulting in the New York club losing a place and the Detroits gaining one.

Their conversation was interrupted by the noisy entrance into the room of a tall and stout man, with reddish hair and a florid complexion, who took his seat in the hitherto unoccupied chair to John's left, just as the waitress was placing before the latter a very spare allowance of roast beef, and a correspondingly small supply of mashed potatoes, beets, and beans.

"How d'ye do, ladies? How are you, gentlemen?" cried the new arrival, whom everybody saluted as Tom. "A stranger, eh," —looking at John—"happy to have the pleasure, sir," as he extended his hand. "My name's Banks, Tom Banks. I'm rough and ready, I know, but I mean well." And then he lowered his voice mysteriously and whispered in John's ear, "I always do the 'all-out' act whenever a new boarder comes; watch me closely."

Almost before he had finished speaking, the girl was at his elbow for his order. "We have roast beef and tripe for dinner to-day."

"Oh, you have, have you? Then bring me some tripe. I'm particularly partial to tripe. How do you like it, sir?" addressing his last few words to John.

"I don't care very much for it," he replied. Indeed, he had wondered why the cook had given them such a choice, and had noticed that everybody had chosen the beef.

"The tripe is all out," cried the girl.

"Ah, I thought so," said Mr. Banks. "Then bring me some rare beef, and give me a more liberal supply than you usually bless me with." As she jauntily left the room to indicate her decided and utter contempt for such language, Mr. Tom proceeded to explain that it was the landlady's habit to pretend to supply a choice of two dishes for her boarders, the one being popular and the other the opposite. The consequence was that, as everybody called for the popular dish, there was no necessity for preparing a second.

ASSUMPTION UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

"Now," continued Mr. Banks, in undertones, "I don't like that sort of thing, and as soon as I found it out, I made up my mind to expose the despicable dodge every time a new boarder arrived. She tried to catch me once and prepared something for me, but I called for a second helping which she hadn't anticipated. She hates me for it, I know, but I pay my way here and have done so for a long time, so she tolerates me for my cash."

VI.

The next morning found John answering advertisements, and calling at the offices of wholesale houses, armed with his letter of recommendation.

There would be little use in relating his experiences during the next three weeks. His letters, with one or two exceptions, had been of no avail; and on the few occasions when he had received answers, he had been rejected on account of his want of experience and city reference.

His visits to business men were equally unsuccessful. He met with no encouragement from anybody. A few evidently were sorry for him, but they were always too busy to say a kind word or give a piece of sound advice. The others were cursory and gruff with him. Their staffs were full and they had no occupation for him. He had had no experience; what they wanted was a man who could be of use to them. He could give no reference; what the priest said and wrote in his favor was all very well, but they could find out, so they claimed, a man's character for themselves in a very short time. Only one spoke kindly to him. He regretted he had no vacancy, but took his address and promised to send him word if anything should turn up.

These rebuffs were a very sad thing for John. He began to lose courage and to fall back into his old habits. He had, moreover, unfortunately, struck up quite a friendship with Tom Banks, whose familiar and patronizing manner he had at first resented.

The money which his mother had given him was fast dwindling away. Of the little that remained he was in no way careful. He knew that ruin was staring him in the face and that the time was

fast approaching when he would wake up in the morning penniless, but once having let himself slip, he had not the strength to resist the temptations.

So he entered heartily into everything that Banks proposed. He frequently spent the afternoon in billiard-rooms or gambling at cards, where he frequently lost and rarely won. What he did win he was wont to spend almost immediately in drink. In the evening they usually went to the theatres, and then of course came more drinking before going to bed.

In this way he ran through everything he had, as well as a second small remittance which Mary had managed to send him by dint of much economy.

"It's all up now," he said to himself. "I've been a fool and now I've got to pay for it. I'll have to make a clean breast of it to old Banks, and perhaps he'll help me out."

It was with this intention that he went that afternoon to his friend's room.

John was naturally very proud. He could never forget that his father had been one of the millionaires of the city. With him poverty was one of the worst of crimes. No wonder he felt uneasy as he thought how he should best acquaint Banks with his circumstances.

"I've come to have a little chat with you, Banks," he commenced, as he burst into the room. "I've got something to say to you."

"Another spree for to-night, I suppose," lazily replied his companion, who had been dozing.

"No," said John nervously; "I want to talk seriously with you."

"Oh, you do, do you?" said Banks now thoroughly awakened by John's fidgety manner to the situation, and expecting every moment to hear the dreaded words—"I want to borrow some money." "Get it out as quickly as possible; I hate to be kept waiting."

"Well, to make a long story short," said John, "I've been making a fool of myself."

"Indeed!" Banks chimed in.

"Instead of letting you know," he continued, taking no notice of the interruption, "when we first became friendly, that I was a poor beggarly fellow with only a few dollars to my name, I led you to think—in the hopes of being able to get a situation—that I had a good big roll of bills in my pocket, which could be replenished at a moment's notice. I accompanied you on all your larks, I spent dollar for dollar with you. I gambled and drank in the face of the fact that I had only a very little money and had no prospect of getting any more unless I found occupation, of which there was little hope. The consequence is that I haven't got a cent in the world left," and in order to impress his situation thoroughly on his companion he turned his waistcoat pockets inside out.

"You've dropped something," said Banks, who was still dreading the fatal question, and saw an opportunity of warding it off for at least a few minutes. "Here," and he stooped down and picked up what had fallen from John's pocket.

But John was too intent on finishing his disagreeable duty to take any heed of this second interruption, or to notice his friend's outstretched hand. Indeed he had not heard what Banks had said.

"Now," he went on, "I have not come here to borrow money from you, or anything of that kind."

"Oh!" sighed Banks in great relief, as he threw himself back in a more comfortable position to hear the rest of John's say, and to examine his little possession which he still retained in his hand.

"That's a sort of thing," continued John, "that I don't care about doing. I only want to know if you can't help me to obtain a—"

"What the deuce is this thing?" said Banks suddenly, and this time he certainly attracted John's attention. "It's some infernal Romish badge." And he spat on the scapular and threw it over his shoulder.

"How dare you insult me and my belief like that?" cried

John, as he rushed at Banks and struck him a blow across the face. "Give me back that scapular."

"You shall have more than your scapular," shouted the big strong man, as his face flushed with anger and his voice grew loud with passion. Smarting with rage, he clenched his fist, rushed at John and struck him squarely on the temple. John went reeling against the bureau and fell senseless to the floor.

Banks turned and stamped on the scapular, and then picked it up and stuffed it into John's pocket. "There, you've got it now, you young cur," and lifting him up bodily he threw him out into the hall and shut himself into his room with an oath.

VII.

John woke next morning with a splitting headache. He had been carried to his room from the hallway, and put to bed immediately after the quarrel.

His first thought was of revenge. To have been so grossly insulted and then struck to the ground was more than he could tolerate. He would have some satisfaction if it cost him his life.

In stooping down to put on his shoes, he discovered that a note had been pushed in under the door for him. He tore it open impatiently. It was from Tom Banks. He was sorry that he had insulted John's religious belief, but he could in no way regret the blow he had struck. As to helping toward getting him a situation, it was quite an impossibility.

"This is the crisis," said John to himself, as he sat on the edge of the bed and held his throbbing head in his hands. "I haven't a cent in the world, I have no prospect of getting work, and I've lost the only friend I had. I wish to goodness Mary hadn't given me the scapular: there never would have been any row then. Well, it's done now, there's no help for it. I'll have to make up a bundle of my clothes and see what I can raise on them."

So saying, he packed up a couple of his suits, made inquiries of the neighborhood where bargains of that kind could be had, and set off on his expedition.

Presently he came to a narrow, crooked street of small shops, in and around the windows of which were hung cheap clothing and advertisements to the effect that good prices were given for second-hand garments.

In the doorway of one of these stores stood a short stout Jew, who had for a second-hand clothes-dealer, as John thought, a most prepossessing appearance; so he turned quickly round and walked into the shop.

"Got someting for sale, dis morning?" said the little old man, as he hurried behind the counter, his eyes glistening with pleasure.

"Yes," replied John; "I'm pretty hard up, so you'll have to give me good prices. I've got a couple of tiptop suits in there, and you won't get them unless you give a good figure."

"Ach!" said the Jew, "if you vants goot prices you come to de best man on de street. You not get better money from any man in de business—dat's true. Go ask Wolters or Gilderstein, or any von. Dey tell me I ruin de biz'nees, but I tink better policy—give goot prices, make small provits. Den you get reg'lar customers, and stock don't never run low."

Meanwhile the parcel was untied, and the Jew was busying himself examining the cloth and linings, and holding the suits up to the light in search of moth-holes.

"Dose is goot clodes, my frient, very goot clodes. You not get goot stuff like dat made here; all wool, no cotton in it. But de cut is bad. Never a New York tailor made dat. Hard to sell in de city; all de young men mighty partic'lar about de cut of clodes. Dey like better goot cut dan goot stuff. Vel, how much you vant for de lot?"

"Oh, how much will you give?" replied John.

"Vel," said the Jew, after some consideration, "I give you tree dollars for de lot—it's more dan it's vort."

"What!" said John, "only three dollars for two suits of clothes? Why they cost forty when they were new."

"Oh, I know," replied the Jew; "but dey ain't new any more. You see? De coat's vorn at de elbows, and I have to cut

dese pants short and make knickerbockers of dem; nobody buy dose."

"Well, I don't care," said John. "You'll have to give me five dollars for them."

"Oh, dat vas impossible," argued the Jew, pretending to tie up the parcel again to hand it back to him; "I not sell dem myzelf for five dollars. I give you fifty cents more dan dey be vort. I not make seventy-five cents provit on de bargain. You no get more as two-fifty any oder place on de street for dose clodes."

So the bargain was finally closed, and John pocketed his money and went away. It was not to pay his debts at his boarding house, where he was already behind, but to drown his thoughts in drink and make his aching head worse than ever.

By degrees he sold all his clothes and things for money to buy drink, till he had nothing left but the suit on his back. Mrs. Parks was disgusted with his behavior and forced him to leave her house, feeling very well satisfied that she had not been done out of more than a fortnight's board.

He was standing one evening under the bright glare of a street lamp, dazed with drink and suffering with pain in his head, which had given him trouble ever since Banks had knocked him down senseless. He was wondering what he should do next. The insatiable craving for liquor was burning within him, and he would have done anything for a coin to buy a drink. He had already stopped one or two passers-by and asked them for assistance; but they had refused him. He felt in all his pockets in the hopes of coming across some unexpected piece of money. In his waistcoat pocket he found his scapular.

"Humph!" he muttered to himself; "can't raise much on that. Don't suppose anybody would give me a drink for it. What's the use of keeping it? I only keep it for her sake, and she wouldn't speak to me if she saw me now."

He raised his arm with the intention of throwing it into the gutter, but he suddenly checked himself. "No," he said, "I won't part from it; I might be twice as badly off now, if I hadn't kept it."

He straightened it out on the palm of his hand, and placed it again in the pocket in which he had always carried it since the night Mary gave it to him. He did this more carefully than he had ever done before.

Then he started off to pay the Jew another visit.

"Look here, old Jew," he said, as he walked noisily into the store and brought his fist down on the counter: "What will you give me for this coat?"

"Vich coat?" said the Jew, who saw he had been drinking.

"Why, this coat I've got on," replied John. "I've got my thirst on me, and I must take a glass of something, so what's your price, eh, Jew? It's the last thing, I guess, I'll sell you."

"Oh, if you only vant a drink, vy not sell me your vest? Vat's de use of selling your coat? You catch colt, man, ven you go out."

"All right. How much for the vest? It's all the same to me."

A bargain was struck, and John walked out in unsteady triumph to the nearest saloon. He spent the price of his waistcoat in half an hour, staggered away from the bar, and fell asleep in a doorway.

VIII.

The little old Jew was an early riser and a hard worker. Often he was in his shop, sewing and mending, before the break of day; and his doors and windows were open, and his goods exposed to view at six o'clock every morning. In this way he did a deal of business with the laborers who passed that way to their daily work.

His door was scarcely opened this morning when John rushed in excitedly.

"Where's my vest?" he cried. "Where's my vest?"

"Vy, you not sober yet?" answered the Jew in surprise. "I give you a quarter for dat vest—fifteen cents more dan it vas vort. I pait you for it."

"Yes, yes, I know you did," said John; "but I want it back—quick!"

"Ven I get my quarter back, young man," replied the Jew. "Chust look here; I always done de square ting by you. Vat's de use of coming into my shop and talking like dat?"

"Oh, you don't understand," said John. "I only want to look at it; I left something in the pocket."

"No, sir, you didn't," replied the Jew. "I alvays look in efery pocket since von day I bought a pair of pants off a man, und he come in half an hour aftervarts and said he left a five-dollar bill in one of de pockets. I got de clodes, and dere it vas. No, sir, dere vas noting in your vest-pocket; I look last night after you left."

As he spoke he was examining some old things on the floor behind his counter, in the midst of which he found John's vest.

"Chust look for yourself," he said, as he put it on the counter before him.

John eagerly examined both pockets, but did not find what he wanted.

"I assure you," he said, turning to the Jew again, "I left something in one of these pockets. It was of no value to any-one but myself, and I would not lose it for anything. Won't you try to think what you did with it? It was a little badge, a small piece of cloth, with a figure impressed on it."

"Oh, yes," replied the Jew; "I remember now. I did find it, and I give it to my little girl to play vid. I get it for you in von minute."

The little girl, when summoned, gave up the scapular of the Sacred Heart to its owner. She had been playing soldiers with it, and wearing it on her breast as a medal.

John seized it eagerly, with a thousand thanks to the Jew.

"And now I must say good-bye," he said, extending his hand. "You've helped me as well as you could, and I'm indebted to you for it. You won't see me any more."

He left the store penniless and hopeless, weary in soul and sick in body. Then he wandered along the streets till he came to a church. He went in, threw himself on his knees, and buried his face in his hands.

There Father O'Connor, the parish priest of the little church his mother attended, who happened to be in the city paying the pastor of this church a visit, found him unconscious shortly afterward.

IX.

For a long weary month Mary and her mother had waited for an answer to their almost daily letters. Long and loving appeals had they written for just one word—no matter how hard or cruel it might be—in return. Hour after hour had they watched for the return of their cherished boy, and day after day prayed that they might hear of him, good or bad news, ill or well, living or dead—anything, so that it be news of him, to put an end to their fears and anxieties.

Their prayers had been heard, and John returned, carried from the train by sorrowing friends, sick unto death, weary of life, a dying man.

Words cannot tell their joy and gladness at seeing him once more, though they felt he had only returned to die. His eyes were fixed, and he stared at them both and knew them not. Yet they thanked their God, Who had heard their prayer and sent him back to die in their arms instead of amidst strangers in the cold and cruel city.

Mary was untiring in her attempts to attend to his every want and ease his every pain. His mother was tired and ill from much fretting and long days of watching and nights of praying; but she did her best to assist in any little way her strength allowed. She sat hour after hour at his side, telling her beads and reading her prayers.

The doctor was with him every spare moment he had. He might have been working for a boy of his own, so careful was he of his patient and so watchful of every symptom. He had known and attended the family ever since they had taken the house, and he had heard of John's idle and useless life in the little town and had seen his evil ways. He had done his best to keep him from harm and to persuade him to do some work. Thus he had been Mrs. Lalance's best friend, always ready with kind advice and a

comforting word. When they asked him to be candid and tell them the very worst, he turned away his head to hide the tears that dimmed his eyes, and answered: "He has only come home to die."

"My God," cried Mary in her anguish, "if he cannot be spared to us, at least give him a minute to confess his sins and say he repents. Give him just one minute, and I will give Thee the whole of my life to come."

But still he stirred not nor was any sign of consciousness visible. The night crept on; the priest was at his head ready to catch the slightest sign from him; the doctor sat at the other side closely watching him; whilst the mother and sister prayed alternately, sometimes starting when the flickering light or their unstrung nerves made them fancy he had moved. The long unending night at last passed away, and the light of dawn grew stronger and stronger till the red sunlight blazed up in the sky. The faithful priest returned from his Mass, where he had been praying for the dying boy, to his post beside him. John moved, opened his eyes, and called for "the Priest." Mary's prayer, as she had made it, was answered.

He had barely made his confession and received absolution when he turned and asked his sister for the scapular in his coat pocket. Overcome with joy that he had preserved it, she handed it to him. He kissed it fervently and sighed—"Forgive!" It was the last of earth.

His mother did not long survive him. She died with words of praise and thanks for God's goodness and mercies on her tongue, and John's little scapular to her lips.

Mother and son lie side by side in the little grave-yard near the church. In a Maryland convent there is a pious, bright-faced nun, who has told her sisters that she wears ever, next her heart, a scapular of the Sacred Heart which her mother and brother died holding to their lips.

THE AMERICAN KNIGHT OF ST. SYLVESTER.

Julius P. Garesché, Lieutenant Colonel U. S. A., killed in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, 31 December, 1862.

By M. L. Meany.

[After the fashion of the Messenger's monthly biographies of "Friends of the Sacred Heart," the following sketch merely summarizes the civil life of its hero, to bring out in relief that life of faith which marked every stage of his varied and romantic career. It is founded entirely on the very full life published a year since by his son (at J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila., Pa.): there the loving details of his domestic life so thoroughly Christian must be sought, as well as the reminiscences of his military comrades. It may be well to add that the author of this sketch has been familiar during fifty years with its scenes and the course of its stirring events.—Editor.]

When the great Pius IX. enrolled a citizen of democratic America among the Knights of St. Sylvester, he united our infidel-ridden century to the first ages of Christianity and gave our country a place among the oldest and proudest Christian nations. True, it is only a religious decoration now; but the Badge of Sylvester I.—the Pope who received Constantine, the first Christian monarch, into the Church—was the first insignia of knighthood, the earliest emblem of victorious Christendom. All modern royalties and orders are but heirs of the Knighthood of St. Sylvester.

Persuaded as all Catholics are that even the least act of the glorious Pontiff had some special significance, this honor conferred on a son of Columbia has a special interest.

I.—Early Training and Marriage.

Julius P. Garesché was a typical American. Descended from high-born ancestors of various nations and creeds, born in Cuba while his father held a position under the Government of the United States, a Catholic by baptism—since the laws of Cuba allowed no other—yet passing his early boyhood under Protestant influences; going to church occasionally with his Huguenot father, and singing in St. Peter's choir in Wilmington, Delaware, with

his Catholic mother; in his twelfth year a student in the Jesuit College at Georgetown, where he became a practical Catholic, and a cadet at the Military Academy of West Point in his sixteenth; he passed through many experiences ere attaining his majority, and with true American facility availed himself of all. Everywhere winning the approving love of his instructors and the admiration of his associates, a hard student and a capital playfellow, the champion of the weak and the idol of the poor, he was more than American, for he was Catholic.

The brief explanation of it all is given by one of his teachers.

> He worshipped God and duty. No one more nobly illustrated in his daily life St. Paul's fervid delineation of Charity.[1]

Graduating at West Point with high honor in July, 1841, he was appointed a second Lieutenant in the Fourth Artillery. He served in various localities, always showing that wonderful union of indefatigable industry and quiet composure, devoted to his profession, yet holding it strictly subordinate to his nobler profession of a Catholic Christian. Thus during the Mexican war he sacrificed his natural love of active duty and prospect of promotion rather than volunteer in what he deemed was a war of doubtful justice: yet when his Company was ordered to the seat of conflict he went with unhesitating obedience, subjecting his private scruples to the "first duty of a soldier." Not arriving in time to share in military operations, he continued to discharge with fidelity the irksome and monotonous routine peculiarly trying to his enthusiastic and daring temperament.

In November, 1848, he took advantage of his "Leave of Absence" to visit his mother in St. Louis, and to make a retreat of eight days at the Jesuit novitiate in Florissant under the direction of the saintly Father Gleizal. He edified the Fathers by his devout assiduity, and there gave up, with his Director's full approval, some half-formed intentions of resigning from the army and joining his brother Frederic in the novitiate. He

[1] Professor Henry L. Kendrick, U. S. A.

returned to his mother's home, to spend his remaining time in the gay circles of French-American society, and was married by "the dear Bishop Kenrick" at the old St. Louis Cathedral, February 19th, 1849.

Was not this a true child of headlong America and the nineteenth century?

May the 3d beheld the departure of the distinguished young couple for their home in Texas. It was a long and painful journey in those days, and not rewarded with material comforts at the Lieutenant's post of duty at Point Isabel. The result to the tenderly nurtured bride might have been foreseen. Despite her noble and pious struggles and her devoted husband's care, she sank gradually under the enervating climate and inevitable trials of life at a frontier post, and had to return early in the autumn to her parents' home for restoration to health.

II.—Life at the Frontier Post.

Separation developed new phases of heroism in both Christians.

When two Oblate Fathers arrived in Brownsville, Texas, the following year, our young Lieutenant showed that he possessed another virtue, which belongs rather to maturity and varied experiences of life. The lay Brother, who accompanied Fathers Telmon and Soulerin from Canada, has drawn this pretty picture of their reception at Point Isabel:

"Mr. Garesché received us with open arms and conducted us to his own quarters, where every possible attention was shown us. Three or four days after our arrival, the American camp was transported from there to Brownsville. Thereupon he took us with him and conveyed us to Brownsville in his Government ambulance. He was so good to us, and as long as we had not the means of subsistence he personally provided for our wants. Mr. Garesché was such an excellent Catholic that he served Mass every Sunday in full uniform, and never allowed a month to pass by without going to Communion."

His hospitality was no less persevering than generous.

Father Telmon was in poor health, and during his frequent attacks of sickness, as he related in France the following year, "good Mr. Garesché conveyed him to his own house and nursed him himself," at night moving about the sick-room "in his bare feet for fear of awakening him."

After the return of Mrs. Garesché in October, these attentions were still further increased, as we learn from a letter to her sister: "The parish priest of Brownsville, M. Telmon, takes his meals with us since my arrival, which annoys me somewhat; for, though Jules has a sincere friendship for him, he does not at all please me. There is talk of his being changed, and I would be well contented." In a subsequent letter she writes: "Father Telmon leaves us to-morrow. Six weeks ago I would have been delighted, for then I could not endure him; but I have finished by liking him very much, and it is with intense sorrow I now see him leave."

The poor young wife might well have felt this sorrow, for it was probably the grateful prayers of Father Telmon that had preserved her from insanity or death under her first affliction—the loss of her first-born.

She had started on her homeward journey, a little anxious about the long trip to an infant of four months, yet delighting in the beauty and "knowing ways" of her darling Julio, and anticipating the joy of the fond father who was longing to behold his little son. She reached home, to place a dying child in his arms. A few days ensued of trembling suspense between hope and fear. The end came, at last, with a fearful two hours' agony.

"What a long and cruel agony!" writes the sad father to his wife's family. "One would have said Julio would not die, and God had yet staid his death; we all prayed. The good priests said their Masses in honor of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and St. Peter—they had made a Novena in thanksgiving for his recovery—we even tried to obtain a miracle in his behalf, by Father Telmon's advice, who was with us in his last moments: we gave him to God, we consecrated him to the priesthood, and, giving him a teaspoonful of holy water to swallow, awaited the

result, whilst the priest went to say his Mass for him. On my knees, at the foot of the bed, I united my intention with the priest's, and scarcely had I finished my prayers for the Elevation when my boy died."

Of a highly nervous temperament, the anguish of the bereaved mother was terrible. That little corpse, changed from all resemblance to her lovely babe, was ever before her eyes, his wail ringing in her ears. In his tender sympathy, the holy priest had the child buried in the little church, beneath the sanctuary-rail, and she strove to be pleased and grateful for the kindness and sympathy all lavished upon her.

"Finally, on Christmas night, the Infant Jesus blessed my Communion, and though I did not yet experience a sensible fervor, I felt myself altogether changed. I love to imagine my Julio happy; for, up to the present time, I could not believe in his happiness." Thus she wrote to her parents on the great festival, begging pardon for the "profound sorrow" her letters must have caused them, and adding: "I intend going to Communion again on New Year's day, so as to commence the year well."

How thoroughly her good resolutions were kept is beautifully told in the *Biography* of her husband, the greater portion of which reads like a domestic romance rather than a record of martial life.

At this time of sorrow, too, the young officer was suffering under a trial the most painful in his profession, having been unjustly placed in arrest by his commanding officer, Major Giles Porter. After a few months he was restored to the privileges of his rank, as unceremoniously as they had been withdrawn; but it was late in the following year before the court-martial, which at his urgent request investigated the case, declared him innocent of Major Porter's frivolous charges.

During this time of humiliation and suspense, his characteristic veneration for the priesthood, zeal for the worship of God, and submission to the Divine Will, were strikingly manifested in two incidents which may be briefly stated.

Father Domenech, a young French priest, came to hold the

Jubilee in 1851. He thus describes his reception at Brownsville:

"The church of Brownsville rose opposite Brown's Fort, in the midst of a wild, uncultivated, unenclosed country. The presbytery formed part of the building, which consisted of a square structure of four rooms, one being the sacristy; but there was not even a particle of furniture in it; and hence the first night I was happy to sleep on the boards. Next day, a young officer of the garrison gave me a settee-bed, bed-linen, blankets, and a few chairs, offering me also his table and his purse. I really had need of these kind offers, being almost penniless at the time, and I therefore gratefully accepted them. Without them I hardly know how I could have settled down in my destitution. This good officer's name was Mr. Garesché, an excellent Catholic."

The Jubilee began the last week of May, and the little church was crowded on the opening Sunday, but during the week Father Domenech found that his congregation consisted only of "Monsieur and Madame Garesché." The latter wrote that only ten persons made the Jubilee, out of the seven or eight thousand Catholics who dwelt in the town; but, as the young missionary was very zealous and his manners engaging, she hoped their fervor would increase.

Three weeks later, on St. Aloysius' day, a little girl was born to the pious young couple, but lived only six hours. Mrs. Garesché received the last Sacraments, but was spared to the faithful servant of God, whose resignation through all was perfect.

"One day," says Father Olivier, the successor of Father Domenech, "I believe it was Saturday, a Mexican came to ask me to go and marry him at his ranche, sixteen leagues from Brownsville. We started, both on horseback. The weather was frightful, and the roads even more villainous. Toward nightfall a heavy rain overtook us, and, willing or not, we were compelled to keep on; for there was no habitation in these parts. Toward nine o'clock we arrived at the entrance of an immense forest, and still the rain did not cease.

"We had scarcely ridden three or four miles when we per-

ceived a light on the edge of the road, and on my inquiring the meaning of this light in the forest, the Mexican answered that it was the camp-fire of the soldiers of Lieutenant Garesché, who were working at enlarging the road from Brownsville to Corpus Christi. Arrived near the camp, we were asked: 'Who goes there?' On my requesting to speak to the Lieutenant, I was at once conducted to his tent.

"You may judge of his surprise at seeing me at this hour, in the middle of the woods, on so terrific a night; but with what gentleness and affability did he receive me! Of course he would not permit me to continue my journey. He said: 'Remain here; to-morrow morning you will offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for us, and after breakfast you can continue your route.'

"I esteemed, appreciated, and loved him too much not to comply with his desire. However, one thing pained me in remaining—I foresaw that, as there was but one bed in his little tent, he would give it to me, and where would he then sleep? When we were about to retire, after having conversed for a long time, there occurred between us a contest, rather animated, as to who should have the bed and who should not; but the strength not being equal on both sides, he carried off the palm of victory. For I slept on the bed and he on the ground. *Behold the Christian, in every sense of the term!* Next morning I said Mass in his tent, at which all his soldiers assisted. I have a recollection that he then went to confession and Communion."

The good priest also tells of the "faith and devotion" shown by the young commander during the yellow fever season of 1853, and his "love for his soldiers," nearly all of whom fell victims, and every Catholic receiving the last Sacraments and the customary burial honors. "He was my *aide-de-camp*. . . . It is with good reason this brave Christian was called the soldier 'without fear and without reproach.'"

A watchful father over his soldiers, he took every possible means of promoting their health and comfort, and has left valuable suggestions to military men as to a plan which, without much expenditure of money, produces happy results.

III.—Thoughts of the Army Officer.

Not only the official writings of this wondrously gifted man won high praise. He wrote well on every subject. Here are a few extracts, beginning with his impressions of the Baltimore Council of 1846:

"When I saw that long train of the holy priests of God sweep up the Cathedral aisle, and dwelt upon the countenances of these men, of chaste hearts and mortified passions, as, with firm step and eyes somewhat proudly raised, they slowly marched along, I felt some envy for the heroic constancy which had enabled them to consecrate themselves to God, and thus make one long living sacrifice of their whole lives! It was a heavenly spectacle, and well might a Catholic feel proud of it."

There is an oft-needed reminder in a letter to his wife, concerning a miraculous cure they sought for their oldest child.

"Bear in mind that we no longer hope for the cure of Marie through medical skill, and that we no longer even have recourse to it. We address ourselves to God alone; but God, the Sovereign Physician, never does anything for nothing. He *always* wants to be repaid, but repaid in the persons of His poor. Do not forget this, but be guided by it in your actions. The money we would have fruitlessly spent on doctors, let us give *freely* to the poor, offering it to God with our *prayers*, for the spiritual and temporal good of our child." And, when the cure was not obtained, he wrote: "It was once revealed to a Saint that no prayer was ever *lost—no, never*—that when God did not grant one's request, He bounteously accorded other blessings which He knew to be more necessary. Think, then, of the quantity of pious prayers which have so tenderly rejoiced the heart of God, and implored His pity and His mercy in favor of our child and of ourselves; what graces these prayers will obtain for us. Ah! my Mariquitta, do not let us reject them; but, on the contrary, let us respond to them, and make good use of them!"

Again he writes to his wife: "You burn, you tell me, with a desire of going to the theatre. Hum! is it to have the pleasure of confessing yourself afterward? I am not at all of your advice, Madame Maraquitta, and I wish you to be well disappointed."

The depth and tenderness of his nature, so strong and decisive in action, is shown in many exquisite thoughts, like these:

"In regard to the great affection in which you tell me I am held by little beloved Marie, I am deeply touched: I derive from it both pleasure and pain. Pleasure, since it is sweet to see myself thus greatly loved by my own child, a child so very dear to me: pain, because a disposition so full of love can never be happy in this world, and my heart bleeds to think how often this poor little heart will be repelled and wounded in its contact with the world. . . . My dear angel, how my heart yearns to see her cured."

"Of myself I have no news to communicate. My life runs along peacefully. I am no longer overburthened with office work. I visit enough and am in good health. I am full of calm and courage. God has also deigned to inspire me with a great deal of resignation, which is always strengthened by a great frequency of the Sacraments, and the daily recitation of two pairs of the Beads of our Lady and of the Sacred Heart. I would like to hear that you, my wife, regularly practised this devotion."

"I received a few days since a letter from Frederic, who is slowly recovering from a paroxysmal earache, which for a week past had caused him such agonizing pain that, even as often as four times each day, he would be thrown into convulsions. He, however, very seriously thanks me for it, and with an apparent air of real gratitude; because, as I had informed him, when making our great Novena of eight days, I had, together with the favor I asked in behalf of our dear child, joined the intention that he receive the graces necessary for the Holy State upon which he is so soon to enter. He therefore attributes to the prayers of the Novena the martyrdom he has endured, and which, he says, God out of His mercy had sent him, that he might reap from it a shower of graces of which he stood in need. Dear brother, I hope that he may profit by them! But, though he appreciates his illness in a truly religious spirit, I must confess that I thought the view he took of it somewhat original, and but for the thought of his sufferings could even have been amused by it."

(*To be concluded.*)

THE WINDING UP OF THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

I.—Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart.

The whole Catholic world now knows the decree of Leo XIII., by which he has set apart the last day of 1888—his year of Priestly Jubilee—for universal Thanksgiving to the MOST SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

II.—Our Lady's Canticle of Praise.

Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me Blessed.
St. Luke, i. 48.

AMONG the notable gifts received by the Sovereign Pontiff on the occasion of his recent Jubilee was that offered by the Abbot of the Cistercian Monastery of Lerins, an isle of the Mediterranean, south of France. It consisted of the Canticle *Magnificat* translated into one hundred and seventy-one different languages, a thing perfectly unique of its kind, the work having been executed in all the countries of the world, even to the limits of Oceanica. The Holy Father was so pleased with this gift that he kept it for several days in his own apartment, to examine it in detail at his leisure.

The binding is quite a masterpiece, being rich and elegant in material, appropriate in design, exquisite in execution. The first page is devoted to the dedication of the work in Latin, with the signature of the venerable Abbot. Next comes the first illustration, which is a beautiful representation of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin, followed by the Gospel text of St. Luke relating the history of the visit of our Lady to her cousin, St. Elizabeth, translated into Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, English, and German. This serves

as a sort of introduction to the *Magnificat* and concludes with a view of the ruins of the ancient chapel where, according to tradition, the Blessed Virgin first intoned her glorious Canticle.

The next page is filled with the word *Magnificat* in red letters upon a ground of silver, sprinkled with golden lilies and encircled by a crown of laurel. Above the crown stands a vase with the motto "Vessel of Purest Gold," below a fountain with flowing water and the words "it refreshes, it moistens." Below it are two cypress trees and two Angels bearing upon a scroll the words: "Of her fullness all shall receive."

The succeeding pages are all framed in beautiful designs and contain a hymn of the *Magnificat* taken from the Cistercian liturgy and given in French, Italian, Spanish, English, and German.

The Canticle proper is divided into six parts. The first contains only the translation into the Latin tongue, which is that of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church, head and mother of all the Churches of the universe. This text is richly framed by portraits of the twelve Apostles, divided into two groups of six each; by those of the Blessed Virgin and Leo XIII., and concluding with a beautiful picture of the Immaculate Conception.

The second part includes the translation of the *Magnificat* into the different Asiatic tongues, from Hebrew to Japanese. These amount to thirty-one, each being printed in its own special characters, and the designs surrounding the pages relate to those regions in which these idioms are spoken. The diversity of the characters of these Asiatic languages is something truly curious, and the Abbot was able to procure them only through the interested labors of the missionaries in those countries. This second part terminates with a representation of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

The third part is devoted to European languages, which are fifty-five in number, and each page also is surrounded with graceful and artistic designs of exquisite delicacy and finish, and the whole concludes with a picture of the Annunciation.

The fourth part contains the different languages of Africa,

of which there are twenty-five, including the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics, and concludes with a representation of the Purification.

The fifth part includes the fifteen different languages spoken in America, all embellished with the most varied and finished designs forming a framework.

Finally, in the sixth part we find the various tongues of Oceanica, which amount to twenty-three.

An appendix gives us translations of the *Magnificat* into twenty-one other languages, which either were overlooked when the collection was first arranged, or else were discovered by subsequent investigation: so that the work as it stands contains no less than *one hundred and seventy-one* different tongues, realizing the prophetic words: "Throughout the whole world, all tongues shall confess Mary."

The Very Rev. Abbot would have considered his work incomplete without some reference to Mary's virtues, so he has followed the translation of her words with designs of one hundred and fifty flowers, emblems of her various virtues, all executed in the most delicate and artistic manner. Following this come the various methods of singing this incomparable hymn from the tenth century down to our own day, compositions of renowned musicians of different countries, including such names as Bach, Haydn, and Palestrina, and the special music daily sung now in the Basilica of Lourdes.

The work concludes with citations from the Fathers of the Church referring to this sublime Canticle, and a mention of the names of those who have aided in the publication of the work.

TWO MEEK SAINTS' TOMBS.

St. Francis de Sales, St. Jane Frances de Chantal,—Founders of the Order of the Visitation.

By E. W.

TO how many of our American people will not the name of Geneva recall a familiar picture? Numbers of them are to be found, season after season, whiling away their mornings in the fascinating shops which line the quays, where watches, music-boxes, and Alpine stones are displayed in most tempting array. Or, again, they go lounging about the well-appointed and excellently kept hotels, watching and waiting, hoping and expecting, to find their patience finally rewarded by the sight, even if only a glimpse, of that grand old giant—

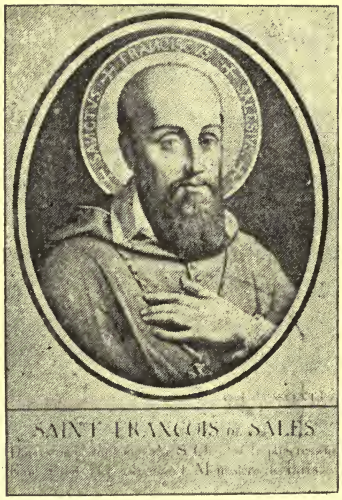
> Mont Blanc—the monarch of mountains—
> They crowned him long ago,
> On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
> With a diadem of snow.

If they happen to be more energetic sight-seers, they no doubt have found out that Calvin was connected with the city by adoption, and Rousseau by birth; and they have probably gazed upon the pulpit from which the one preached, and the house in which the other was born. Nor have the beauties of the lake been likely to go unexplored; and, in the course of such wanderings, the homes of Voltaire, of Byron, and of Madame de Stael have been sought out and visited, all of them in delightful situations commanding fine views whence

> Blue Leman woos me with its crystal face.

But how many among all this throng of travellers, even among such of them as happen to be Catholics, discover or

remember that, in a quiet little town within about four hours' drive of the city of Geneva, lie enshrined the remains of two whose names are written in the Church's calendar, whose deeds survive them and are still producing fruits and whose memory



After a portrait considered by St. de Chantal the most like St. Francis de Sales.

is held in everlasting remembrance—St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane Frances de Chantal.

Annecy is a picturesque old town, prettily situated at the northern extremity of the lake of the same name. It is from twenty-five to twenty-seven miles from Geneva, over a route not very much frequented, to be sure, yet leading through an undulating and interesting country, with panoramic views extending over the Jura range and the Rhone valley. While wanting in the wild grandeur and sublimity of the higher Alpine scenery, they have a quiet, peaceful, pastoral beauty of their own which is not without attraction.

The town itself, which is the county-town of the department of Upper Savoy in which it is situated, has rather an air of respectable antiquity. In fact, its history declares that so far back as the twelfth century it was called "New Annecy," to distinguish it from the old one which had formerly existed on the

slopes of the hills. Medals of the Roman Emperors of the first two centuries of the Christian era, which have been found in the vicinity, sufficiently attest the presence of that conquering people in this locality. At present, there are some manufactories in operation, which give the place an air of life. It has also railway communication, in about an hour and a half, with Aix-les-Bains, a watering-place of considerable repute both on account of its alum and sulphur springs and the attractiveness of the surrounding country.

The Lake of Annecy is a beautiful sheet of water, something like nine miles long, but not nearly so wide, and very irregular in form. The hills in many places project out in such a way as to form little bays and coves, making great variety of landscape as the steamboat winds in and out. It is a most quiet and placid spot, for business and pleasure have not yet conspired to rob it of

THE LAKE OF ANNECY.

its seclusion. The little steamer which makes the tour once or twice a day, and occasionally a small fishing-boat, seem to be the only reminders of the busy life of the outside world, so that the clouds and the hills are left undisturbed in their admiration of themselves as seen reflected from its crystal surface.

At one point an opening in the mountains discloses, upon the verdant slopes of the hills still further beyond, the old Chateau of Menthon, where the St. Bernard of that name, known as the "Apostle of the Alps," was born, and which still belongs to the descendants of his family. This young man was a priest and lived at Aosta, many centuries before St. Francis de Sales was born.[1] Urged by the same spirit of charity, which is ever old and ever new, he had been so touched by the needs and sufferings of pilgrims and travellers over the higher Alpine passes that he determined to found a convent for their assistance and protection. The site he selected was upon the summit of a frequented pass, 8150 feet above the level of the sea, where he established a Hospice which is still doing its work to-day. It is the highest inhabited dwelling in Europe, and its reputation is world-wide under the name of its founder—the "Great Saint Bernard." In the town of Annecy itself are an old chateau, a bishop's palace, and a cathedral; but the chief point of interest is none of these. The first monastery of the Visitation—the source and cradle of the Order, founded by St. Francis de Sales with the concurrence of his spiritual daughter Madame de Chantal,—after passing through many vicissitudes, at one time being closed by the Revolution and its inmates dispersed, has finally been restored to its legitimate purposes. The nuns have now returned to their original home. As is the case with all houses of the Visitation Order in Europe, a very strict cloister is observed, but the monastery church, which faces upon one of the principal streets of the town, is always open to the public.

Over the high altar, in a very rich and elegant reliquary, which was the gift of the last Count de Sales, a descendant of the Saint's family, repose the mortal remains of that Bishop of Geneva whose life appears to have been an illustration of the lesson which the Divine Master declares to have been written upon the pages of His own Heart: *Learn of Me, for I am meek*

[1] He was born in 923, and was the great-grandson of Oliver, the rival and comrade of the famous Roland, among the knights of Charlemagne, from whom comes the still familiar saying "A Roland for an Oliver."

of Heart. The skeleton, which is said to be entire, is enclosed in a life-sized figure of wax, the face of which is copied from an authentic portrait. The figure is robed in full pontificals, some of the articles being copies of those which belonged to the Saint and which are now in the possession of either the descendants of his family or of the Bishop of Annecy.

The chaplain of the convent, for whom one may always inquire at the sacristy, is very obliging to strangers. He will take them round behind the altar, go up a few steps, and open the reliquary, thus allowing a closer inspection of the body and also permitting such things as pictures, medals, and rosaries to be touched to it.

Over an altar on the right-hand side of the church, is the body of St. Jane Frances de Chantal similarly arranged, with a beautiful wax figure clothed in the habit of the Visitation nuns, and a crown of white roses on the head. The rich reliquary containing these remains was the gift of Queen Maria Christina, of the house of Savoy, who spent some time at Annecy and was a great friend of the monastery.

The writer happening to be at Annecy during the octave of the feast of St. Jane Frances, which falls on the 21st of August, found that the body had been taken out of the reliquary and brought to the front of the altar. There it was placed upon a sort of bier and exposed to the veneration of the faithful, who came in considerable numbers to pray before the shrine.

What is it, after all, that has saved Annecy from that oblivion usually the lot of so insignificant a country town of fourth or fifth rate importance? It is not its history, nor its art treasures; neither is it the beauty of its situation, nor the salubrity of the air. In all of these things it is equalled, if not surpassed, by many neighbors, whose fame is far less wide-spread. All its glory has come to it from the Saints.

It formed part originally of the diocese of Geneva, of which the bishops were temporal rulers as well. During a long course of years, many a fierce and bloody struggle, political and religious, went on between rival princely houses and various factions of

the people. Finally the Genevese "abolished the Roman Catholic religion," as the chronicle says, and expelled the bishop, who found welcome and hospitality at Annecy. An episcopal residence was established there, and prelates succeeded each other, all of them remarkable for those qualities which make illustrious men and saintly pontiffs.

Such was the state of affairs in this little town when Francis de Sales began there his ecclesiastical career, as Provost of the Cathedral Chapter; and his future connection with it was to stamp its name in unfading characters upon the pages of history.

DISTANT VIEW OF ANNECY.

Geneva was at that time the metropolis of Calvinism. John Calvin, the fugitive, the itinerant preacher, had become there a sort of dictator, ruling that turbulent people with severest despotism. His pulpit was a tribune and a judgment-seat, and his preaching was accompanied with unrelenting hostility and bitter persecution of all who differed from him. Such was the influence which St. Francis de Sales devoted his life to counteract.

All through the country surrounding Annecy and contiguous to the southern shores of the Lake of Geneva, known as the

Chablais, he preached in season and out of season, not so much in direct and positive refutation of error as instructing, explaining, and indicating the spirit and practice of the Christian life. So great was his success that scores of thousands of heretics were brought back to the knowledge and love of the truth. After his elevation to the See of Geneva, Annecy was his home during the remainder of his life, although episcopal duties, as well as works of charity and zeal, frequently called him elsewhere.

Francis first made the acquaintance of Madame de Chantal at Dijon, which was her native city. But, when the time came for the establishment of the Order of the Visitation, which he was to found with her concurrence, it was at Annecy that their first abode was chosen. He died at Lyons, but, in accordance with a request made some time previously, his body was brought to be interred among his spiritual daughters at Annecy.

Much of the same spirit which prevailed during the time of St. Francis de Sales is still to be met with in the part of the country which was the scene of his labors—intolerance and narrow-minded persecution on the part of those in authority, with great faith, fidelity, and devotion among the people. The following little incident may perhaps serve as an illustration of this.

Some few years ago, a party of American Catholics, finding themselves in Geneva, wished to pay their respects to the present worthy successor of St. Francis de Sales, Monseigneur Mermillod, who had been so intrepid a defender of the rights of the Holy See and of the Church as to render himself obnoxious to the "powers that be." He was, like his saintly predecessor, in exile: the Government, with the modern ideas of liberality and freedom, having banished him from Swiss territory. So he was living at a pretty little country-place, called Ferney, only five miles from Geneva, but just across the French frontier. Thither, as he remarked, "Calvin had sent him to Voltaire," the villa having been at one time the residence of the French infidel.

During the course of conversation, he related the following trait of the devotedness of his people, which seemed to have touched him greatly:

A few weeks before, one of the parishes of either Geneva or the immediate vicinity had bought a new bell for the church and was most anxious to have their Bishop come to bless it and to make of the occasion a little simple festivity. The Bishop was most willing, but the *Government* had interposed and would not allow him to officiate in his own diocese. The good people were disappointed, but not deterred. They mounted the bell upon a rude car, trimmed it with flowers and garlands and decked it with streamers, and all of the parish who could possibly do so—men, women, and children—turned out in force and came in procession, dragging the bell with them, singing hymns and canticles all the five miles to Ferney. There, in the field near the house, the good Bishop was only too glad to bless the bell and his people too, of whose devotion to him he was so well assured.

THE PROMISES OF THE SACRED HEART.

A LIST of divine "Promises," made by our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary in favor of souls devout to His Sacred Heart, has been scattered broadcast among Catholics in these latter times.[1]

The general subject of promises made by God in favor of some particular act of devotion on the part of men, whether through the Holy Scriptures or in private revelations to the Saints of the different ages, will be treated at length in these pages during the present year. It is enough to say here briefly:

First, the reality of such promises in general cannot be impugned without at the same time attacking the authority of the Scriptures in revealing them, and of the Church in canonizing Saints and instituting Feasts in consequence of certain private revelations containing such promises;

[1] Since the demand has become so general, we are enabled to send out our Promise Cards, as well as the similarly-illuminated League Hints, at 30 cts. per 100, plus the small additional amount required for postage or express charges, according to number ordered (at the new *Business Office* of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, 114 South Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.).

Mr. Philip A. Kemper, from his art-bureau in Dayton, Ohio, has supplied the missionaries of the world with tasteful and highly ornamented pictures, bearing on the reverse the same divine Promises; he issues these in 74 different languages, including Irish and Chinese!

Secondly, the effect of the publication of such promises is not a presumptuous "security of salvation." Rather, souls—who, because they are living in this bounded life of earth, can only think of things definite and well defined—are drawn to practise the love of God by these promises of certain definite graces attached to certain well-defined works of devotion.

In all authentic promises of this kind, no grace is promised that is not in perfect agreement with God's usual loving Providence over the lives of Christians. So long as the spiritual grace or favor promised is not bound up with the mere material performance of some work, there is nothing to be looked at askance in these promises. With the act of charity is infallibly connected the remission of the guilt of sin; no one has ever censured the preaching of so fundamental a Catholic truth because someone—somewhere—might possibly imagine the act mentioned to be, not the movement of the human soul toward the pure love of God, but the material reading of the printed act common in prayer-books!

As to the particular authenticity of the Promises in favor of souls devout to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the following may be noted here:

1°. They are found textually in the letters and other writings of Blessed Margaret Mary;

2°. During the process of beatification, a Decree of the Sacred Roman Congregation (22 September, 1827), approved by Pope Leo XII., expressly declared that nothing was found in her writings worthy of theological censure;

3°. The Sacred Congregation, in the acts of beatification, also declared that Blessed Margaret Mary had most of all spread the devotion of the Sacred Heart by the "great promises (*præmiis*) of graces, which by God's order she set before devout souls."[2]

It is these Promises, as they are usually given—selected from her writings and classified under twelve heads—which will furnish us a pleasant and profitable consideration for each month

[2] Nilles, *de Festis SS. Cordium.*

of the present year. In fact, it is the two-hundredth year since the holy seer, then nearing her end, broke forth to her father-confessor, in that dawn of the clear light of eternity:

"Why cannot I tell the whole world all that I know of this devotion of love! My Father, I beseech you, forget nothing which may inspire the whole world with it. Jesus Christ has given me to know, beyond all possibility of doubt, that He wishes by this devotion to bring to Himself a countless number of faithful servants, of perfect friends, of grateful children." [3]

The general purport of all the Promises of the Sacred Heart is, indeed, directed to this end—to stir up in the hearts of men faithful and perfect and grateful love. Blessed Margaret Mary winds up the letter just quoted with this assurance.

"It is evident there is no one in the world who would not receive aid of every kind from Heaven, if he had for Jesus Christ a perfectly grateful love, such as is shown Him by devotion to His Sacred Heart."

It is difficult to say who was the first to draw out these Promises in their present popular form. They are taken, as we have said, word for word from the writings of the seer herself, each forming a part of some one or other of the many revelations made to her concerning the devotion to the Sacred Heart; and most of them being mentioned several times over, separately or together. On the whole, the list, which is now adopted nearly everywhere, has been well drawn up. It places in order, first, those favors which bear more the character of *mercies* for this life, and then the *graces* for the next.

This is according to a letter of Blessed Margaret Mary written by her on a special occasion—that of her yearly celebration of the death of her chief spiritual guide, the Father de la Colombière for whose beatification all friends of the Sacred Heart are now offering their prayers. This letter is also of the year 1689, and hints at a repetition of the former revelations.

"I hope that the Divine Heart will become a fountain, plenteous and exhaustless, of mercy and of graces, as it seems to me

[3] *Vie et Œuvres*, Vol. I. (Anno 1689, letter to Fr. Rolin).

He has promised to our good Father de la Colombière on his feast-day—I mean to say the day of his death (15 February)—which I celebrated in our chapel."

This renewal of the Promises of mercies and graces was made in the first chapel of the Sacred Heart, to that same blessed seer who had been called of God first to "set these great Promises of graces before devout souls."

The First Promise: *I will give them all the graces necessary in their state of life.*

The "grace of state," as it is sometimes called, is the open door to eternal life. It comprises all those particular graces which a man needs to sanctify himself in the position where Providence has placed him, and all those as well which he needs for performing rightly his duties toward others. That is, if life is a period of labor, the grace of state is that divine help needed to make the labor fruitful. *Man shall go forth to his work and to his labor until the evening.*[4]

In fact, a man's state of life, from childhood to old age, is nothing less than the position he occupies in God's world. He has his conscience within him, but its voice speaks of things without. The child must not only love God within his young heart; he must also love God outside himself in the parents whom God has given him, in his superiors and his companions.

Matters grow much more complex when the child becomes a man and takes an independent part in life. It is then a matter of serious obligation to choose his permanent state in life. Shall it be that of a priest, or of a religious, or the Christian life of the laity? And when the vocation is once settled and the serious duties of life entered upon, there is daily and hourly need of God's grace to perform those duties. This is the case, even when the vocation has been well chosen. How much the more so when, as often happens, Christians drift along into the solemn realities of life, and only then awaken to their serious duties!

To all these, on the sole condition that they be truly devout

[4] Psalm ciii. 23.

to the Sacred Heart of our Lord, it is promised that they shall have the divine helps necessary in their state of life. In describing these helps, Blessed Margaret Mary naturally applies the promise to those leading her own manner of life; but she declares it is given in favor of all.

"The treasures of blessings and graces enclosed in this Sacred Heart are without limit. I know not if there be any exercise of devotion in the spiritual life, which is better suited to lift a soul in a short time to the highest perfection and to make it taste of the true sweetness found in the service of Jesus Christ. Yes, I say it with all confidence, if men knew how agreeable this devotion is to Jesus Christ, there is not a Christian, no matter how little his love for our dear Saviour, who would not practise it."

She then goes on to draw out in detail the graces of state which shall be received by the members of religious communities embracing this devotion. "They shall draw from it so great helps that no other means will be necessary for re-establishing first fervor and the most exact regularity in communities the least well regulated, and to bring to the height of perfection those who live in the most exact regularity."

The promise then turns to the graces of state needed by those who labor for the salvation of souls. "My Divine Saviour has given me to understand that they shall have the gift of touching the most hardened hearts and shall labor with most wonderful success, provided they themselves are penetrated with a tender devotion to His Divine Heart.

"As for secular persons, they will find, by means of this beloved devotion, every help necessary to their state, that is to say, peace in their family, comfort in their labors, the blessings of Heaven in all their undertakings, consolation in all their troubles; and in this Sacred Heart they will find their fitting refuge during their whole life, and, above all, at the hour of their death. Ah! how sweet it is to die after having had a constant devotion to the Heart of Him Who is to judge us!"

IRELAND'S GOLDEN NOON.

By Joseph E. Barnaby.

* * *

Shall not the day of Ireland come,
Shall not her sun arise?
Wail voices of the earth—
The tossing salt-sea foam,
The soothing rains that fall,
Each wind that sighs,
And lonely birds that call
From out each ruined shrine and hearth.
Ireland's day,
Ever shineth, passeth not away:
Sing heavenly voices sweet—
Faint, alas! for ears of earth:
From her baptismal birth,
In faith and purity her days have run;
Her light dims never since begun.
Where tenderest clouds with silver feet
Sweep in procession through the sky,
They drift with shining faces by,
Chanting far from earthly sight,—
Virgin young and maiden knight,
Patrick with each white-stoled priest,
Nuns like Brigid looking East,—
Chanting of Ireland's golden noon:
Mary most pure, her shining moon,
And Christ, her Everlasting Sun.

Illuminated Border, Fourteenth Century.

The Reader.

When the New Year comes, all the world asks—What is it bringing us? But the question has a different meaning for us Catholics, so far as religion is concerned. The New Year will no more bring us a new religion than it will bring us a new conscience or new parents and relations. When the Catholic Church came into the world, she came to stay. So when Catholic faith and practice take firm hold on a heart, the changes of time no longer affect it in the things of the world to come. New Year or Old Year—the duties and the consolations of our religion remain the same. We ask, then, simply this—What does the New Year bring the Church as she exists in the world around us? No matter what happens, the Church will go on the same—in triumph or in trial. But which is it to be?

***

What will happen across the seas and far away is too uncertain for us to speculate on here. In Germany there is less, in France there is more, interference with Catholic consciences on the part of the State. Italy goes on making the position of the Holy Father as uncomfortable as possible, and confiscating all the property of helpless nuns it can lay hands on. Russia could not well be worse off; but there is a slight outlook of better times.

Meanwhile there is no question that, year after year, in all the non-Catholic nations, the party of law and order among the people, and all more thoughtful and serious souls, find their sympathies more and more drawn toward the Church. Wholesale conversions, as in the days of the early Christians of the Roman Empire, can never be predicted because they are true miracles in the moral order. The best way of bringing them about would be that real, live Saints should spring up in the different nations. But even a true Saint is a miracle; when shall he come? Prayer alone can hasten him on his way.

***

Perhaps that which ought most of all to interest Catholics in America, is the turn of minds around us. Catholic teaching will never be pleasing to those outside the Church, because it is absolute like truth itself. That two and two should make four will

never suit the philosopher who thinks they ought sometimes to make five or three. But it is certain that Catholic practice, which is the direct result of Catholic teaching, is becoming more and more respected each year in our midst. This respect—almost reverence—for the Catholic life, once it is truly known, is simply the acknowledgment of *the good odor of Christ*, which St. Paul says all Christians should be. (II Corinthians, ii. 15.)

This should be a permanent motive for every Catholic to strive after a holier life, and to pray that scandals connected with the Catholic name may be averted. It would be sad to think that Catholic priests in America do not regard the Protestants of their parishes as souls under their charge, for whose welfare they are responsible, so far indeed as they have any influence over them. But it would be sadder still to think this burden of responsibility is not shared by the laity. Who has released the Catholics of America from the love of their Protestant or non-Catholic neighbor? They are bound to edify him, to instruct him when possible, if not by word at least by example, and—what is most to our present purpose—to pray for him. The Catholic religion is not a matter of nation or of race; its claims and its zealous charity reach out to every human soul. That outsiders to the Church should feel such charity, existing among their Catholic neighbors, would be the greatest victory she has yet won in this country.

***

That the Church is slowly but surely gaining—by the holier lives of her children, by the better opinion of her among those who are still strangers to her true character—is sufficiently shown by the tumult of evil words that has risen up against her in the last few months. The party represented by the notorious Evangelical Alliance, and, probably, in great part by the wide-spread Young Men's Christian Associations, now that their so-called "evangelical" religion is lapsing into general unbelief, must needs try after a new lease of life by raising the Catholic question. Disguise it as they will, they aim, in all their recent agitation concerning the public schools, at this one practical conclusion: *The anti-Catholic majority shall force Catholics to support a system of education that ignores, or belittles, or falsifies Catholic faith and practice.*

We might know beforehand all this would be carried on in the name of American liberty!

A book of the highest order of literature, and, what is less frequent, of the most thorough-going Catholicity, has just been published, aptly showing how a similar pretext of national liberties was applied by the anti-Catholic majority to our forefathers two centuries ago. It is a *A Romance of the Recusants*, by the entertaining author of *The Life of a Prig* and other works which have created no little stir of late. It is not a mere romance; under the form of a story of thrilling interest, a profound knowledge of history and religion is shown at every page. The hero, who is of the time of the Penal Laws in England, speaks thus:

"My lord, I fully admit that I am a priest, and that the laws of this country make it treasonable for a priest to remain within the realm. I also admit that if you condemn me to death, you will only be carrying out the statutes which you are employed to administer. What I do not admit is that any skill or reasoning can prove those statutes to be agreeable to the law of God."

To which, after some sanctimonious last advice, the judge makes answer—much as if he belonged to the Evangelical Alliance:

"I will make it my business to ask the proper authorities to see that a learned and discreet minister of the Gospel is sent to confer with you. It now only remains for me to pass upon you the sentence appointed for priests and traitors, which is that you be taken from here to the prison whence you came, and thence be drawn to the place of execution, and there be hanged by the neck till you are half-dead; your bowels shall then be taken out and burnt before your face, your head cut off, and your body divided into four parts to be exposed in the usual places in this city; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

"Deo Gratias!" said Everard, in a clear voice.

For three hours that night some Protestant ministers preached at him in his cell, leaving him with the remark that he was an obstinate heretic.

But it is the last words of the Martyr which should represent the present-day spirit of Catholics in America, if they are to profit by the late annoyances which a few public men have found it their interest to revive from the past.

"I offer my death, in union with the Cross and Passion of my Saviour, in satisfaction for my sins and for the conversion of English Protestants. If I had as many lives as there are hairs on my head, drops in the ocean, stars in the firmament, perfections in the Lord of Heaven, I would most willingly lay them all down for this purpose."

***

This talk of martyrs brings us to notice several delightful new books of a kind we should desire multiplied indefinitely

among English-speaking Catholics. These are the cheap and well-written little volumes of the London Catholic Truth Society, comprising tales and poems, biographies, and bits of popular controversy. Among them is a pretty red-covered book of *The English Martyrs under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth*—fifty-three in all—who were declared Blessed only two years since. Two other books, issued in America, give short and entertaining lives of *The Saints* and *The Blessed Ones of* 1888 (Benziger Brothers).

Our new *Sacred Heart Almanac*—nearly all the *Messengers* bring out Almanacs—is perhaps too small for much notice in these pages, though it has met with enough success to show that it pleases. It is, of course, the cheapest in the market, but we may fairly claim that its Calendar is among the best. The curious design on its cover, the meaning of which has been asked, is nothing else than a copy of the thirteenth-century cathedral doorway of Coire in Switzerland. Saint Peter and Saint Paul guard the gates of Christ's Kingdom: is not the motto of the League, whose Sacred Heart emblem appears below,—*Thy Kingdom Come?*

For Almanacs of size, and cheap as well—veritable treasures of the domestic hearth—we know of nothing like those issued by the great publishing house of Benziger Brothers in five different languages, the last but not the least being their English *Catholic Home Almanac*, with its rich illustrations and ample store of reading.

Finally, who among our readers does not know the weekly visits of the blue-covered *Ave Maria*, which has so long supplied interesting reading to Catholic families on both sides the great water? It is a credit to America, that popular Catholic literature of so high an order should flourish here; and it augurs well for the future of Catholic ideas in our midst.

General Intention

FOR JANUARY, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

GOD'S RIGHTS IN THE WORLD.

WE are in the age of anniversaries and centenaries. Men strive to justify the present by glorifying the past. Sometimes, however, what they extol in the past had a meaning far different from the present name. Thus the current year is to be devoted to the glorification of the great French Revolution of a century ago, beginning with the Declaration of the so-called Rights of Man in the year 1789.

Many serious and conservative minds in countries like our own will be drawn to sympathize with this by the enticing cry of liberty and rights. Yet if they studied the true meaning of this centennial they would refrain with horror from any share in it, so violently is it opposed to every true right and, most of all, to every divine duty of man.

I.

Even infidel and free-thinking writers have seen in the godless French Revolution a thing of evil, and in the Declaration of the Rights of Man a vague and stupid formula, intended as a clever war-cry to mislead the populace.

M. Taine, in his special studies on the Revolution, says:[1] "All the articles of the Declaration are so many daggers drawn against human society." Another French writer, in what is perhaps the chief free-thinking review of the world,[2] adds the following: "What we all think—some of us in docile submission to the truth, others in blinking the clear light of evidence itself,—is that the bankruptcy of the French Revolution is henceforward a fact accomplished and irrevocable."

[1] T. I., l. ii., c. 3.

[2] *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, 1871 (Montégut).

Mr. John Morley, sufficiently well known at present to the English-speaking public as a shrewd statesman, and to students as a free-thinking writer of more than ordinary learning, declares that the doctrine of liberty in the hands of his favorite philosopher, Mill, is "something quite different from the same doctrine as preached by the French Revolutionary school; indeed one might even call it reactionary, in respect of the French theory of a hundred years back." Elsewhere he speaks of "the waters of the deluge of '89," and, in regard to its culmination a few years later, alludes touchingly to "the difference which divided opinion when men took heart to survey the appalling scene of moral desolation that the cataclysm of '93 had left behind."

Catholics, on their part, cannot forget the days of the Terror when religion was banned and priests and nuns slaughtered at the guillotine or driven into banishment, and when, literally, the powers of darkness seemed to be let loose upon the earth. They cannot help seeing how much restless agitation, how much disregard of right in public life, how constant and undying a hatred and persecution of the Church, were inaugurated by the great Revolution, which we are now invited to glorify.

II.

It is true that the advocates of this infamous centenary will throw up against the Church the reproach that she is opposed to liberty, and condemns all modern progress.

This in itself is false and a mere captious scoff, unless indeed we understand by it the liberty and progress of the French Revolution. These undoubtedly are repudiated with scorn and indignation, not by Catholics alone, but by every lover of law and order and justice.

Let us take that liberty of conscience, which admirers of the Revolution claim to have been its fruit, in face of the repeated massacres of priests down to the Commune of 1871, and the banishment of the religious orders and official teaching of atheism in the schools by the present French republic. What honest man

will reject the words of a great German statesman of half a century ago?[3]

"If freedom of conscience is to apply to Catholics, it is impossible that this freedom should consist in their ceasing to be Catholics; still less can it mean that they are to be Catholics in heart alone, while in their public profession, in education, in society, and in the State, they are hampered, in spite of the assurances of Government, by its usurpation of ecclesiastical power. Neither can it consist in a kindly acknowledgment of the power of the Church by the secular ruler and government in purely spiritual matters alone, which in fact can be no more controlled than thought, thus leaving her at best the invisible as her field for action. But in truth liberty of conscience consists for a Catholic in the enjoyment by the Church, and by himself within her, of that liberty of development which is her due from her divine foundation."

The truth is that the contest of the Church against the Revolution is for something indispensable to her—that is, freedom. And with the name of freedom on their lips, the French Revolutionists of a hundred years ago, and, ignorantly perhaps but very really, the Evangelical Alliance and Secularists of our own day and country, try to deprive her of this freedom while they deceive the people by hollow phrases concerning liberty.

III.

To pray, therefore, for the coming of the Kingdom of God —which is the motto of the Holy League—is to ask the Church's freedom and the beating back of the spirit of the French Revolution. Saint Bernard understood this when he wrote to the German King Conrad: "The Church of God has from the beginning been often oppressed and often set free. The arm of the Lord is not shortened nor become powerless to save her. He will, without doubt, once again set free His Bride whom He redeemed with His Blood, endowed with His spirit, adorned with heavenly gifts,

[3] Cited by Cardinal Hergenroether, *Catholic Church and Christian State*, xviii. 22.

and moreover enriched with earthly gifts. He will set her free, I repeat He will set her free."[4]

Even in free America, Catholics are beginning to see, by harsh experience, the application of the principles of 1789.

The third article of the Declaration of the Rights of Man asserts equivalently that "the will of the people" is the only sovereign, independent of all divine and human right; and with this corresponds the teaching that lawful authority is simply the will of the majority. Both these propositions have been condemned by Pius IX., and he has received the opprobrium of unthinking men in consequence.

But is not the recent agitation concerning the teaching of the State schools a direct application of these principles? The majority of votes, in one of our largest and most enlightened cities, has declared that the State may force upon Catholic children the teaching that Indulgences are a license to commit sin, and have been granted as such by several Popes! Surely, the saner portion of the American people, even outside the Church, cannot thus hold that truth and justice are made by the majority of votes. And, if they are found uniting in the glorification of the Revolution, it is because they are pitifully deceived.

The healing of nations comes only from the conversion of the people to God and His law. When men separately acknowledge the rights of God and their duties toward Him, they will not long be deceived by the phantom of a State without God, and by a purely secular education of their children, and by idle talk of the rights of man, without reference to his duties.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular, that all men may acknowledge and respect God's rights in the world. *Amen.*

[4] Epistol. 244, ii.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE UNIVERSAL LEAGUE.

I.

THROUGH the kindness of our Rev. Director General, we are enabled to give the following statistics of the present state and progress of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, throughout the world up to the month of November last. This is of serious interest to our Associates, from the fact that all those who enter the Holy League bind themselves to share the power of pleading of their re God with all their fellow-

PRAYERS AT THE PUBLIC MEETINGS.

The answers are to be made by the whole Congregation together.

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

R. Amen.

Jesus, meek and humble of Heart,

R. Make my heart like unto Thine.

O sweetest Heart of Jesus, we implore

R. That we may love Thee ever more and more.

Let us pray.

May Thy Holy Spirit, we beseech Thee, O Lord, light up in our hearts that fire which our Lord Jesus Christ came to cast on earth, and desired so earnestly to see enkindled.

R. Amen.

Thy Kingdom come.

R. Thy Kingdom come.

Let us pray.

O Lord Jesus Christ, Who hast promised that wherever two or three shall be gathered together in Thy Name Thou wilt be there in the midst of them, look down with com-

we insist that the name of as that of its work—*Apostle-* up by other associations or faithful, not only of Indul- tercommunion of prayers and in fact the only reason of

nal Protector of the Holy Simeoni, the Prefect of the al, named by Leo XIII. on sion to the venerated Father Émile Regnault, S. J. The us Pleading, with which the connected, has been closed for ench republic. During this ers and other dealings of the of the world are sent to the he immediate official super- al, in the city of Toulouse.

the League in America during the *iger* (PILGRIM) for December. In future numbers we purpose giving some details on the practical methods of foundation and the carrying on of the League in the different Centres where it has been personally founded by members of our own staff.

It is there the daily Mass is said for the Intentions thus recommended, at the altar of the Sacred Heart, with a Mass for the dead Associates each Friday, and from there the Intentions are sent to the shrines of our Lady at La Salette and Lourdes, where they are placed again on the altar during Mass.

II.

It should be noticed here that these special privileges of the mutual prayer, as well as the Indulgences, peculiar to the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, have never been shared with any confraternity or archconfraternity, sodality or archsodality, or pious union, whether under the name of the Sacred Heart or otherwise, in any part of the world. Even, this could not be done without defeating the very aim of the League, which is to unite Christians *outwardly* in the practice of the elementary devotions called the Three Degrees, and to give them the opportunity of sharing in their bond of intercommunion—the prayers and intentions recommended in the MESSENGER publications (*Calendars*, *Rosary Tickets*, etc.).

From the beginning the Sovereign Pontiff, for this express reason, limited the publication of all official documents of the League of the Apostleship of Prayer, and nominally the *Certificates of Admission* essential to membership, to the Director General, and to the Head Directors in the various countries, as delegated by him (Pius IX., 27 July, 1866, 24 May, 1867, renewed by Leo XIII., 2 June, 1880). This right has never been communicated to any priest in Local Centres, and much less to lay booksellers (see *Official Letter* of the Rev. Director General, written to us in virtue of the powers given him by the Pontifical Briefs, in *Handbook*, page 28). Any certificates, therefore, purporting to admit to the Apostleship of Prayer, either with or without the additional name of some confraternity or sodality or pious union, and all diplomas of Promoters, not issued and signed by the Head Director, and all diplomas of aggregation, not in Latin and received from the Director General either directly or through the Head Director of the country, are

simply spurious and invalid, and give lawful grounds for a canonical complaint before the Bishop of the diocese in which they are issued or used.

All this is quite apart from the grave wrong done the faithful by the loss of Indulgences and of the share they rightfully expect in the mutual prayer of the League, and the further wrong of the suppression or enfeebling of the serious work which the League by its systematic organizing of an Apostleship of Prayer wishes to do in souls. If the work of the Propagation of the Faith were thus seized upon and confounded with local beneficial associations and altar-societies, it may easily be seen how greatly the treasury of the Foreign Missions would suffer. The case is quite similar with the spiritual treasury of the Apostleship of Prayer, which Pius IX. called the sister-work of the Propagation of the Faith.

Neither, on the other hand, does the Holy League conflict in any way with the other pious associations approved by the Church and commonly found in our parishes. It is the *League of the Sacred Heart;* but all our publications declare that, without separate admission, its Associates do not belong to any *confraternity* or sodality of that name. The Rosary decade—a Catholic, and not a particular devotion any more than the hearing of Mass—is the Second Degree or practice promised by our Associates; but each of our Rosary sets, approved and indulgenced by the Holy Father as the means of conveying the Intentions to the Associates, states plainly that the League is not the *Living Rosary.*

It does not conflict with any of these pious associations because its work is different in its nature and end, in form, and in means and organization.

On the contrary, from the beginning it has found its Promoters—that is, the lay officers by means of whom its work is chiefly done—among the members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, the Rosary confraternity, associations of various kind already existing under the name of the Sacred Heart, Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul (by the special recommendation of their Director General), and whatever other unions of pious souls may

be found in the parish or community where the League is established. And, as the League itself is not a confraternity, and ought not regularly to be carried on as one, it tends to prepare candidates for any and every pious association in its neighborhood. From the bringing back of the negligent Catholic who has not "made his Easter," to the organizing of great General Communions of men and children, and even to the nursing of vocations for the priesthood and the religious life, there is no good work which the work of the League cannot help along. Why should it not be allowed to do its own work, without being seized upon and confounded with other works far different from its own!

It may also be remarked here that in some religious communities a somewhat similar mistake has been fallen into. The aggregation of a community or a parish to the League does not admit a single member to its ranks. It simply establishes the Local Centre where they may be admitted, *one by one*, according to the few simple conditions required by the Holy See. So, too, the aggregation of a "mother-house" does not aggregate the remaining houses of the religious institute, and much less does it admit each member of the community as an Associate of the Holy League. There is never—anywhere—such a thing as *collective* affiliation.

In a League whose work it is to induce Christians to pray together for the intentions of the Sacred Heart, each soul must separately promise the practices (or *Degrees*) in which all *league together*. This, in fact, is the very meaning of the term *League* as applied to the Apostleship of Prayer, which is now by far the most numerous and widely spread of the different associations that have sprung up in the Church out of devotion to the Sacred Heart.

III.

To return to the universal character and the present state of this Holy League (November, 1888), there are now 42,239 Local Centres (parishes, communities, &c.), depending on 41 Head Directorships in the different countries. These Head Directors, who are appointed by the Director General and are charged with

issuing the MESSENGERS and other official publications of the League, are distributed as follows: 16 in Europe, 4 in Asia, 1 in Africa, 4 in Oceanica, 6 in North, and 10 in South America.

The regions under Head Directors are distributed as follows:

In *Europe*, Austria (German), Belgium, Bohemia, Dalmatia with Croatia, Denmark with Sweden and Norway, England, France, Holland, Hungary, Ireland, Italy, Poland, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, and Turkey with Greece;

In *Asia*, China (Northern) with Mantchooria (Tartary), China (Central and Southern), Hindoostan, Syria with Egypt;

In *Africa*, the African Islands of the Indian Sea, the other parts being under the Director General;

In *Oceanica*, Australia (for Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide separately), and the Dutch East Indies (Java, Sumatra, &c.);

In *North America*, Canada, Central America, Hayti, Mexico, Nova Scotia, the United States (English and German-speaking separately);

In *South America*, the Argentine Republic, Brazil, Chili, Ecuador, Guiana, New Grenada, Patagonia, Peru, Venezuela.

IV.

There are now published, as the official organs of the League, 24 editions of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, and 5 editions of the *Little Messenger* (of which our PILGRIM is one).

The various MESSENGERS OF THE SACRED HEART are published in 14 different languages, as follows: Bohemian, Breton (of Brittany in France), Chinese, Dutch, English (5), Flemish, French, German (2), Hungarian, Italian (2), Polish, Portuguese, Spanish (5), Tamul (Hindoostan). A few of these, notably the first and chief of all—the French,—like the Spanish, the German, and our own, form large devotional magazines: the others are for the most part, in size and character, more like our *Little Messenger* (PILGRIM).

Five Central Directors, including the Director General who first gave the example, issue *Little Messengers* distinct from the large edition. They appear at the middle of the month and share

the popular work of the League with the large edition, furnishing also a cheap bulletin of devotion, especially in connection with devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. They are, besides our own —*The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs*,—the *Little Messengers of the Heart of Mary* of France, Hungary, and Venezuela, and the *Little Messenger of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary and of the Apostleship of Prayer* of Spain. All devote special attention to the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.

Of this amazing variety of heavenly MESSENGERS OF THE SACRED HEART—29 in 14 languages—6 are published in English, namely, besides our own two, one each in Australia, England, Hindoostan, and Ireland.

In all, or nearly all, of these languages are also issued the monthly Rosary Tickets and Calendars which do the practical work of the League as a bulletin regularly distributed by the Promoters to the Associates of their bands. It will be remembered that one of the first Indulgences of the Apostleship of Prayer, still in force, was given to these little bulletins, for each prayer or action done or suffered in behalf of the Intentions they recommend to the prayers of the Associates. They have also been favored with one of the latest Indulgences, attached by Leo XIII. to the Communion on the feast of the Patron named on them. They are also largely used for the Indulgenced Communion of Reparation, both General and that made by turn of roll where bands have been formed.

Apostleship Notices.

Recent Aggregations.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (from November 15 to December 15, 1888).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before that of parish or community aggregated.)

Albany, New York: St. Joseph's School (Christian Brothers), Albany.

Baltimore, Maryland: St. Matthew's Church, Washington; St. Ignatius' Church, St. Thomas' Manor; St. Joseph's Church, Pomfret.

Chicago, Illinois: St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum (Sisters of St. Joseph), and St. Columbkill's Church, Chicago.

Covington, Kentucky: Convent of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Newport.

Detroit, Michigan: St. John's Church, Monroe.

Dubuque, Iowa: St. Patrick's Church, Sheldon.

Grand Rapids, Michigan: Church of the Guardian Angels, Manistee.

Hartford, Connecticut: St. Agnes' Convent (Sisters of Mercy), Bridgeport; St. Joseph's Church, Willimantic.

Lincoln, Nebraska: St. James' Church, Crete.

Louisville, Kentucky: St. Mary's Church, and Calvary Academy (Sisters of Loretto), Calvary.

Manchester, New Hampshire: St. Bernard's Church, Keene.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: St. Ann's Convent of Mercy, Allegheny City.

Portland, Maine: Convent of Mercy, Portland.

St. Augustine, Florida: St. Louis' Church, Tampa.

St. Louis, Missouri: St. Michael's Church, St. Louis.

San Francisco, California: Magdalen Asylum (Sisters of Mercy), San Francisco.

Trenton, New Jersey: The Cathedral, Trenton.

SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Diplomas of affiliation received from the Roman *Prima Primaria*, have been transmitted to the following:

Chicago, Illinois: St. Philip's Church (2), Central Park.

Cincinnati, Ohio: The Cathedral, and St. Paul's Church, Cincinnati; St. Charles Borromeo's Church (2), Carthage; St. Aloysius' Church, Hamilton.

Grand Rapids, Michigan: Holy Angels' Church, Manistee.

Kansas City, Missouri: St. Aloysius' Church (3), Kansas City.

Louisville, Kentucky: Annunciation Church, Shelbyville.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: St. Gall's Church (2), Milwaukee.

Vincennes, Indiana: St. Henry's Church (3), St. Henry.

Wilmington, Delaware: Visitation Convent, Wilmington.

A PROMOTER'S LETTER.

Reverend Father: If you will kindly send 100 *Almanacs*, I will try to dispose of them. I know the pittance asked for them is not worth mentioning, but it makes a sound, and I must not be heard too loudly.

Nothing is further from my intention than to desire any pecuniary profit from the Holy League. I ask of each one on becoming a member the small sum of 5 cents. This is to defray the expenses of his Certificate, Badge, and Rosary tickets for the first year, besides furnishing Handbooks for the Promoters. Next year, all will be expected to pay 3 cents for their Rosary tickets, Intention-Blanks, and lists for Promoters. Do you think this about right?

We have now about 240 Associates. In the last Rosary Band are a few young men (not very young), who work in a stone-shop, with the brother of one of our best Promoters. Now

these men are among the very unpractical. They ridicule religion and have not approached the Sacraments for years. This good Promoter was asked to speak to them of the Holy League, and, after much hesitation, did so. The poor creatures humbly acknowledged that they were the last in the world that should think of joining such an association; but she encouragingly told them that they were just the ones that should join, and thus secure the assistance of so numerous a company in getting back to God. Then they promised to say the *Morning Offering* and received their Certificate and Badge. The last time she distributed the tickets and asked about the *Morning Offering*, as is the custom among the Promoters, she found that only one had forgotten to make it, and that only twice.

All of our Promoters, with the exception of one, are members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, and will be present in the church on the feast of the Immaculate Conception to renew their act of consecration, as it is their anniversary, along with the new Promoters who are to receive their official Diploma and Indulgenced Cross.

Three Edifying Associates.

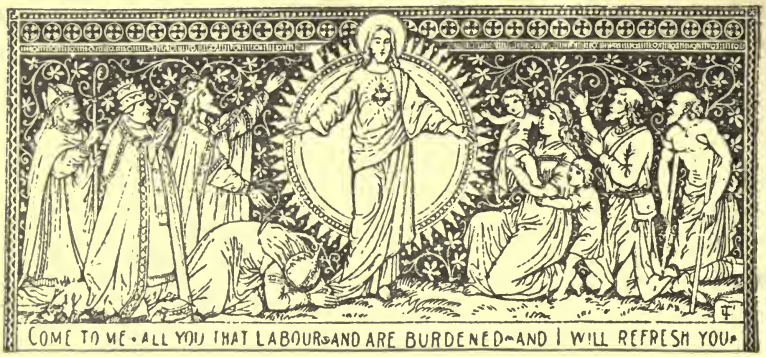
A grateful Associate writes:

Will you please receive my spiritual offering for life to the Holy League? I promise to say every day of my life the *Little Beads*. I can never tell you how happy it makes me to belong to the Apostleship of Prayer, for I am a country girl far from any church.

Another writes:

I wish a Mass to be celebrated for the intentions of my fellow-members of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart. May this Mass and my poor prayers avail as much for them as their prayers have obtained for me.

Please send me, writes a third, the monthly Rosary ticket. It will add relish to the decade that I say daily while sitting in the car on my way to work. I make the *Morning Offering* at every sunrise, and I have begun to practise the Holy Hour.



The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions recommended to the prayers of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from November 12 to December 12, 1888.

	NO. OF TIMES.		NO. OF TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity	93,465	11. Masses Heard	46,842
2. Beads	77,625	12. Mortifications	94,330
3. Stations of the Cross . .	15,575	13. Works of Charity . . .	26,120
4. Holy Communions . . .	23,495	14. Works of Zeal	28,532
5. Spiritual Communions .	78,365	15. Prayers	867,378
6. Examens of Conscience .	22,357	16. Charitable Conversation	62,438
7. Hours of Labor	95,209	17. Sufferings or Afflictions .	18,676
8. Hours of Silence	121,878	18. Self-conquest	22,949
9. Pious Reading	50,787	19. Visits to B. Sacrament .	72,377
10. Masses Celebrated . . .	311	20. Various Good Works . .	67,037

Total . . . . . 1,886,756.

The above represents returns from two hundred and nine centres.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

Total Number of Thanksgivings for Last Month, **37,067.**

——*Ask, and you shall receive* (St. John, xvi. 24).——

Nazareth, Ohio, Nov. 13.—The young man, whom I had recommended to the mercy of the Sacred Heart of Jesus on the 20th of last month, has had his petition already granted. After being ten months without work, he obtained employment last Monday, October 29th. Thanks, therefore, to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Mobile, Ala., Nov. 15.—Special thanksgiving is offered for a spiritual favor, granted in less than a month after being recommended to the Associates.

New York, Nov. 17.—Some months ago I begged through the MESSENGER the prayers of the League for the conversion of a lady who, although born and brought up a Catholic, had not, for the last seventeen years, gone to the Sacraments, and refused, even when in a most serious condition, to see a priest. She died a few weeks ago, having a short time prior been reconciled to God. I feel I should, in gratitude to the League I love so much, acquaint the Associates with this fact, which, as a child of the League, I claim was an answer to prayers said by the faithful and numerous Associates.

Reading, Pa., Nov. 27.—A lady, who some time ago asked the prayers of the League for success in a very delicate and dangerous surgical operation, acknowledges the favor obtained. She now invites all the Associates to join in thanks to the Sacred Heart for the very great success, which she thinks came through the love of our Saviour as manifested through His Sacred Heart, and asks the prayers of the League for complete recovery of health.

——, ***Cal., Nov. 29.***—Some time ago I asked the prayers of the League for my husband, that he might be successful in his canvass for a political office. His victory was beyond all expectation. All circumstances considered, I believe it a marked effect of prayer, for since his election he has returned to his religious duties.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 3.—Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a man who had been drinking to excess, and in consequence did not attend to any religious duty. I recommended him to the League, and, thanks to the Sacred Heart, for the past four months he has attended Mass, not alone on Sunday but on week-days as well, and has been to confession and Holy Communion each month since, and says his Morning Offering and Decade every day. His family feel very grateful to the Sacred Heart.

——, ***Ohio, Dec. 4.***—I will have a Mass of thanksgiving said in honor of the Divine Heart of Jesus for a favor I have received through Its mercy. For a long time I was afflicted with

sore eyes, but, confident in the promises of the Sacred Heart, I recommended my affliction to the League, and now my sight is fully restored.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 7.—Please give thanks to the Sacred Heart for a mother who had not been to the Sacraments or Mass for twenty years. She was recommended several times to the League. Thank God, she has been to confession and made her peace with Him Who is the fountain of all mercy.

From Various Centres.—Special thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the removal of a threatened danger. This favor was asked for last month. Also, for the success of a dangerous surgical operation, and the restoration to health of a young man. —Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a lady whose mind was seriously affected. She was recommended to the prayers of the League with the most happy results.—For unlooked-for success at a church festival held to raise funds for the building of a new church.—I offer special thanks for the good disposition of my parishioners in patronizing and helping to support the parish-school. I had reasons to fear it would not be so; hence I recommended the cause to the Holy League.—We thank the Sacred Heart through the Holy League for obtaining a position very much needed.—Special thanksgiving for the conversion of a man who had not been to the Sacraments for several years. Last year the Promoter of our school exhorted us children to put all the sinners we knew into the "net" of the Sacred Heart which, we were told, was the League. I put this man in, and last month he married a good Catholic girl after going to confession and Communion.—Please return sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for two conversions to the Faith. Both persons have since died edifying deaths. Our Sodality is doing well since we have been recommending it to the League.—I thank the Sacred Heart through the Holy League for the conversion of my uncle. I had him recommended every month for two years, and I am confident it was the mercy of the Sacred Heart in answer to prayer that gave him the grace to receive the Sacraments after having been God's enemy for forty-five years.

THE HOLY FAMILY IN EGYPT.

ALTAR-PIECE AT MATAREEYEH,

Presented by the Very Rev. FATHER BECKX, General of the Society of Jesus.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

NEW SERIES. FEBRUARY, 1889. VOL. IV (XXIV), NO. 2.

By Father Jullien, S. J.

9.—*Heliopolis.*

FROM St. Joseph's tree Heliopolis is distant only about a quarter of an hour's journey. Doubtless the Holy Family often travelled over the road leading to it, and gazed on the obelisk that is still standing. It is even said that they took up their abode in the very ruins of this once great city.

The road runs in a northerly direction with a slight inclination toward the west. The country round about is highly cultivated, until we reach a heap of ruins in the outskirts of the city. A quarter of a mile beyond, an avenue of half-starved looking trees winds to the right, and leads to an obelisk in the middle of a wheat-field. This obelisk is the most ancient in Egypt, and bears the cartouche

Copyright, 1889, by Rev. R. S. Dewey, S. J. All rights reserved.]

of the days of King Sesertesen I., who flourished 2000 years before Christ.

On the four sides appears the same inscription—concealed, however, in great part by wasps' nests. The height of this monolith is nearly twenty-two yards. The pedestal and a portion measuring about three yards are buried under the earth, which supposes an accumulation of rubbish of nine or ten yards in depth.

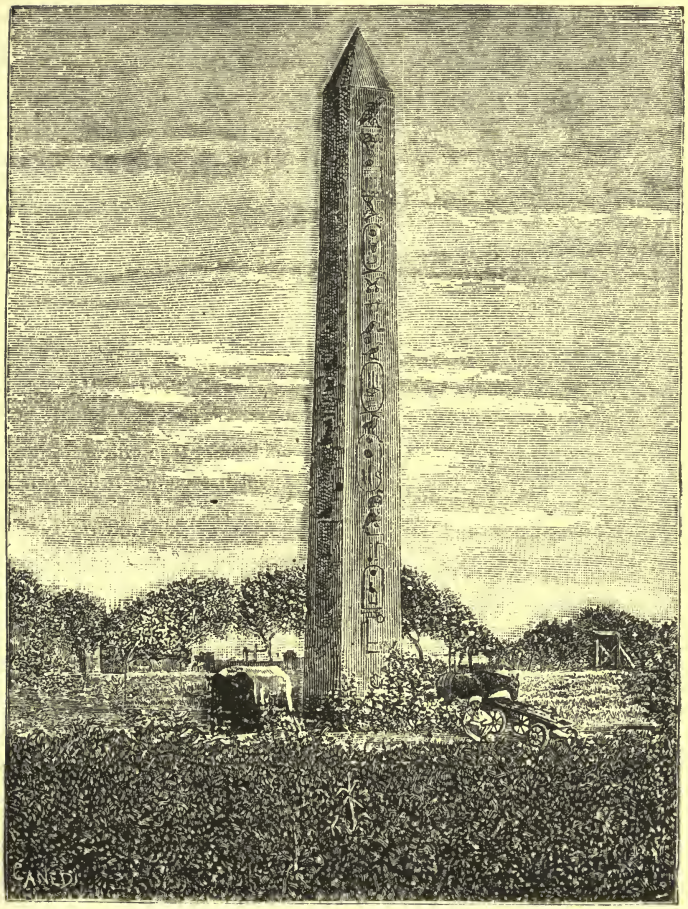
This obelisk in all probability belonged to the famous temple of the Sun, as also Cleopatra's Needles, which were first transported to Alexandria, whence one was sent to Rome and the other to London. The ancient authors tell us that in front of the temple there was a long avenue of sphinxes with several obelisks erected by the Pharaohs of the first line.

All that remains now are the obelisk and some large stones bearing hieroglyphs, which were dug up in a field some distance to the west. As for the palaces, we have but the sorry substitute of an Arabian village.

Heliopolis, city of the Sun, designated in the Bible by the name of On, was a great scientific centre in the olden times. Hither repaired the priests of Egypt to study philosophy and astronomy. It is even stated that Moses studied here. The Greek philosophers, Plato among the rest, came hither in quest of knowledge. But Jeremias prophesied: the king of Babylon *shall break the statues of the house of the Sun that are in the land of Egypt.*[1] The historian Strabo found the city in ruins a few years before Christ. "It is situated," he writes, "on high ground. Around about are to be seen the lakes which feed the channels of the Nile. All is now one mass of ruins. Nothing remains save the temple and a handful of inhabitants."

The children offered us little plaster casts of a light blue color, such as are often found in great numbers in the sarcophagi of the mummies. One of these small casts represented the jerboa—quite a common animal in Egypt—crouching on his two hind legs, which are of very considerable size.

[1] Jeremias, xliii. 13.



THE OBELISK OF HELIOPOLIS.

10.—*The Holy Family in Egypt.*

—Behold an Angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph, saying: Arise and take the Child and His Mother, and fly into Egypt, and be there until I shall tell thee. For it will come to pass that Herod will seek the Child to destroy Him.

And he arose, and took the Child and His Mother by night, and retired into Egypt.

And he was there until the death of Herod: that it might be fulfilled

which the Lord spoke by the prophet, saying: Out of Egypt have I called My Son.—*St. Matthew, ii., Osee, xi.*

Before taking leave, it will be interesting to read what Catharine Emmerich—a poor peasant girl of the diocese of Munster, and afterward an Augustinian nun in the monastery of Dulmen—has left us in her meditations on the sojourn of the Holy Family in Egypt.

In the eighty-ninth chapter of her "Life of the Virgin," she says: "I saw the Holy Family dwelling in a great ruined city, extending along a great river that had several branches. The city is quite visible from a distance by reason of its elevated position. I was surprised at the remains of huge buildings, temples almost entire, columns that looked like towers. I saw other columns. They were very high, pointed and covered with strange images and large figures resembling dogs in crouching positions, and having the heads of human beings.

"There was a certain place closed on one side by a wall, and on the other opening out under a row of large columns somewhat elevated, in front of which St. Joseph erected a small house where he dwelt. Many people came to live under these columns.

"Facing was a large temple of idols with two courts. To the north of Heliopolis, between it and the Nile which has several branches, lay the country of Gessen. There was a place between two canals where lived a great number of Jews who were exceedingly careless in the practice of their religion. They had a golden calf, a statue with the head of an ox, around which were little animals like polecats under small canopies. These are the animals [the ichneumons] that defend

man against the crocodiles. Joseph, however, built an oratory where the Jews were wont to unite in prayer with him; up to that time there was no place for common prayer."

(Chap. 92.)—"After a stay of about eighteen months, persecution and want of work obliged the Holy Family to leave Heliopolis. They went as far as Troja [now Thora] which is opposite Memphis. On their return they took a northerly course down the river in the direction of Babylon [ancient Cairo] around which they passed between the Nile and the city, making a journey of about two leagues along the river.

"At last they arrived at a place whose ancient name I forget, but which later on was called Matarèa. It was near Heliopolis, and was situated on a tongue of land with water on either side. The number of inhabitants was scanty; they lived in dwellings made from the wood of the date tree, and of mud dried and covered over with reed-grass. The Holy Family lived in a dark vault in a solitude not far from the gate through which they had entered. In front of this vault Joseph put up a light shed."

(Chap. 93.)—"Here they lived some years. I have beheld scenes of several years of our Lord's life as a Child. I have also seen the place where He slept. I saw an oratory put up by St. Joseph in the house."

(Chap. 87.)—"They had no water and there they sate exhausted near a hillock of sand. The Blessed Virgin implored God, and I saw a copious spring bubble up by her side, which watered the soil round about. The portion of land that received of the water grew wonderfully fertile. The green grass quickly appeared, and the precious balm tree soon grew in great numbers. This place became known later on as the garden of balm. Different people lived there in after times. Another well, large and deep, was dug, from which, by the aid of wheels kept in motion by oxen, a copious supply of water was drawn that was mingled with that of Mary's spring to irrigate the garden."

(Chap. 96.)—"The spring of Matarèa does not owe its origin to the Blessed Virgin. It only sprang up again at her prayer. I saw that Job had been in Egypt before Abraham, and had

lived in this place. He found this spring, and sacrificed on a large stone which was there. The country was overrun with frightful animals. I saw animals like moles; their hind paws were long, their fore ones shorter: they could leap from one roof to another."

(Chap. 97.)—"Abraham during his sojourn in Egypt encamped near this fountain. I saw him instructing the people.[2] He lived there several years with Sara.

"I have seen many things concerning the spring of Matarèa up to our own day, but only remember the following. When the Holy Family lived in Egypt, the lepers made use of the water as possessing a peculiar virtue. Years afterward the Christians built a church over the dwelling of Mary. Near the high altar there was an entrance into the cave that had for a long time been the home of the Holy Family. I saw dwellings encircling the spring, from which water was taken as an antidote against different forms of leprosy. I saw people bathing there in order to be delivered from certain skin diseases—a custom which was kept up even under the Mahometan sovereignty. I saw the Turks keeping a lamp always burning in the church which had been built over Mary's dwelling. They feared some evil would befall them if they neglected to do so. In modern times I saw that the desert-spring was quite a distance from human habitation. There is no city in that place now. Wild fruit thrives in the vicinity."

(Chap. 98.)—Speaking of their return to Judæa, Catharine Emmerich says: "They passed between Heliopolis and the Jewish village on the bank of the Nile, turning a little aside to the south in the direction of the spring which had come forth at the prayer of Mary previous to their first arrival at Heliopolis. The country here was one mantle of green. The stream flowed around the square of the garden fringed with the balm tree. . . . The balm trees were about the height of a moderate sized vine-stock. Their leaves were like those of the clover."

[2] Flav. Josephus, in the first book of his *Jewish Antiquities*, and other writers say that Abraham taught the Egyptians arithmetic and astronomy.

It is not our place surely to distinguish, in the language of this holy contemplative, what comes from God, what from imagination. St. Ignatius says that in the matter of supernatural consolation it is very hard to detect the purely human element which glides in so imperceptibly at times. Yet is it equally certain that this humble religious had learned from no human being much that we now know to be true.

11.—*Return.*

We took the carriage-road on our way back. Near the village of Matareeyeh the road crosses a beautiful plain, the scene of one of the most brilliant feats of arms of our French troops. It was here that Kléber, on the 20th of March, 1800, with the 10,000 soldiers who were left him, repulsed 80,000 Turks. The battle was prolonged as far as Heliopolis, from which it has taken its name.

In these fields which are always green, we see many flocks of birds as white as snow, the size of a young hen, though more slender and of a very graceful appearance, who are not at all frightened at our approach. All the tourists give them the name of the ibis; but still they are not the sacred ibis of the ancients (*ibis religiosa*), which is black and has a beak curving downward, and which is seen very rarely near Cairo. Our pretty white ibis is only the Bouvier heron (*ardea russata*).

Further on we pass through a grove of olive trees badly neglected. What do they amount to in our alluvial soil of the Nile, under our sun of fire? They bear only lean fruit devoured by the worms before maturity. But it matters not; they recall France to our minds.

Half an hour from the village, in a desert place, we see, a

few steps distant from the road, a poor isolated house near a small enclosure. On a wretched black board nailed to a corner of the

DONKEY BOY OF CAIRO.
(*See 2. in January instalment.*)

wall, we read: *Hôpital Européen, Spedale Europeo*, that is, European Hospital. Yes, this is the hospital for all the European

consulates. But, as all of the consuls should have an interest in it, no one has made the necessary beginning. Five or six French Sisters of St. Joseph of the Apparition of Marseilles, here waste themselves with toil and misery. Happily, this winter some charitable ladies were moved to pity. They danced and feasted at the opera for the poor sick people and for the poor Sisters. Their feast realized 18,000 francs.

At last, we re-entered the great city [Cairo] where the Divine Jesus is to-day, as He was at Heliopolis, a poor little Stranger unknown to the great number of the people. Would that we might make Him known and loved in this land!

12.—*Chapel of the Virgin at Matareeyeh, near Cairo.*

In the very old Coptic ecclesiastical calendar by Bishop Michael (*Meligensis*) for the 8th of the Coptic month Baouné—nearly corresponding to our June—we read: "The dedication of the Church of the Virgin Mother of God at Matareeyeh outside the walls of Cairo, where the Virgin Mother, returning to Egypt with her Divine Son and spouse, caused a fountain of fresh water miraculously to burst forth."[3] Thus from the earliest times there had been a Church of the Virgin near the miraculous spring at Matareeyeh, in the celebrated garden of balm whither the Holy Family had come. This church must have been highly venerated, since the Copts celebrated the dedication yearly throughout Egypt.

In one of the fierce persecutions against the Christians, between the year 720 and 1000, the church was demolished by the followers of Mahomet—at that time the masters of the country.

Peace returned. The Christians built a little chapel on the same site, of which Brocard, a Dominican religious of the 13th century, has left us an account in his travels through the Holy Land: "I saw in the garden of balm the spring where the Holy Virgin had often washed the Divine Jesus, and the stone on which she had laid out the washed clothes to dry. Both stone

[3] Nilles, *Calend. utriusq. eccles.*, tome II., page 657.

and fountain are venerated by the Christians. There is a little chapel there where the Holy Family stopped. The Saracens hold it in veneration, and keep a lamp constantly burning in it."

The little chapel, too, had to go in its turn, giving place to a rather large-sized house which covered in the spring, and was used as a lodging for the pilgrims (Breydenbach, 1484). Travellers tell us that the house, the property of the Pashas of Egypt, underwent several changes and was lessened in size. Some pious Venetian merchants had lined with marble the basin of the fountain and a little niche in the wall, at the base of which was the stone where, the story goes, the Holy Virgin was wont to lay the Divine Infant, and to dry the clothes that had been washed in the spring. Mass was sometimes said on this stone when the Pashas permitted the Christians to enter the enclosure.

Cornelius le Bruyn, a Dutch painter and traveller (1680), sketched the interior and exterior of the holy house, which is found engraved in his Travels through the East.

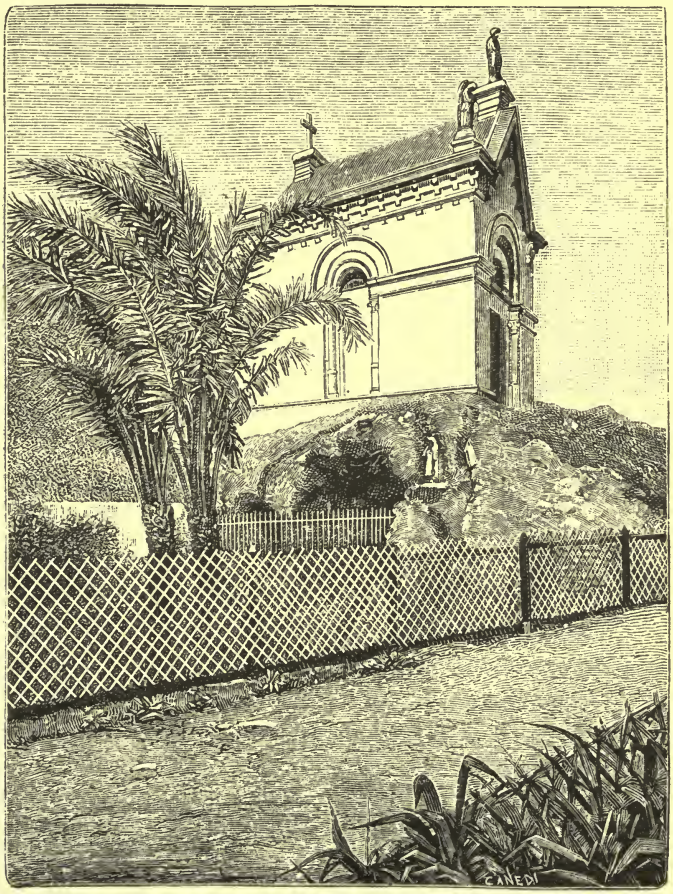
It is a square building of no particular architecture, with but a single room containing the spring and the little niche. There are portions of walls outside which point to a former structure of considerably larger dimensions. This last relic of the ancient church was destroyed a century ago; not a vestige is now left standing.

The garden of balm was converted from that time into a promenade or general pleasure resort for the citizens of Cairo. There was no sign of a chapel or religious emblem about the place. All the devout pilgrim could do was to drop on his knees for a minute or two at the foot of the Virgin's tree, while the gaping multitude stood by, and the Arab was at his heels begging a few coins.

At the present day a neat little chapel of the Blessed Virgin is again to be seen quite near the spring and the tree. It stands upon rock-work built in imitation of the grotto of Lourdes, with the emblem of our Redemption at a considerable height, and a statue of Our Lady of Victory commanding the beautiful plain of Heliopolis, the once famous seat of learning and of an idolatrous

priesthood, and in later days renowned for the victories won by the arms of France.

Before scaling the rock, the Christian traveller will kneel down in front of the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, to pray for these poor Mussulmans, whose Mother she also is, but who fail as



PRESENT CHAPEL AT MATAREEYEH.

yet to comprehend the heavenly words she speaks also to them: *I am the Immaculate Conception.* In the chapel hangs a devout picture, the gift of the Very Rev. Father General of the Society of Jesus (Beckx), representing the Holy Family resting beneath the tree at Matareeyeh, near the spring which the Divine Child

is causing to bubble forth with His Mother's permission. How sweet it is to kiss the ground trodden by the feet of Mary and Joseph who were sent forth as exiles by a powerful enemy, to pray where they once prayed, to meditate even for a few moments where they bore the heats of the day, in extreme poverty, and exposed to the sneer of worldlings!

Devotion to the Mother of God has revived at Matareeyeh without opposition, as also without any attempt at preconcerted plan. This same God Who, in the language of a holy Father, so wonderfully preserves the relics of His Saints, has also deigned to leave behind traces of His sojourn in Egypt. Just when the country seems about to be re-Christianized, He raises up, on the site of His own dwelling, the sanctuary where the faithful of the first centuries came to give Him their worship and implore His graces.

In the year 1883, the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who were summoned to Cairo some years before for the formation of the Coptic priesthood, were in search of a little country house where the seminarians, during vacation, could breathe the fresh air of the fields, and have more healthy enjoyment than was to be found in the city.

At Matareeyeh, six miles distant from Cairo, there was offered them the restaurant-garden of the Virgin's tree, well known to the people of the city and to travellers. This garden appears to be about one-fourth the size of the ancient garden of balm. The remaining three-fourths belong to His Highness, the Khedive, thus completing a square in the same way as the fourth of a sheet of paper which has been folded in four parts completes the sheet. The restaurant-keeper sold out his chances for numerous customers, in whose number princes were occasionally to be observed. The Jesuit Fathers bought a place, hallowed by the presence of the Holy Family, with the hope of reviving devotion.

Scarcely had the purchase been noised abroad, when some unknown pious soul, touched at the miracles of grace which Our Lady of Lourdes had worked in favor of Mussulmans in Constantinople, requested the Fathers to construct a grotto of Lourdes in

their garden at Matareeyeh. He immediately sent a statue blessed at Lourdes, some stones from Massabielle—the model of the grotto—and furthermore promised to defray all expenses.

At this time it was asked from different quarters that a sanctuary should be built to replace the ancient Church of the Virgin. The chapel was built on the summit of the grotto-rock after the plan of M. Charles Guimbard, a skilful architect of Cairo. Money in small sums was gathered from every quarter, and finally the pious matrons of Cairo chose to take upon themselves the ornamentation of the interior in behalf of their little children, whose names were inscribed on marble tablets in the basement.

The chapel is reached through the garden of the Khedive. About a hundred and thirty feet from the spring, and a dozen feet farther from the tree of the Virgin, a door opens out upon a little flower-bed which surrounds the grotto. This will be the Virgin's garden. The plants whose perfume, beauty, and majesty are, in the words of Holy Church and of the Scripture,[4] but so many emblems of the perfection of Mary, shall find each a place here. We already have the cedar, the cypress, the palm, the rose, the olive and the plane-tree, the storax, the turpentine-tree, and the vine. The illustrious traveller and Christian scholar, M. Antoine d'Abbadie, has succeeded in bringing from El Hedjaz the shrub which produces the balm of Mecca, once the balm of Judæa or Egyptian balm and of a kind with that which Cleopatra had brought from Jericho to Matareeyeh. The plant is difficult of cultivation. Let us hope for all success.

The old mutilated statues of Egypt, of porphyry or limestone, tell us how at the coming of Jesus the Egyptian idols fell and were broken. On one of the stones found here, and covered with hieroglyphs, is traced the peculiar symbol (*Nofer*) of a globe with a cross resting on top. Here, too, is the *crux ansata*, the head of which is a ring serving as a handle. This *crux ansata* for the peasants was the key of the Nile canals, but for the Christians the hidden symbol of the Cross of the Saviour.

[4] Ecclesiasticus, xxiv. 17–23 (cited in *Little Office B. V. M.*).

The ornaments and ex-voto offerings within the chapel are ample tokens of the piety of the faithful and of the favors already obtained. One of the remarkable things is a fine chandelier of which the globes are ostrich-eggs artistically decorated. They are the gift and the work of the courteous director of the immense ostrich-farms near by.

No day passes that Mary does not receive in her chapel her tribute of homage from devout pilgrims. The communities of Cairo, the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, the brave Irish soldiers are frequent visitors at the holy shrine. We have even seen gatherings of Mussulmans here in prayer and seemingly ravished at the beautiful picture of the Holy Family behind the altar.

This sanctuary of Mary is the only place of pilgrimage of modern Egypt, the only Catholic chapel drawing the gaze of all in this beautiful land. It was feared that the sight of it would provoke the fanatacism of the Mussulmans, the almost exclusive inhabitants of the village. Mary has watched over her statue and her shrine, and, it would seem, has even inspired these poor children of Mahomet to begin to venerate and to love her.

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph shall no longer be forgotten in the land hallowed by their presence. But is the good work ended? We think not. We still hope on for the day that will see more than a little chapel. But this is God's secret. Thus far the Holy Family has done everything, and will continue making use of those great and generous souls that ever answer the inspiration of Heaven.

THE WHITENING HARVEST.

Behold I say to you: Lift up your eyes, and see the countries, for they are white already to harvest.

St. John, iv. 35.

I had a vision once: methought I stood
With reapers strong, who glad afield
Were gathering golden grain one autumn day.
"God save you, gentlefolk," I said; "right good
Your harvest is and fair your yield
Of grain—but whose the field and harvest, pray?"

And they: "May God thee save! the Prince of Peace
Is Lord of harvest-field and all
Thou seest, and we His reapers, summoned here
To garner priceless grain without surcease
In endless, blissful, glorious thrall
Through all the ages of His Harvest-Year."

"O Prince of Peace! Could I participate,"
Methought I cried, "so full, so rich a fate—
In fields forever ripe to glean alway,
To know that naught is chaff, that all is gain—
Day hath not then been spent in vain:
Oh, make me reaper on Thy autumn day!"

T. B.

PRIVATE TOM OF THE 18th ROYAL IRISH.

By Patrick Joseph Coleman.

I.

"OH! mother, mother, it's so hard to go!"

"Hush, alanna! don't be breakin' your heart like that; sure God knows you're goin' away from poverty to betther yourself."

"Yes! yes! it's hard enough to bear it; sure they're all goin'. It's nothin' but America; the town will soon be nothin' but empty houses. Oh, but it's not that, mother, that throubles me. I'm only thinkin' o' Tom. What'll become o' him at all, at all?"

She rocked to and fro in the greatness of her sorrow.

She was a comely girl of seventeen, this Nellie Burke. Her head was bowed now in her hands, but her hair fell over her shoulders in rich masses of gold, as she sat at her mother's feet.

She was an orphan, her father having died a year ago and left her with her mother and a brother, Tom.

And now, on the eve of setting out for America, the pain of parting was merged in the all-absorbing sorrow of a sister for a prodigal brother.

Tom Burke—men called him "Rowdy" Tom—was the terror of the peaceful populace of Boyle. His habitat was the public-house, which he changed nightly for the street-corner. He was the presiding genius of the "roughs" who met there.

His was the loudest voice in their drunken brawls; and it was he that had the longest vocabulary of profanity.

He was the son of a pious mother. She had trained him at her knee to murmur the Pater and Ave morning and night. She had seen him play in innocent glee with Nellie, until he fell a prey to evil companions. They had strength to drag him down, and for years now he had led a life of reckless dissipation and terrorism.

Once, indeed, before the tyranny of habit had overmastered him, he had made an effort to rise. The sweet pleading of a Sister of Charity did what the parish priest had failed to do.

He took the pledge from her, and for some weeks struggled gallantly against temptation. But he fell, and his last state became worse than his first.

Disobedient, nay even violent to his mother, at war with all the world, some spark of human nature still shone in his heart, which displayed itself in a rough tenderness to his sister.

Perhaps it was her gentle beauty that wrought an unconscious spell upon him; perhaps it was her tears, shed—oh, so often!—for him; perhaps it was the virtue of her ceaseless prayers for his reform.

Be that as it may, she had been known to lead him home from many a brawl when flying shillelaghs could not persuade him. And Nellie loved him despite his wild ways.

Oh! it was such a bitter heart-break to her to see him thus hurrying headlong to—she shuddered at what she dared not imagine. How bitterly she sobbed at her mother's feet!

"But I will commend him to our Blessed Mother of Knock," she said with a sudden emphasis.

Nellie held fast faith in the recent apparitions, and had adopted a private devotion to the Madonna of Knock.

As she looked up, the fire-light flashed on her tears. Then she gazed wistfully at the embers with the distant yearning of thought. Who knows what fire-phantoms she saw there, what visions from the future?

Unconsciously her reverie ran on the "Emigrant's Farewell" she had learned in the Fourth Reader when she was at school.

> They say there's bread and work for all,
> And the sun shines always there;
> But I won't forget ould Ireland,
> Were it fifty times as fair.

Mrs. Burke, who had been listlessly poking at the cat all the time with her stick, broke the silence with a long sob.

"Sure he'll break my heart out an' out, if he goes to jail. Forbes says he'll get him sent to Spike Island."

Forbes was the Scotch game-keeper of a local landlord. He had many grudges against the poachers. Tom Burke was a

notorious game-bagger; but he had eluded all Forbes's efforts to entrap him. Now, however, Tom was summoned to appear at the next Quarter Sessions for an assault on two soldiers of the town garrison. Forbes was chief evidence for the prosecution.

The Catholic instincts of mother and daughter were aroused by the allusion.

"Musha then," said Mrs. Burke with senile indignation, which was vented on the cat, "it's a purty thing to have them Englishmen paradin' our streets at night, insultin' our faith. Faith, then, it's hangin' itself that's too good for the likes o' them."

Military rowdyism, as the papers styled the outrages of the Northumberland Fusileers, was common in Boyle.

With all Tom's depravity, he was at bottom an Irishman. Privates Allen and Drug had paraded the town a week ago, issuing loud challenge in the Northumbrian *patois* for "any Irish papist to come out and fight us."

Tom was no papist—at any rate, in practice. He would have scouted the idea, had anyone suggested it to him. He was an Irishman, and in that capacity had sallied from a public-house to do battle. Like the old Brigade at Fontenoy he fought and won, just as Forbes drove by in his dog-cart with a leer that boded ill to Tom.

"If he goes to Spike Island, God knows what'll become of him;" and poor Nellie again hid her face in her hands, while the hot tears trickled forth between her fingers.

Mrs. Burke was moved, and, with one hand gently stroking the girl's hair, said:

"Come, alanna! it's gettin' late."

She rose and, despite of the 'rheumatic' which in league with a great heart-pain was bringing down her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, lit the candle.

"Mind, would you wake Tom, Nellie agra!" she said in a whisper; and she hobbled away to bed. Nellie climbed the creaking stairs on tiptoe. Tom was groaning in his sleep—a drunken sleep, and a strong odor of whisky pervaded the room.

"Poor fellow!" she mentally apostrophized, and then she told her rosary on her knees—oh, so fervently.

In three days she would leave for America; in a fortnight Tom's trial was to come off. And partly with the sorrow of parting, partly, nay chiefly, through a wild anxiety for Tom, she cried herself to sleep, as the convent bells rang faintly from afar the hour of midnight.

II.

The widow Burke's kitchen was swept clean. A cheerful turf fire burned on the hearth and sparkled in starry splendor on the brightened tin that hung on the wall.

"God save all here!" said a neighbor at the door.

"Oh! then, you're heartily welcome, Misther Molloy," ejaculated Mrs. Burke with her best courtesy. "Won't you come in, sir, and take a sate?"

"Thank you, ma'am; I will," replied the village pedagogue, who had come to honor the parting dance to little Nellie Burke.

"Get up there, Patsey Regan, and let Mr. Molloy sit down! Here, sir," dusting the stool with her apron.

Mr. Molloy became the ultimatum of appeal on every question of national politics, crops, and general small-talk. To him the "boys" relegated the casting vote by tacit consent, and bowed in deference to his superior wisdom.

Nellie was in the adjoining room, the cynosure of the town girls, who had brought her little souvenirs of apples, cakes, wine, and bric-a-brac of occasional use. Mary Casey had given her a "Path to Paradise," and Kitty Sheenan a rosary from Knock.

Poor Nellie! how sweetly she smiled, and with what an assumed air of gayety she did the honors of the night.

There was a lull in the conversation as the fiddler tuned up —a preliminary skirmish "by way of finding his range," Mr. Molloy explained. The school-master was an old "67" man, and loved military metaphors.

Mike McDonough meanly insinuated it was to provoke the cat to a tooth-and-nail demonstration.

And then, with a pathetic shake of his head, the minstrel

dashed away into the devil-may-care fling of the "*Connaught Man's Rambles*"—with its minor tone of sadness ever recurring in the fire of the wildest bars.

What melody of Ireland has not a strain of sadness? The old asserting soul, that will not be weaned from its sorrow, weeps in the midst of its mirth, more bitterly than the daughters of Israel when they sat by the streams of Babylon.

Tom had sat moodily in the corner, smoking a blackened "dhudeen"; but now, after the boys and girls had danced the fourth round, he rose by a sudden impulse and, approaching Nellie, said with a blunt attempt at actual kindness:

"Come, Nellie, mavourneen! you're the only one I have in the world. A last dance before you go."

She held back, reluctant to rise; but the girls encouraged her.

"Go, Nellie! dance with him. Sure, afther all, he's your brother."

"The Shaskan Reel," roared Tom, and the fiddler struck it up; and then Tom took her hand with a dainty courtesy that was comical in the extreme. Nellie's golden hair fell loose about her, and the motion brought a rosebud to her cheek. No one noticed the tear swimming in her eyes—Irish eyes of blue-gray, so eloquent of emotion.

"Och, but he's the warrant to do it!" murmured one.

"Yes, faith, and Nellie too—God bless her!" tittered another.

"Amen, asthore," said a third; "and send her safe to her journey's end."

"Faster, fiddler," roared Tom, with blazing cheek and flashing eye.

"More power, Tom avic!" laughed the boys. And sonorous phrases in praise of Nellie's unconscious grace fell from every lip. Indeed, Mr. Molloy was overheard to quote "Leo" in the background.

> Softly she rose and took his hand,
> And softly glided through the measure;
> While clustering round, the village band
> Looked half in sorrow, half in pleasure.

Warm blessings flowed from every lip,
As ceased the dancers' airy motion.
"Now, Blessed Virgin, guide the ship
That bears young Nellie o'er the ocean.

The parting hour was fraught with great bitterness on the morrow. Who, that has witnessed the adieux of the Exiles of Erin, can ever forget them?

Nellie's luggage was roped to the well of the car, and the neighbors had assembled to say the last God-speed. The women were in tears, and Mary Casey and Kitty Sheenan were inconsolable. Nellie was beloved of them all. There was a great wailing within the house; Mrs. Burke was locked in the arms of her darling child. Tom stood by in sullen sheepishness. He had just tumbled out of bed, and his red hair hung in unkempt masses over his eyes.

"Good-bye, mother asthore! I won't forget you."

Oh, the anguish of that last long embrace!

"One more, mavourneen!"

And Nellie kissed her mother passionately. Her eyes were red—oh! and that awful choking in her throat! Would her heart break, or why had God thus reserved this persecution for her race?

Fervently came the neighbors, reaching hands of parting.

"Good-bye, Mary! Good-bye, Kitty!" and Mary Casey and Kitty Sheenan hid their faces in their handkerchiefs.

"Good-bye, all! Pray for me!"

The driver flourished his whip.

Just then Tom came breaking through the crowd.

"Have you nothing for *me*, Nellie?" he said.

She kissed him and, as she wrung his hand, pressed something into it, with the whispered words:

"Will you promise me, Tom, to wear this for my sake until I come back again?"

"I will, Nellie, surely. I don't care what it is."

"God bless you!"

And then, with a clatter of hoofs and a waving of hats and

handkerchiefs, Nellie Burke was borne into exile, while her poor mother fell swooning into Tom's arms.

III.

Nellie had written regularly to her mother. Her letters were her only joy now. Tom had escaped the rigor of Spike Island; but he had just now returned to Boyle after six months in the county jail. They were masquerades of justice, those trials under the coercion régime of Chief Secretary Forster. Packed juries, suborned witnesses, and partisan judge were the means resorted to to pacify the people. Not, however, that Tom Burke's assault on the soldiers was justifiable; but the evidence was merely considered from a coercion standpoint; no account was taken of the insult to the faith of the land.

Tom had spent the eve of Saint Patrick's Day in his cups, and had seriously damaged the cranium of another Fusileer, having violently fastened a pewter pot thereon in lieu of the regulation shako.

He stood at the corner on Saint Patrick's Day in all the power of his six feet in brogues. In his breast dangled a spray of shamrock, and his eyes looked forth from a checkered array of plaster. A purple mark on the forehead, the imprint of Private Butler's belt, was as eloquent an exposition of the Red above the Green, as if Private Butler had sung it in army tenor.

"Come to Mass, Tom," laughed a boon companion on his way to church—drawn thither to hear the organ peal forth the stirring anthem of the day, not to assist at the Holy Sacrifice.

"Mass? No, sonny! I have nothing to do with your priests. The less one sees of them gentry, the better."

He laughed a scornful laugh and the boys passed on, deeming discretion the better part of valor, for it was valor to attempt to catechize Tom.

After Mass he joined his own set, and they adjourned to the public-house.

Tom's eye was attracted by a scarlet coat at the counter. It irritated him as a red rag irritates a bull.

"Hello! you fellow," he shouted.

The fellow turned about.

"I thought I gave you chaps enough of it before."

The soldier shrugged his shoulders with a puzzled expression.

"Come, sonny," said Tom; "this is too wide-awake for me! What do you take me for? Eh?"

He was game for a quarrel, and the whisky was playing havoc with his head.

He had mistaken his man, though. This was no Northumberland Fusileer, but a recruiting sergeant of the 18th Royal Irish Regiment.

"I never saw an Englishman I couldn't lick," protested Tom, with an oath.

"Well, comrade," the sergeant replied, in the mellifluous accent of Munster, "I'm the same."

"Why, the hecky! ain't you a Fusileer?"

"No, sir! An Irish Rifle. Not an Englishman in my regiment. That's the place for a boy like you."

"Give me your hand, old pal."

The sergeant shook hands with Tom.

"Another glass of whisky, sir?"

Tom was game. That other glass completely let his wits out. This was the sergeant's chance, so he slipped the Queen's shilling into Tom's hand, and Tom was duly enlisted a member of the Royal Irish Regiment.

With morning, came sense to Tom, and that day week a picket of soldiers to enforce his attendance at headquarters in Clonmel.

IV.

The doctor had just left the hospital. A Sister of Charity glided softly through the ward, like a good angel of mercy. A sweetness seemed to go with her—sweetness more fragrant than the flowers which deft hands had dispensed through the ward.

Her presence brought joy to many a faint heart there, and her words salvation to the fallen. Pale faces smiled on their

pallets as she passed, and lips murmured silent blessings on her way.

She paused at a bed on which lay a girl. Nellie was asleep now, and her beautiful hair lay like a halo on the pillow.

How changed she was from that day she set sail from Queenstown. Very wan and worn she was, and a hectic flush on her cheek told the tale of consumption.

Coldness had killed her sensitive heart—the coldness of the strangers for the "greenhorn." Hardship had weakened her frail frame. The smoke and din of the city made her long with a wild yearning for the green fields and sweet meadows of her home. But she struggled gallantly, remitting her hard-earned savings to her mother.

How many a silent life of heroism is being enacted in our midst by the pure daughters of Erin! how many a smiling face masks the bleeding soul within!

She broke down at length. The decline that had long been creeping upon her, now held her fast, and she lay dying in the ward of the hospital.

It was but a transient slumber that sealed her eyelids. As Sister Mary bent over her, she opened her eyes and smiled sweetly.

The nun had writing-materials in her hand.

"Well, Nellie," she said, "I'll write the letter for you now, if you will please tell me what you wish me to say."

She drew a chair to a small table, on which stood a vase of roses, a crucifix, and the "Path to Paradise" Mary Casey had given Nellie. In her white hands she clasped the rosary from Knock, saying many a decade for the dear donor far away.

Sister Mary paraphrased Nellie's poetical idiom of Connaught. She would not see Tom again; but she hoped he would try to reform—for her sake. Indeed she loved him when all else cast him off; and would he go back again to his poor mother?

Nellie had great confidence in that small glimmer of conscience—or shall we say of "man"?—that still shone far down in Tom's heart. But what man cannot do, God can, for with Him

nothing is impossible. She would commend him to God, Who is patient and long-suffering.

There was a happy expression on her face, as she lay back on her pillow, having seen the letter duly sealed and read the superscription:

"Private Thomas Burke, 18th Royal Irish Regiment, Egypt."

And then, as the Sister bore it away to the mail, Nellie's eyes closed again in sleep.

The time was near when she would close her eyes to wake to God.

V.

Alexandria had been reduced to a heap of ruins by the British fleet. The rebels under Arabi Pasha were entrenched in strength at Tel-El-Kebir, near Cairo. The Royal Irish Regiment had borne the brunt of the fighting during the summer campaign.

When brave men are at a premium, the British Government ever discovers great virtues in Irishmen. They are treated to coercion if they dare to utter a plea in behalf of their native land. As it was in the Peninsula, at Waterloo, at the Crimea, so it was in the Egyptian war of 1882.

General Wolseley had matured a *coup-de-main*. Quietly and without any of the pomp and circumstance of war, the troops filed out of Cairo. The hour was midnight, and they might have been legions of ghosts in that dim desert, so silently they moved.

About dawn the order to halt was passed along the line, and columns of attack were formed. The rebel encampment loomed spectral and indistinct through the gloom. The sentries stood at their posts like so many statues. Not a sound was there to mar the perfect silence of the scene.

The Royal Irish Regiment had orders to carry the main trench which lay directly in front. On the right fluttered the Highland plumes of the Black Watch. Bayonets were quietly fixed, and then the silence was rent with one wild cheer, as the colonels, sword in hand, gave the order to charge. Shrilly rose the pibroch of the Highlands, loud the shout of the Surreymen, but that Irish hurrah was the scream of victory. In a trice they had

cleared the intervening ground. There was a rivalry between the Irishmen and the Scots to strike the first blow; but the Faugh-a-Ballagh of Erin rang already within the trenches of the Arabs, ere the Highlanders had yet scaled them. Their bayonet-charge was irresistible. The Arabs made a scattered resistance, fired one volley, and fled.

Tom Burke was one of the first to scale the ditch. With a wild whoop he was plunging from the rampart with clubbed musket, when a bullet hit him, and he fell backward in the fosse.

In a moment the battle was won. The *coup-de-main* had succeeded beyond hope.

Tom lay insensible on a rude bed in the ambulance-tent. He was dangerously wounded, and for a long time lay between life and death. All that day his language was "painful and frequent and free." The nurse was scared out of her wits, and the surgeon retired in horror.

Toward sunset the following evening he fell into a deep sleep. Many a grace has come from a dream. Who knows what Tom saw as he slept?

"The priest," he murmured, when at length he opened his eyes.

The Catholic Chaplain came, and in that hour the past crowded back on Tom. He saw it all now—the horrors of his youth, his mother's gray hairs, and Nellie's death in New York.

"Father!" he said, "I'm an out-and-out blackguard!"

It was a blunt confession, even for an Irish private.

"But I'll tell you all I can." And then in a broken voice he breathed his fervent *meâ culpâ* in the priest's ear.

Three weeks later he was sailing over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, homeward bound. The Queen had no further need of his services. He was discharged with a small pension and a broken constitution,—ah! but far more precious, with an humbled and contrite heart.

VI.

The harvest had given place to winter, and the sweet April primroses were already peeping shyly out from the banks, where but late lay the snowdrifts of March.

Tom was sitting at the cottage door in the soft evening air. He was very pale, even now after six months' convalescence. He had suffered severely from his wound.

"Oh! but, mother," he was saying, "it was an awful thing to lie like that, staring death in the face."

"Thanks be to God, now, asthore, that you are out o' danger," she answered. "I'm so glad, Tom!"

It was a genuine pleasure for Tom to see the smile on her face, where one had not come for years. Her hair was white and her fingers plied the needles in the sock she was knitting for Tom. And mother and son were truly thankful for the present. How sweet it was in contrast with that blotted record of sin!

"Do you know what saved me, mother?" he queried.

"God in His mercy, agra!" she answered.

"Yes! mother, it was God in His mercy. But look at this, and you will know *how* He saved me."

He drew an old envelope from his breast. It had an American stamp, and bore the post-mark of New York;—poor Nellie! how Tom cherished this last letter of hers; and now she was dead, and all through him. He kissed the soiled paper. Then he produced the letter it contained. It was stained a deep brown. It was Tom's blood.

"Here is poor Nellie's parting gift. It's poor, but it's dear to me now—for her sake, and because it saved my life in Egypt."

Mrs. Burke examined it carefully. It was a simple medallion of Knock. On one side it bore a representation of the Chapel of Knock. On the reverse was the image of Our Lady of Knock, as she had appeared that night of the apparition six years ago.

"Oh! but this dint, Tom? What is it, alanna?"

"That's where the bullet hit it, mother, and got turned aside. Only for that, it would have pierced my heart; but, as it was, it broke my shoulder and tore up my breast."

"Praise be to His Holy Name for His goodness!" she ejaculated fervently, with her eyes turned to heaven, and her hands clasped on her knees.

"I always wore it, mother, for Nellie's sake,—the Lord have

mercy on her!—though I didn't believe in it then. But let that be. The letter I had only got that evening and shoved into my breast, as we got orders to march."

And the tear that trickled down his pale cheek was grateful in the sight of Heaven. It was a tear of gratitude for His grace, as much as of sorrow for Nellie's death.

The sun had left a roseate flush in the west. The birds were singing sweetly in the budding elms, and the blessed calm of the hour sank like dew into Tom's spirit, soothing it and leaving a finger of healing on its dole.

The Angelus bell rang softly from the chapel. Mother and son crossed themselves.

"The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary."

And Tom and Mrs. Burke with bowed heads breathed the message, "full of grace," with deep gratitude to Mary, who had rescued the prodigal from the ways of sin—for Nellie's sake.

TO FATHER TIME.

Father Time, Father Time, is my boat a-sailing in?
I am waiting long by thy storm-beaten shore;
I have seen the years end and the years begin,
And the boats go sailing out evermore—
One with each soul far across the sea:
Father Time, Father Time, comes my boat not to me?

Father Time, Father Time, comes my boat not sailing in?
I pray through the night, I watch by day;
All my young years have flown, my old years begin—
And the souls of my loved ones have sailed far away:
I look up to Heaven—what matters earth to me
So long as my boat sails not across the sea? E. S.

THE AMERICAN KNIGHT OF ST. SYLVESTER.

JULIUS P. GARESCHÉ, LIEUTENANT COLONEL U. S. A.,
killed in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tennessee,
31 December, 1862.

By M. L. Meany.

IV.—The Foreseen Sacrifice.

1862 came in with fearful prognostics too soon realized.

The storm of war, war between sister States, swept over the land. Who shall tell the agony of heart and mind endured by those who, brothers not only by the tie of country but of blood, found themselves, as the saying ran, "on opposite sides"? To Julius Garesché the trial was one of intense bitterness. Duty and affection alike bound him to the Union; kinsmen and friends were, almost to a man, on the side of Secession. And that tender noble nature, softened and exalted by divine grace, was so peculiarly sensitive to the claims of friendship and love!

His constancy never faltered. Every one of his talents and powers was at the service of a cause which could but fill a thoughtful mind with torturing apprehensions of what would be the end. It was a prolonged martyrdom, but he was "faithful unto death." As his life had been peculiar, so was his death glorified with a sublime and touching beauty shared by none; for it displayed at once the justice and the tenderness with which God deals with His chosen ones, leading us to adore His severity with trembling fear, and yet feel most sensibly that *God is Love.*

If there was one characteristic which Julius Garesché possessed in a truly supernatural degree, it was *mildness.* His amazing self-control was the wonder of everyone who had either friendly or business relations with him. Superiors, equals, and inferiors alike grew eloquent on the theme. Once, only once, this Christian meekness failed. It is related in this way:

"One day, shortly after the Camp Jackson affair, Mr. Montgomery Blair, then in the Cabinet, called on Julius in his office, and, after speaking of his brothers' connection with that matter, said, rather officiously: 'Garesché, why do you allow your

brothers to be such rank Secessionists, you who ought to change their sentiments?'

"Mr. Blair meant no offence, for he was friendly with Alexander, but his tone and manner aroused all Julius's brotherly indignation, who, misconstruing his motive in speaking thus, and attributing it to personal spite against his relatives, answered back sharply and indignantly.

"For this one unpremeditated sin of anger, our Lord chose to reveal to a certain holy person that Julius would perish eighteen months after and on the field of battle. In the words of his brother, Father Fred, dated Sept. 14, 1861:

"'She told me that the sin was in the *will alone*, and that our Lord required more penance than you had yet done, and that you have His assurance that you may cast all your cares on Him in case anything occur to you, with full confidence that He will take care of those you love. If then you have to go into battle you can go with all trust and calmness.'"

Father Frederic knew that his brother had for years past anticipated a sudden death. He had, therefore, little fear in making this startling "revelation" known to him. The soldier replied that it could not be true: there was no peril menacing him, as the Confederates had lost their chance of attacking Washington, and he being on the general staff would not be sent out of the city. It was afterward learned that he gave full credence to the revelation. Meantime, his life went on as of old. Duty filled every hour. Each promotion to higher rank brought new demands on his time, talents, and energy, and he proved equal to all. Gen. Martin T. MacMahon says of him:

"He was the true Knight of the 19th century; a gallant, daring soldier in the field; a wise counsellor, many times consulted by the President, especially in the selection of officers for high command in the army; one who never fawned upon his superiors, or was unjust to his inferiors, and who never submitted during the trying days he spent in the War Department, under the then Secretary of War, to anything that reflected upon his personal or official dignity. This brought him frequently into

somewhat stormy altercation with Mr. Stanton; but the President, Mr. Lincoln, who had a very affectionate regard for him, always sustained him, for the good and sufficient reason that in all matters of dispute he was right."

This was the faithful soldier and citizen in his last year on earth. Father Maguire, S. J., assistant pastor of St. Aloysius' Church, Washington, draws a charming sketch of his religious record during this busy time:

"One of the best qualities in the character of the saintly Col. Garesché was his humility and silence in regard to himself and his works of charity. Hence very few knew much about him. He did his work for God, not to please men. I knew him only as a most fervent, pious, exemplary member of St. Aloysius' Church. I met him occasionally in the midst of his family, and saw him as a loving, devoted husband and father. After the labors of the day in his office, he spent his evenings among the poor and in his religious exercises. He heard Mass every morning in the year, and received Communion every Sunday and often through the week. His charity was unbounded, even to the detriment of his health and the injury of his own family. He made his meditation every morning, and would spend hours in the church in silent adoration of Him Who reposed on the altar."

The indefatigable Christian did not limit his zeal or charity to his own parish. The first Conference of St. Vincent de Paul established in Washington was at St. Matthew's Church, in 1859; he was among its founders and most active members. The next year he was chosen president of the Conference established at St. Patrick's. Of both he was the life and the soul. The description of his charitable deeds, during the ravages of the small-pox, which visited Washington about this time, reads like a leaf from the lives of the Saints.

In these multifarious and seemingly incompatible duties, time was moving on. Nothing seemed to justify that terrible revelation.

In Special Orders, dated Nov. 5, 1862, the first step to its fulfilment was taken.

"Lieut. Colonel Julius P. Garesché, Assistant Adjutant General U. S. A., is hereby relieved from duty in the Adjutant General's Office, and will report to Major General William S. Rosecrans, U. S. Volunteers, as Chief of his Staff. By Order of the Secretary of War."

Naturally brave and ambitious, this call to active service would have been welcomed with delight, but the parting with his beloved wife and four little children was most painful to his loving heart. That was an era of sad partings.

Starting the next day, he took advantage of a delay at Baltimore to go to confession—always faithful! At Cincinnati, he was welcomed to St. Francis Xavier's College by its temporary President, his brother Frederic, who inquired if he wished to join the Sodalists in their Mass and Communion, it being a Sodality Sunday. "Of course—I too am a Sodalist!" was the proud reply; and being introduced to the Prefect, he was given the Medal denoting their officers and conducted to the fitting pew. There was not a little sensation among the congregation as well as the Sodalists (plain, unfashionable people), at being thus joined by an officer of his rank and reputation: they took an innocent pride in the bright uniform which so well set off the manly beauty and graceful bearing of their distinguished guest. At Nashville he found his position with Gen. Rosecrans' "Mess," which he was invited to share, very agreeable, the large and brilliant Staff "taking to him" at once. He was no stranger to the commanding General. Rosecrans and he had been cadets together at West Point. Years afterward when they met, the former was preparing to be received into the Church, and his last remaining doubts, usually the most severe of a neophyte's trials, were entirely set at rest by the explanations he received from Garesché. A few years later they began an active correspondence, which led to the formation, among the Catholic officers in the army, of a society styled "The Association in honor of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart." Garesché was the first to propose it and afterward the most active in its propagation, while to Rosecrans fell the duty of distributing the "Prayers" or "Intentions" every three

months. The Association was, in fact, a sort of pioneer, breaking ground for Father Ramière's magnificent work—THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

"I get along perfectly with Rosecrans; I was told that I would find him a crazy abolitionist; but, though his tendencies are somewhat in that direction, it is rather through a Catholic sentiment that he is so, and we will, therefore, thoroughly understand each other on this point."

Thus the new Chief of Staff wrote to his beloved one in Washington, who, by a strange coincidence, on the selfsame day, November 21, wrote: "General Rosecrans has all my sympathies, owing to the friendship he shows you, and I am in hopes that you both are going to perform marvels. I desire peace more than ever, and yet, would you believe it, I am getting ambitious, and, for your sake, would like General Rosecrans to distinguish himself before the war is over."

Though both "astonished and amused" at her momentary fit of ambition, he frequently assured her that there would be no battle; his reason for so believing showed his military acumen and common sense: "It would be very bad policy in them to fight us. They can worry and disappoint our object much more by leading us on and on, making it more difficult for us to supply our army, and compelling us at length to stop dead short, from sheer inability to wagon, over bad roads, to such a distance, the immense quantities of supplies needed for so large an army." This was written on Christmas Eve. On the great Festival he "had the happiness of assisting at a real Midnight Mass, offered up in my room by our Chaplain, Father Tracy; and dined at the Bishop's with one of our Generals, Stanley, who has recently become a Catholic: and he told me that in a great measure, if not entirely, he owed his conversion to the sermons of Frederic and of Father Ryan."[1]

On St. Stephen's Day the Army of the Cumberland was put in motion, and "advanced 16 miles, forcing back the enemy with skirmishes." The next day, his last letter to Maraquitta was

[1] The present Archbishop of Philadelphia—then a priest in St. Louis.

begun, never to be finished. It gives a graphic description of a ride of 40 miles, most of it after dark, "over shelves of rock, on which the horses almost every instant slipped, . . . so dark, at times, that I could not see, and blindly followed the others by the sound of their horses' hoofs. . . . I confess that I took a malicious pleasure in seeing all these fine gentlemen so discomfited, while I, whom they pitied because I was a novice, suffered less than any of them. But, to-day, they gave me their congratulations." The letter was left open to give an account of the battle, which, contrary to his expectation, did not begin until the 30th, and continued over the next day, whose close he was not to see.

At daybreak, on the last day of the year, Chaplain Tracy offered Mass, at which the heroic Commander and his Chief of Staff received Holy Communion. The survivors of that terrible day have dwelt with fond admiration on his appearance and gallantry. Says Rosecrans: "I thought I never saw him look half so animated or handsome." "He was with me everywhere on the field and amid the storm of the battle. . . . Thence going to Sheridan's Division on the left, and giving orders, we started back toward the centre, Garesché riding touching my left knee, when a round shot struck the back of his head behind the right ear, a cloud of blood flew into the air, and his body fell at our horses' feet. He probably felt not a single pain." . . . "Shortly before he was killed, he asked my permission to retire a few moments. I now suspect that he *went aside to offer his life to God for our country.*" It was at a crisis when the battle was going against them that this permission was asked, and the young hero was seen to kneel behind some bushes near by, as if in earnest prayer. His life of *devotion to duty* was thus sealed with a martyr's death.

On the feast of St. Sylvester, his first Knight in the New World had gone home, his work accomplished, the double victory won for himself and his country. *The revelation was fulfilled*—in Justice and Mercy.

V.—The Faithful Knight.

This imperfect sketch aims only to draw attention to the Christian Hero whose name should be "familiar as a household word" to all Americans. It were pleasant to draw more largely from a "Biography" whose 500 pages teem with interest and edification; but justice to the author and purchasers, as well as limited space in the MESSENGER, must hold this desire in check. Yet something may be said of a few out of the many incidents which seem to indicate that Garesché may one day be raised to the honors of the altar.

The true American is naturally so generous and heroic that his actions often resemble very closely those of the Saints. In Garesché this natural excellence was *divinized by spiritual union with the God-Man.* His acts were seen and admired, but nothing was known of the *motive* which stamps them as supernatural.

For instance: "As a man he went quietly about doing good," says one of his most eloquent eulogists. "Although devotedly attached to his friends, yet, in sublime reliance upon Divine Providence, from the deserving poor he never turned away."

This is merely the picture of the good, pious Christian. Nay, a benevolent pagan may do as much; and American good nature, joined to that traditional feeling that all men (*except the bad*) are children of one Father, really works wonders in the way of doing good. It can even overcome the fastidiousness of the dainty gentlewoman, and prompt her to serve the sick poor in offices most repugnant to natural delicacy, and which she would not perform for her own kindred.

Thus we do not linger on the touchingly beautiful descriptions of the elegant officer's attendance on small-pox sufferers at Washington. The accident of color is no limit to genuine Catholic charity; and the performance of the most menial offices to a poor black sufferer, deserted by all, holding him in his arms during his long agony, laying out the corpse, placing it himself in the coffin he bought for it, and then following, as the only mourner, to the grave—exquisite as such a picture is, yet Julius

Garesché could do more. Others *might* perform all this; but we turn to one act of a height of charity which only Saints can reach.

It is an anecdote of the Lieutenant while in command at Fort Brown. Being most careful in drilling his company, he was naturally impatient on one occasion with the blunders of a half-drunken soldier, and called angrily to him "What in the devil do you mean?" Before the men were dismissed, requesting the sergeant to wait a moment, he walked humbly up to the offender, taking off his cap as he addressed him by name:

"I beg your pardon for having spoken as I did."

This was surely more than humility. Again let us consider what it involved. A gentleman might courteously say: "I beg your pardon"—a good Christian would, at more or less sacrifice of pride, say: "I am sorry for speaking so"; but Lieutenant Garesché *sees Jesus Christ in that awkward, intoxicated soldier*, and, standing contrite and humble before Him, begs pardon of his *Superior*. Only a Saint could act thus.

Advising his wife in several letters to adopt certain little practices of devotion, and not to neglect spiritual reading—specifying particularly the *Following of Christ*, *Introduction to a Devout Life*, *Spiritual Combat*, and *All for Jesus*—he counsels only what he, with his multiplied and often harassing occupations, daily practised. How trained his mind was to rest in God appears by his coming late one afternoon from a Court Martial, in which he had to follow closely the course of the evidence, to the Jesuit College, requesting Father Sestini to give him Communion, as he was still fasting. He had been summoned so early to the Court, which was held in the Arsenal, a long distance from his home, that he could not receive in the morning. He had kept fast all day for this favor, which the admiring Father was only too happy to grant. When it is remembered that said Court was the one which investigated the charges made against the youthful officer by Major Giles Porter more than two years previous, this calm recollectedness appears almost incredible. Scarcely less so is the manner in which he reasoned about the result, which he knew would not satisfy his wife's sanguine expectations:

"Now let me tell you that Major Porter was acquitted"—thus he writes to her, "but, though acquitted, the Court added 'it was their duty, nevertheless, to declare that they considered the accusations of Major Porter against Lt. Garesché as *unnecessary*.' I know that several of them wished to make use of a stronger expression than this last, but they could not do so without rendering the Major's acquittal altogether ridiculous. But it is very honorable and very flattering for me, that they thus put themselves out, to render me this mark of justice. They were in no way called upon to do so, they could have dispensed themselves; especially, as I had already been acquitted once, and they had not the right to continue my case, even if I had been found blamable. As to what concerns Major Porter, I expected it; it is said this is the first time that a like case has been judged in our army; and you understand that these old officers (there was not one who was not gray-headed) were not anxious to furnish a precedent which could affect themselves. It was necessary that my innocence should be very striking, as it was, to be complimented as I was by them. And, as you know, the old Major had ended by inspiring me with great pity, so you understand I have every reason to applaud[2] myself for the successful issue. In one sense this case has done me a world of good. It has made me known to the whole army, and known, too, as an officer exact in fulfilling all his duties, and as an upright and honorable character. This is shown by immediately afterward giving me so handsome a command, whereas it is almost certain the old Major will never have another, as long as he lives."

Let those who think spirituality renders persons timid, abject, or weak-minded, note the tenor of this letter. Julius Garesché writes as freely of the case as if discussing a matter of history. The "handsome command" was soon after supplemented by the appointment as Assistant Adjutant General. As to the old Major, additional troops sent to Fort Brown were placed under his command, which furnished another test of his former subaltern's noble spirit. Mrs. Garesché thus alludes to it in a letter to her sister:

[2] Perhaps the translation (he wrote in French) should be *congratulate*.

"Poor man! I do pity him, he is so detested in this garrison! Whenever I meet him, I speak to him as if nothing had ever happened between him and Jules, and Jules does the same."

Charity is fed by prayer. That Garesché was pre-eminently a man of prayer appears everywhere in his life. Even when he was starting for the West, his heart cherished the wish he had already written to a Catholic journal: "Cannot an organized system of Catholic prayers be inaugurated—an association of prayer, for the salvation of the country? I see no hope but in God, through the intercession of our Blessed Lady, the Patroness of our land." Prayer, *but prayer united with sacrifice*, was his watchword. This sprang inevitably from his ardent zeal for the Holy Sacrifice and Sacrament of the altar, and centred itself in devotion to the Sacred Heart and the Heart of Mary Immaculate. It even overcame the shyness which is the accompaniment of all true piety, and inspired him with boldness and ingenuity in saving from desecration, "during the havoc of war," St. Aloysius' Church and the homes of God's servants devoted to lives of prayer and self-immolation.

The whole man is depicted in a letter of his own written a few days before his death.

"Here—far removed from the maelstrom and distraction of politics—my mind has resumed its wonted calm. My heart, rid of the violent feelings which there stifled it, here more readily turns to God. I no longer am, or at least but little am, tempted to offend Him. I feel that I am much better, and I hope that with all of the good prayers which are being offered to God for me, that I will obtain from Him the grace never again seriously to offend Him. I do not experience the least disposition to do so. A great calm reigns within me—I no longer worry over things I can't prevent—I no longer become irritated against those who, according to my ideas, are leading the country to ruin—I leave everything in the hands of God, do my duty—and hope!"

THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

(*Picture from a Chinese Mission Chapel.*)

A FLOWER OF THE FAITH OF CHINA.

THE following story is told by Father Croullière, a Jesuit missionary in China. The life which he describes is certainly an extraordinary one; it is equally instructive. It confirms the truth of the maxim in theology, *God refuses not His grace to one who does what in him lies.* On the other hand, it shows us the fury of Satan at the escape of souls from his grasp. This time the spirit of darkness was taken in his snares; our Lord, showing His Sacred Heart to the dying woman, addressed her, saying:

"Art thou ready? Behold I come to take thee to heaven!"

I.

At the time of the recent "Pig-Tail Rebellion" of Tae Ping, a young pagan woman, the daughter of respectable parents and a native of Hang-Chow-Foo, the capital of Che-Kiang, shared the fate of many of her countrywomen. In spite of their protests, cries, and tears, she was forcibly torn from the arms of her family, carried away captive and soon afterward sold to the highest bidder. She was then in her seventeenth year.

Her purchaser became her husband. He was one of those distinguished men of letters, familiar with all the secrets of Chinese law, who spend their lives in the service of the mandarins and form, so to say, their judiciary court. She followed him successively to the different tribunals, amongst others to Yang-Tchou, Soo-Chow, Sou-Kiang, and finally to Yuen-Hwa, where after three years she lost him by death.

Having no children of her own, she had adopted the son of one of her sisters. He is to-day a young man of twenty-one years. He is attached, like his foster-father, to the service of the mandarin of Yuen-Hwa, and married to a young orphan girl whom his mother had adopted and carefully reared from early infancy.

The subject of our story was known at Yuen-Hwa as *Zen-Li-ze*, that is, *Mrs. Li*, of the family of *Zen*.

Gifted with a lively intelligence, a sound judgment and a noble and generous heart, she adorned these natural qualities with a dignified, ladylike, and courteous exterior. Rather well-educated and enjoying a rare fluency of speech, she was not slow in gaining the esteem of all who met her. She excelled in embroidery and needlework, and her diligent labor and economy allowed her, almost without touching her husband's purse, to realize enough money to supply amply all her personal wants. Part of this money she employed in good works.

She had a peculiar talent for restoring peace wherever she found it disturbed. Thus people often called her laughingly the great peace-maker of Ya-men (the court of justice). If in any of the witty sayings to which she was accustomed, she thought she had wounded the feelings of anyone, she had no difficulty, some

moments later, in going to ask pardon with perfect good grace and humility.

Pagan as she was, she had a certain Christian instinct, a certain fervor of the neophyte or newly-converted, and a certain delicacy of feeling which it is very unusual to meet with amongst the women employed about the judicial tribunals.

CHINESE GOD DJEN-HOANG, THE RULER OF THE WORLD.

Hungering for the supernatural, of which, however, she could have had only a vague and confused idea, she was frequently seen entering the pagodas, striving to fill the void in her soul. The idols had no more fervent adorer, nor the bonzes [or priests] a more generous or faithful client.

The sect of the Fasters or eaters of herbs—who make a profession of life-long abstinence, not only from flesh meat but even from eggs, fish, onions, and the like—had a special attraction for her. She had no sooner known them than she determined to join them, and from the age of twenty years to the time of her baptism, which she received in her thirty-ninth year, she never consented to break her fast.

Is it astonishing that, with so mortified a life, this good pagan woman should have succeeded, amid the greatest and most frequent dangers, in distinguishing herself from the women of her surroundings by a great purity of morals? She shielded herself by numberless precautions. She avoided idleness and the company of persons suspected of being immoral. She had a horror of public gatherings, kept a continual guard over her senses, and loved solitude.

God recompensed the natural virtues of this exemplary woman with the precious gift of faith. Yet our good pagan had first, as is usual in the dealings of our Lord with His chosen souls, to pass through the crucible of affliction — God knows how grievous an affliction! He wished to make use of the very enemy of salvation, at least as an instrument, to bring about the salvation of this soul.

II.

In what follows we will let the afflicted soul speak for herself.

"It was the third day," she tells us, "of the sixth moon [July, 1885]. I went out as usual for a walk in the town to buy some provisions. All of a sudden, in the middle of the street, I felt myself attacked by a violent fever. At once my greatest

anxiety was to return to the house, which I did not do without pain, shivering and trembling with cold, in spite of the oppressive heat of the season. I was utterly prostrated and a prey to a violent agitation.

"I made haste to consult a doctor, then a second and a third. It was in vain. They could not afford me any relief. Then I had recourse to the bonzes, but with the same ill-success. Tired of the struggle, I had myself carried in a palanquin to the house of a famous old sorcerer. The strange and curt answer he gave me was: 'You have only a few weeks to live. The soul of your husband, lately deceased, reclaims you in the other world.'

"I leave you to imagine what was my surprise, or rather my amazement. Still I strove to overcome the painful impression the words left on me.

"My whole body began to swell up beyond measure, and it became difficult for me to walk or even to move. I therefore resolved to make a last effort to escape from so grievous a condition and betake myself to Shang-hai. There at least, I said to myself, I shall find doctors of eminent skill.

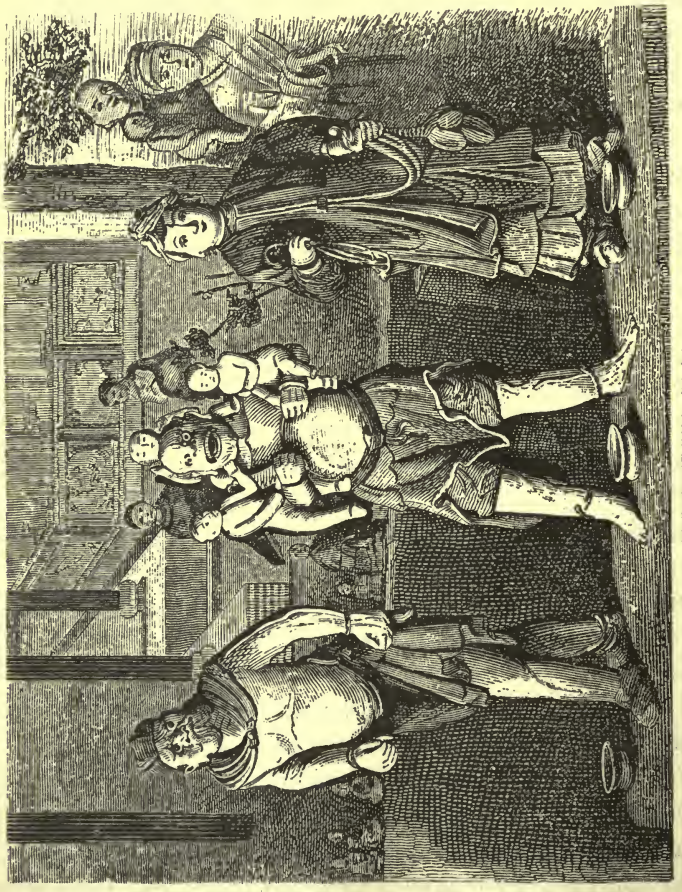
"But, alas! again I had only my expenses for my pains, and I had to resign myself to my miserable fate. I was preparing to return, sad and discouraged, when the devil appeared to me in person, under the appearance of a black man of hideous features, and forced me to take some disgusting food invisible to all but myself.

"To tell you how great were my fright and despair would be impossible. I began, moreover, to feel a sense of oppression, as if a weight of a hundred pounds had been laid on my chest. All my body continued to swell, and everyone supposed I was afflicted with dropsy. My limbs were paralyzed. I was excited in such a way that I could not enjoy a moment's repose, and I had always to suffer the torturing presence of the mysterious being, who sometimes seemed anxious to strangle me.

"I was a victim to 'the devil's sickness,' but what should I do to obtain my deliverance?[1]

[1] This sort of "sickness," or rather possession by the devil, is, the missionaries tell us, very frequent in China amongst the pagans.

"Help came to me at last, when I was in absolute despair. Once on my return to Yuen-Hwa, after having made inquiries amongst many persons of my acquaintance, I learned, apparently by accident, that only the Christians could cure or chase away 'the devil's sickness.'



THE SPIRIT-KIDNAPPERS.

"I did not know what a Christian was, because until then I had never heard anyone mention the religion of the Lord of Heaven. I asked at once whether I could find any Christians in the neighborhood, and was told that they were scattered here and there, and in fact were rather numerous. At last, by dint of

inquiry, I was given the address of a certain family called Gni, the father of which was an officer of the court of Yuen-Hwa itself.

"I lost no time in having myself conveyed in a carriage to the house of this family. There I was received with the most lively and affectionate welcome, and, wonderful to say, had scarcely crossed the threshold of their house when, to my great astonishment and joyful surprise, a sensible improvement showed itself in my whole body. At once my former activity returned. I felt myself delivered from the mysterious being whose presence had made me suffer so much. It seemed as if my chest was relieved of an enormous burden. I breathed freely, and recovered the use of all my limbs.

"I thought I was dreaming, and shed tears of happiness, laughing and weeping by turns, and pouring out profuse thanks to my new hosts. With them I had found at last what I had sought elsewhere in vain and at the cost of so much fatigue and expense. Forthwith I asked them a thousand questions about the religion of the Lord of Heaven, of which, until then, I had not had a single idea; and what they told me of the Christian truths was so sublime and so consoling that it fully satisfied my mind and sank into my heart.

"I commenced with the greatest eagerness to learn the religion and the necessary prayers, and resolved to abandon the worship of the idols without delay, and to devote myself to that of the only true God. My progress astonished and delighted my hosts, for at the end of only one week they told me that I already knew enough to be admitted to baptism. I began to pray with them and like them, without any longer feeling the least illness except the swelling of my limbs.

"Meantime, fearing to impose on the kind hospitality of my new friends, I prepared to leave them to return to my own house, when behold! an extraordinary thing happened. My illness reappeared more serious than before, and with it the mysterious being who had caused it. Besides, all of a sudden such a violent wind arose that it became absolutely impossible, or at least extremely difficult, for my porters to carry me back to my house.

"Then the Christian family sprinkled me with holy water,

and made the sign of the cross over me again and again. They applied the crucifix to my lips, hung a medal of our Blessed Mother round my neck, and suggested to me many pious ejaculations. A sensible improvement showed itself immediately. I recovered my former condition at the end of some hours, and began again, with renewed ardor, as if nothing had happened, to study the prayers and the catechism.

"For six days everything went on remarkably well. I was thinking that I was cured, or at least delivered from 'the sickness of the devil,' when, alas! on the seventh day I had a third attack much more violent than the others.

"The demon appeared to me this time under the figure of my deceased husband. I swooned away with terror. My pulse ceased to beat. My body became as cold as marble. I lost all appetite and was paralyzed once more. A cold perspiration ran down my face. My wild eyes gave me the appearance of a lunatic. In a word, it was thought I was about to give up the ghost. Only then did my friends think they should at last give me the holy baptism which I had already so often implored.

"I had hardly become a Christian when my sickness disappeared as if by enchantment, and a delicious peace overflowed from my soul through all my body. On the morrow, which was the feast of the Holy Guardian Angels, I assisted for the first time at Mass in the church of Ko-ghia-o and afterward came to salute the pastor."

III.

Such was the recital of our good neophyte herself; we now give the rest of her history.

Entering under the protection of the holy Angels into the church of Ko-ghia-o, which she was never to quit alive, she was not slow in winning the esteem and sympathy of everyone by her rare intelligence, her amiability, her refined manners, and her other good qualities.

To see her sitting down, one would not have thought her unwell. All that was remarked was the swelling of her body, and the great difficulty she experienced in walking whenever she wished to move a few steps.

We completed her religious instruction on the most necessary points, and on the feast of St. Teresa I supplied what had been wanting to the full ceremony of baptism, gave her the name of Teresa, and admitted her to the Holy Table. She made her First Communion with angelic fervor, to the great joy of her soul.

Her sickness seemed to have finally disappeared, and everything made us hope that she would not be long in recovering the freedom of her limbs and the good health which she formerly enjoyed. Alas! our hopes must be deceived, and the devil had not said his last word. Some days later, I received from one of the teachers in our little boarding-school at Ko-ghia-o the following letter:

"Reverend Father,—our dear sufferer has not yet been freed, so much has she to endure! The struggle of last night continued for three hours. What a painful spectacle we had before our eyes! The features of the patient were contracted in a frightful manner. Her limbs became immoderately swollen and motionless and icy. Her tongue was paralyzed and could scarcely utter a sound. Her chest seemed weighed down even to suffocation. Her frightened eyes seemed to show that she was suffering a furious internal struggle with the evil spirit. We often saw her make an effort to place her hand to her throat as if to tell us that he sought to strangle her.

"Her pulse was beating only at long intervals. A cold perspiration bedewed her face, which was already quite livid. Foam gathered on her lips, and the death-rattle had already begun in her throat. We thought that her end was at hand.

"However, thanks doubtless to the long and fervent prayers which we had not ceased to offer up for her intention, we saw her little by little recover her senses, and very soon, to our intense surprise, resume her natural color and her sweet and amiable, half-smiling appearance.

"But how long will this improvement last? None of us can tell. Everything makes us fear that the struggle will commence again. We are afraid that she will finally succumb beneath the efforts of the mysterious being who oppresses her and seems determined that his prey shall not escape him.

"We pray and beseech you, dear Father, to hasten as quickly as possible to give her the last Sacraments, to strengthen her against these terrible assaults of the enemy of our salvation."

I did not think that, after the receipt of this letter, I could delay giving her the last Sacraments. She received them in sentiments of the most angelic piety and in full possession of her faculties. After this, her friends did not cease to keep watch at her side by night as well as during the day. All the devout ladies of Ko-ghia-o showed a touching interest in her, so much had she won them by her witty remarks, her tact, and her sweet gayety. These were always accompanied by a faith so lively that one might have taken her for a Christian of long standing. It was in their midst that she passed her long hours on the pillow of an invalid.

The adopted son of our neophyte was profoundly touched by the delicate attentions of which his mother was the object. Softened and moved even to tears, he could not help repeating: "Never in the company of her pagan friends and neighbors did mother find such great consideration, so much care, and so many acts of kindness!"

His young wife and himself would already have declared themselves catechumens if the times in which we live were less perilous for their future.

As to his mother, never did she appear more edifying than during the last days which she spent on earth. Someone hurried to her one day and told her that her son was to be disgraced by

the mandarin if he did not bring his mother back without delay to the tribunal, or if he himself remained away longer amongst the Christians.

"Neither my son," she replied indignantly, "nor my son's wife, while I am living, shall quit the house of the Lord of Heaven where I wish to die! Let the mandarin do what he pleases. The Lord of Heaven, to Whom I commend my children, will not abandon them!"

She had formed the pious and generous resolution, in case that, contrary to all appearances and hopes, her health should be restored, of consecrating the rest of her days to the service of God, wishing thus to give Him a proof of her gratitude.

"With what magnificent embroideries," she exclaimed, "would I enrich the sanctuary of Ko-ghia-o if our Lord would allow me still some years of life. Henceforth I do not wish to labor except for God. I wish to die amid the Christians."

This last pious wish was not long in being fulfilled.

To fortify her more and more against whatever new assaults the demon might make upon her, I thought it my duty to employ the exceptional power and privilege which is granted to missionaries in certain circumstances in the absence of their Bishop. Accordingly I conferred upon her the sacrament of confirmation. She proved its efficacy. Every time the impure spirit tried to befoul her imagination, she at once armed herself bravely with the sign of the cross and put him to flight.

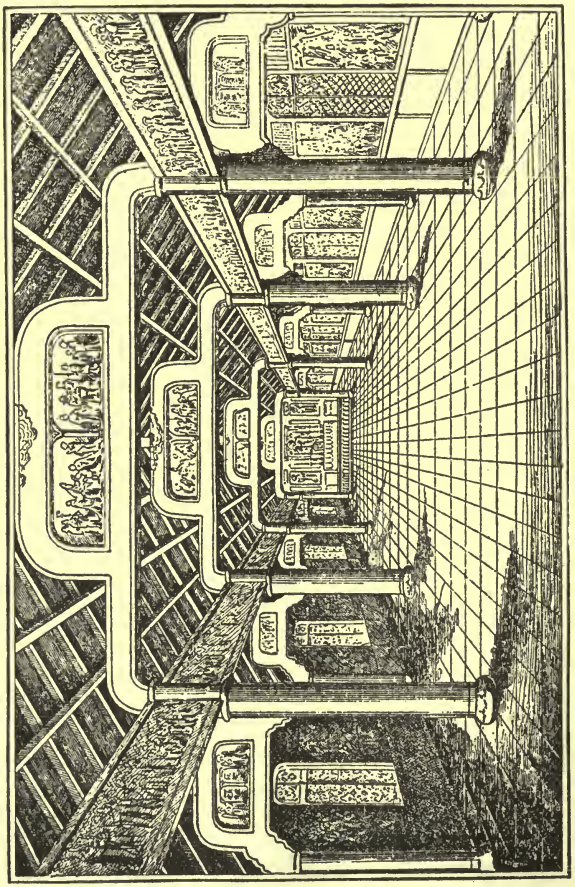
I myself was only once or twice a witness of her struggles against this mysterious being, invisible to all but herself, and from whom she declared she had so much to suffer.

"Do you not see him?" she cried to me one day. "There he is! Look at him! He seizes me by the throat! he forces me to eat! he presses with all his weight upon my chest! O my God, help me! have pity on me! deliver me from this monster!"

A moment afterward she had recovered her calm and serenity.

Never, even amidst her most violent cries and struggles, did anyone hear her talk irrationally. Nearly always the mere

presence of the priest restored her to peace and tranquillity. One evening, however, at the same time that our Christians were praying with fervor in her room, I had to recite the long prayers and exorcisms of the ritual several times before I could force the demon to abandon his prey.



CHINESE MISSION CHAPEL,
Decorated with Father Vasseur's 50 Catechism Pictures.

Meantime Teresa, who, in spite of the repeated assaults of hell, had clung firmly to her resolution of living always for God, was drawing near her reward.

Some days before her death, she had two dreams. In the first, a tall and majestic Lady appeared to her, clad in a long and

ample cloak of a deep rich color, and said to her with a smiling countenance and a voice full of tenderness:

"Still a little patience, and thy combats will be at an end."

In the second dream, Teresa said she saw our Lord Himself. He did not appear as He is often represented, fastened to the Cross, but such as He is painted in the large and beautiful picture over the main altar of our church in Ko-ghia-o, that is, showing us His Divine Heart.

"Art thou ready?" He asked her sweetly and in a low voice; "behold, I come to seek thee and conduct thee to heaven."

Immediately Teresa, overcome with joy and scarcely knowing what she said, replied in a loud tone: "Oh, my Lord! how great a favor! but wilt Thou not wait at least, if it please Thee, until *I loose the shoes from my feet?*"[1]

What should we think of these two dreams? Whatever pleases us most. I recount them, but do not discuss them.

I shall only add that our good neophyte expired shortly afterward, in the church of Ko-ghia-o, the title of which is the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Friday, the day especially consecrated to the honor of the Sacred Heart, was the last full day which she spent on this earth. She breathed her last sigh in the early morning of Saturday, the day consecrated to Mary, whose livery she had put on the evening before, when she received the holy scapular. After such fierce and manifold struggles, peacefully and with a smile upon her lips, she rendered her beautiful soul to her Creator, just six weeks after her baptism.

Teresa was in her thirty-ninth year. She had spent one month with the family of Gni, and twenty-eight days in the church of Ko-ghia-o. Three months before her death, the Christian religion was completely unknown to her. Had she not truly run her course with giant steps?

A great crowd attended her funeral. To the numerous Christians who flocked into our vast church, draped in mourning for the occasion, many idolaters joined themselves. The greater part of these were the relatives and friends of the deceased, attached to the service of the mandarin of Yuen-Hwa.

[1] Exodus, iii. 5; Acts, vii. 33.

After the absolution, which immediately followed the Mass, the body of Teresa was placed in a rich coffin and borne in procession through the streets of Ko-ghia-o to the place where it now reposes temporarily. A band of our students from the boarding-school, clad in surplices and reciting the prayers for the dead, took part in the funeral procession. The procession marched with great gravity and the most beautiful order, much to the surprise and edification of the pagans who are but little accustomed to the enjoyment of such a spectacle.

The son of the pious Teresa was quite proud of the honors shown to his mother. The fame of her grand funeral reached even the ears of the aged mother of the mandarin of Yuen-Hwa. Eager, it seems, for honors like those of her old friend, she exclaimed: "And I, too, wish to die a Christian!"

God grant she may!

[The Right Rev. Bishop Bulté, who has made great use of the League of the Sacred Heart in his missions of Southeastern Tchely in China, in a recent letter to our Director General has the following. It is of special interest to our readers in connection with the preceding article and the General Intention of last October—*The Conversion of China.*

The sum total of the prayers and good works offered by the Christians of this vicariate for the Jubilee year of our Holy Father Leo XIII., is 1,657,007, and of the alms, 349,020 sapecks.

"I am unable to state the exact share of the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, but I can assure you they counted greatly in the welcome everywhere given to our appeal, and I believe you can safely assign to them *three quarters* of these pious offerings.

"Moreover, the example of these Leaguers whom their Apostleship has accustomed to the offering of their prayers and good works for the Church and souls, and first of all for the Pope, has exercised a happy influence over the other Christians."]

THE MARRIAGE FEAST OF CANA.

In Cana town of Galilee
The wedding sight was fair to see:
From purple valleys of the vine
They bore the benison of wine;
The hillside shepherds left their flocks
To feed amid their native rocks,
And fishers, brown of hand and brow
Jostled the toilers at the plow;
While maidens, olive in the face,
Tossed their veiled heads with fairest grace.

Then sweetly sang the minstrel choir,
To jangling timbrels, harp, and lyre;
All hearts were merry in the hall;
But lo! as when the shadows fall
From clouds upon a summer land,
Distress came o'er the bridal band.
And, very pale, up rose the bride,
Then blushing sought the spouse's side,
And murmured in his ear the tale:
"Behold! the wedding wine doth fail."

Then one of very gentle mien—
She bore the beauty of a queen—
From a recess's twilight dim
Came forth and softly went to Him
Who mingled with the village poor
About the bridegroom's open door.
The Son of Joseph, from His place
Arose, with reverence in His face;
He knew His Mother's heart, He heard
The powerful pleading of her word.

"Mine hour is not yet come," He saith,
"To thee and Me in Nazareth:"
And yet He bids, with Hand Divine,
The silver waters blush to wine!
They poured it forth to scribe and priest;
Great marvel ran along the feast:
"Behold! the wine of strongest soul
Should lead the banquet in the bowl;
But this man hath reserved his best
To give the latest to his guest!"

No longer was there any dearth,
Full blithesome went the marriage mirth;
And there was grace of faith that hour
To bless all in that bridal bower,
That so each host and guest might cleave
To Christ, and evermore believe.
But Mary, sorrow-sad and dumb,
Waited until His hour should come,
And through the years beheld the tree
Of shame aloft on Calvary.

P. J. C.

OUR FATHER.

When fallen man from Eden's plains
The Seraphs' sword had driven,
His Maker said—"By thorny paths
Thou must regain thy heaven!"
"I am the Lord thy God," He cried,
"Who drew thee forth from naught:
Henceforth thy ransom dear shall be
With blood-stained victims bought."

In majesty He only said—
"I am the Lord thy God!"
Four thousand years man bowed him low:
"My comfort is Thy rod."
At length arose the Morning Star
Above the mist and din:
Lo! now the Heart of Jesus burns:
Away the night of sin!

"Our Father," now He bids us say
With filial, trusting love,
Assured that present, future aid
Awaits us from above.
His cross-crowned Heart our Victim is,
The ransom's nobly paid:
He is our Refuge and our Shield—
By Him our peace is made!

E. V. N.

THE PROMISES OF THE SACRED HEART.

THE SECOND PROMISE: *I will establish peace in their houses.*

THE promise of peace and union in families, made by our Lord in favor of souls devout to His Sacred Heart, is frequently repeated in the letters of Blessed Margaret Mary.

In the summary of the "boundless treasures of blessings and graces" contained in the Sacred Heart, and which Jesus Christ "intends pouring out with profusion on all those who practise this devotion of love," she places this particular grace as one of the many "necessary in their state of life."[1] In the list now commonly circulated, the general graces are the object of the first, and the particular grace of the second, of the Divine Promises.

For Christians leading their lives in the midst of the world, this promise has something very sweet and attractive about it. *Rest in peace* is our prayer for the departed soul, and here on earth we sigh and long—*that there may be peace in our days.* The Church sings of the heavenly Jerusalem as the "blest vision of peace"—*Beata pacis visio.*

One of the Church's children, whose intense soul was thrilled with her teaching, for a time sought shelter in the cloister of a monastery from the vehement discords of a stormy public life. As he paced unquietly to and fro the long passages, a monk, unfamiliar with the world's agitation, asked him what he sought.

"Peace! Peace!" said the great poet, for it was Dante. And he left in his undying verse the line which is forever the soul's rule of blessedness with God:

In His will is our peace.

It was peace for his own troubled heart which he sought. The Divine Promise of the Sacred Heart is more; it includes the peace of those around us as well.

But is it the exterior peace of households that is promised? Or is it what is more in accordance with the ordinary answering

[1] In the letter to her Director (Fr. Rolin?), probably of 1689: see January article, *Introduction.*

of prayer by God our Father—the interior union of hearts, sooner or later, but admitting here and now much outward show of dissension, much trouble and wrenching asunder even, to be healed only in His good time? And is the promise to be fulfilled straightway, when the devotion is begun, or does it require long years of patient perseverance in praying, with, perhaps, the final answer to be known only in another life?

These are so many questions that crop up, or others like them, whenever God promises special graces in answer to prayer.

All Christians know, in a general way, that God always answers prayer, as He has promised us many times over; but they know also that He chooses the time and manner of His answer according to His own wise mercy and not after the frantic desires of our unwise hearts.

In other words, we must not only believe in God to Whom we pray, but we must believe also in our prayer; for indeed God makes it His own. Most of all, it is the lesson and exercise of devotion to the Sacred Heart—to make us realize how near God has come to our poor hearts in Jesus Christ Who, *for that He continueth for ever, hath an everlasting priesthood;*

Whereby He is able also to save for ever them that come to God by Him: always living to make intercession for us.[2]

But, after all, Christians are creatures of flesh and blood, and not all can rise to such pure heights of faith where all is left with utter self-surrender to God's will, without further anxiety. When we have prayed for peace in a disturbed home, it is hard that we should have no sign to comfort our hearts, waiting for an answer. And this is God's design; He has not promised, simply that He may try our faith in Him.

The meaning, therefore, of this Promise of His Sacred Heart is, really and truly, peace and union in families. In one of her letters[3] the blessed seer explicitly declares: "The Sacred Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ will reunite families that are divided, and protect and aid those in need, when they come to Him with confidence."

[2] Hebrews, vii. 24-5.

[3] To Mother Greyfié, 1685.

The *Thanksgivings for Graces obtained*, which have appeared month after month for so many years in the pages of our own and of the foreign MESSENGERS OF THE SACRED HEART, show a thousand times over that the Promise has been fulfilled. Yet there are often cases which seem desperately to withstand all prayer. Is it because the grace of peace and union was not rightly asked? Or when the great grace was given, did some human will utterly refuse it? For God's most powerful graces will never force the sinner against his own free will.

To answer these questions properly, it is necessary to explain the nature of true peace in families, and to lay down some plain principles on God's answers to prayer.

Peace, St. Augustine notes, is not mere *agreement* of wills; for the evil often agree in allowing each other to go devilward, without break or ripple of contention. But true peace is *well-ordered* agreement of minds and hearts as well as of wills. Now the only good order is that by which Christians are directed in serving God. Hence the grace of peace in families means, first, that all *sinful* dissension should cease; and, secondly, that the members of the family should *agree in seeking* the Kingdom of God.

Where these two things exist, even in a very rude, uncomfortable way, there is a true beginning of peace; and the praying soul should not give way to discouragement because what is of itself a slow process, as depending on the varying dispositions of many different persons, is not finished in a day. St. Paul was struck down by a sudden conversion, but we do not read of anything similar among his companions. If they came at all, it was by degrees, *as they willed*, and one by one.

Just as all good order in this world is the supernatural ordering of the Christian's life by grace, so God's answers to prayer follow the same order.

It is true He often grants a softening of discordant hearts toward each other while some poor heart still remains rebellious to Himself. This is a grace like that which preserves from harsh sickness, or want, or dreaded accidents. It is like the Fatherly

Providence He has, even over the sparrows of the air. But it is not the great grace of true peace, and it is not the direct object of the Promise of the Sacred Heart.

Finally, all great and supernatural graces are given with much dependence on the free will of those to whom they are granted. *Draw me: we will run after Thee.*[4] Yes, but it is more difficult to draw some of us than others, and not all run as they are drawn. Meanwhile God bides His own time—*Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore have I drawn thee, taking pity on thee.*[5]

AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY WORK OF THE PROMISES.

A RATHER abrupt footnote to our January article on the "Promises of the Sacred Heart" made known the fact that a really great missionary work for the whole world, in connection with these Divine Promises, is being carried on here in America. This is the publication of the Promises on small pictures of the Sacred Heart in as many of the missionary languages as possible.

At least we do not think the fact is generally known, and our somewhat sudden announcement of it, written at the last moment, just as the MESSENGER was going to press, was not intended to be final. Even now, it is only at our own very special request that Mr. Philip A. Kemper, of Dayton, Ohio—the originator of the work, which he has carried on so far unassisted and at the cost of much labor and expense—has consented to the publicity which may be given to the work from the notice in our pages. This hesitation arises, perhaps, from a natural fear that a work, purely missionary in its nature, may be confounded with the business undertakings of its author, who is by profession a dealer in religious pictures. No such scruples, however, need affect our own treatment of a work that we believe to be vastly for God's glory.[6]

[4] Canticles, i. 3. [5] Jeremias, xxxi. 3.

[6] Nor can Mr. Kemper's modesty object to our stating, quite freely and sincerely, our high opinion of the merit of his large and varied collection of

We even are willing to go further, and express a hope that the description of the work in our pages may help materially to its support. Its author will pardon us if, using our own judgment in the case, we quote his words in answer to a leading question from ourselves.

"—This 'undertaking' is not and never was commenced with the object of making any money out of it. . . . It is true I intend to offer the pictures for sale, but only as a little auxiliary —an assistance to the work itself—for I am not blessed with an abundance of the world's goods to devote time and means to it to a very large extent.

"The missionary part—the one I think most of—will be entirely gratuitous. . . . . Your Reverence asks how many I have sold. Well, not a great many—I do not make any special effort to do so.[7] I do not even care to prejudice the work by any seeming anxiety to turn it into business channels. Our dear Lord knows my humble efforts for His honor, and I have confidence that He will assist me just as far as He wishes me to be successful with it.

"It is no small compensation to me for the labors I have had

religious pictures. They are not only of reasonable price, but their subjects have been chosen by one who is evidently both a devout Catholic and also conversant with Catholic devotion. We know of no collection that so completely satisfies the thousand and one needs of such articles in every active religious community.

[7] Mr. Kemper's last catalogue states simply: "These translations of the 'Promises' are *not offered for sale.* They are sent gratis in the above collective manner [25 in English, and one copy each of 25 languages, &c.], as Premiums to the MINIATURE RELIGIOUS ART GALLERY and its divisions.

Orders for at least one hundred of any one language will, however, be executed on picture No. 609 at the price mentioned."

Mr. Kemper adds, in his over-diffident note to ourselves: "I have of late become convinced that I ought to bring the little work before the public and enlist the sympathy of others to co-operate with me." It is plain to the reader that, for ourselves, we had already come to the same conclusion. Hence our leading questions and the present extended notice—as extended as we are allowed by Mr. Kemper to make.

already with the work and still have, to read those most beautiful and consoling letters which I receive from time to time from those far-off missionary countries, in which the missionaries express their joy and delight at receiving pictures with the 'Promises' in the languages in which they carry on their apostolic labors.

"Their requests, direct and indirect, for more of such pictures indicate to me already that the demand for them will soon far exceed my means to supply them. However, I will hope that means will in course of time not be wanting to carry on the work."

The letters received by Mr. Kemper in the prosecution of his work literally portray the Catholicity of the Church. We have read with real consolation the touching words of missionaries of Samoa and the Philippine Islands, of Abyssinia and Congo, and of Hindostan. Yet these represent only a single month's mail, of November last, and translations have since been promised in the languages of Iceland and Greenland, and of the Papuan Islands. As we stated, the "Promises" are now ready in 74 languages; and Mr. Kemper says hopefully: "God willing, I intend to have ready for use 100 languages by the 1st of May."

We hope at some future time to be able to present to our readers the complete list of languages comprised in this curious and most highly edifying collection. It follows the fire of the Sacred Heart which encircles the globe from the altars whereon Christ's Body and Blood are offered up in the perpetual Sacrifice of the Mass. *For from the rising of the sun even to the going down, My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean offering: for My name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of hosts.*[8]

[8] Malachias, i. 11.

The Reader.

It is curious and instructive to note how many needs are talked about in the world around us, how intently even the enemies of the Church look to see if she satisfies these needs, and, alas! how ignorantly they discourse of her ways and doings. They talk of our methods with children, with young men, with the working people and the poor, with the negro and the Indian, with regard to temperance and colonization and education at home and the foreign missions abroad.

Strange to say, our methods of keeping rich and worldly Catholics to their Christian duty, and of converting the non-Catholics who surround us, are usually passed over in silence. Is it because little or no special attention is paid to these two classes of people by the Church in America, and so there are no methods to be discussed? Let us hope not. In theory, the Catholic Church of Christ can neglect no souls for whom Christ has died, and it would be hard to think American Catholics are neglecting any in practice.

Still it remains true that a scant clergy and an ever-increasing multitude of the faithful will largely limit their religious work to the essentials.

***

It is essential—it is a miraculous sign of her divine character—that the Church should be the Church of the poor. A dignitary of the English Establishment has recently created a sensation by declaring that the Roman Catholic Church alone, in our day, reaches the poor. It should comfort us that at least this sign of the one true Church still shines brightly before all men.

Professor Richard H. Ely—an American who has written much in a kindly and open spirit on social questions—has, however, something to say in regard to the workingmen. The sum of what he has recently been saying to a convention of Protestant ministers is that, somehow, the Church stands aloof from the masses of laboring men. Perhaps he speaks only of the church of those he was addressing; perhaps, as his words would seem to show, he is simply ignorant of the everyday life of Catholics, just as his books, and the writings of many whose pretensions to learning are greater than his own, show an absolute, uninquiring ignorance of the faith of Catholics. In fact, we may lay this

down as a guiding principle for all Catholics who are obliged to read or hear judgments passed by non-Catholics on the Church:

Not one recent non-Catholic philosopher, historian, reviewer, or controversialist, has written of the Catholic Church without falling into elementary blunders concerning everyday Catholic belief and practice.

***

But what about the workingmen and the Church?

It must be remembered that the life of all men is twofold—individual and social. Now it is certain that the people who crowd the Catholic churches of our country, taken individually, are mainly of the laboring classes. That is chiefly what is meant by saying that the Catholic Church is the home of the poor. For by the poor is not meant paupers. In the eyes of the speculating philosopher who reads his unreal lessons to a world of which he does not share the real burdens, and to the dainty romancer who portrays the world's miseries for the sympathetic luxury of the classes that need amusement, labor is a sign of poverty. In the eyes of the Church both labor and poverty are divine—consecrated in the Person of Christ our God.

See what happens of a Sunday in our city churches. From six in the early morning the Masses are going on, one after the other almost every hour till the High Mass which finishes only at noon. Who are the people that throng pews and aisles during all this time, one congregation crowding into the temple as the other leaves? If it is the rich alone or mainly, then the Church must be the opulent mistress of the whole land. But no, it is the inmates of huge factories, living-out girls and commercial employes, or, at the most, the respectable tradesmen of the town. Carriages and the signs of wealth begin to show themselves only as the day advances and the more ornate services begin. If the rich are found kneeling before the altar in the great multitude, it is on a perfect footing of equality with those around them, and because they have the same spiritual needs to satisfy. The Duke of Wellington, in his lately published *Table-Talk*, is reported to have felt shocked that his State Protestant religion should recognize a separation between himself and his footman, even in the sight of God, *Who is not a respecter of persons.*[1] "Certainly,

[1] Acts, x. 34, besides five other times in the New Testament, and as many in the Old.

the Roman Catholics manage this point far better than we do," he said, with significant truth.

***

But does the Church do nothing for the workingmen socially? So far as even partially religious societies go, it is certain that all her many confraternities and sodalities, her charitable associations and mutually beneficial societies and temperance unions, are all made up, in large proportion, of working people, and they too are the most active and trusted organizers. The Promoters of our own *League of the Sacred Heart*, and the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Conferences are an example. In one of the bitterly cold winters nearly a score of years ago, a noted Protestant minister entrusted the latter with the disposition of all the alms that flowed into his hands. He, at least, knew whether the true Church reaches the workingmen. Rather the true Church is the one Christian society of all humankind, whose common lot is labor equally with prayer.

But a more difficult problem is—what can be done with the rich? For of them our Lord Himself has said that *it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.*[2]

***

As to the work of conversions in America, we can do no more than chronicle the death of our American Father Hecker, who from the moment of his conversion seemed to have no thought or emotion not bound up with the Faith. Circumstances did not allow him—perhaps his natural character did not intend him—to be one who works with completeness; but he was one of those suggestive leaders who set hundreds of minds in motion with their own teeming ideas. We make room for the following lines by one who has followed his career from the first. *May he rest in peace.*

Room, room in Heaven for him—
The Pioneer—who found in Rome the road
To lead New England to the Throne of God;
Who taught her "Aspirations" how to rise
From "Nature" upward to the empyrean skies:
Blest Choirs, receive him in!

O Keeper of the Keys!
Surely none dearer hast thou ushered in

[2] St. Mark, x. 25.

Than this adopted son, who, from the din
Of clashing creeds, sought the Christ-planted Rock
That calmly stands, defying error's shock,
Teaching all truth for aye.

To Father Hecker's soul
Give joyful welcome, great Apostle Paul!
Like you, he answered quick the Master's call,
Slaked at Faith's fount his philosophic thirst,
And linked the nineteenth century with the first
Beneath thy patronage.

Souls erring weep him gone:
But in the Church of God he is not dead;
A "helping hand" he reaches from o'erhead
To all her children who his service claim:
O wandering friends and brethren, this is fame
That only Rome can give!

M. L. M.

*
* *

We do not professedly review books—at least publishers do not regularly send us books for this purpose. Among those which have strayed into our hands from the authors is a new edition of the *Poems* of Father William J. McClure, Parish Priest of Barrytown, New York.

A book of stories for children, written under the name of *Pater Zelus Animarum* (Father Zeal-for-Souls), is named curiously enough *Drops of Honey*. The good Father of the Precious Blood, who distils these "drops," has an undoubted talent for getting solidly sweet lessons of childish virtue out of the interesting facts of nature. We have never enough of this kind of book for our English-speaking Catholics. It should be noted for distribution in the exhibition season.

A book at the opposite extreme, also very solid and long since approved for the spiritual reading of those who aim at a life of Christian perfection, is *The Way of Interior Peace* (Benziger Brothers). What is curious here is calling the author *von* Lehen, whereas he was a recent French writer of the Society of Jesus, well known as Father *de* Lehen. In fact, the book is translated from the German translation from the French! This is not quite right from a literary point of view, and should seem unnecessary. However, the usefulness of the book does not seem greatly impaired by it, and we have not so many works of this kind in English not to be glad to have it as it is.

General Intention

FOR FEBRUARY, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

THE VICTIMS OF PRIDE.

IN all ages of the world, men have been found committing the seven mortal sins. But certain sins prevail more in certain times and places; and it is to be a sign of the last days that the sins of self-sufficiency—independence of God and an unbrotherly standing aloof from one's neighbor—shall become common among men. St. Paul warns his disciple Timothy of this in serious words:[1]

Know also this, that, in the last days, shall come on dangerous times:

Men shall be lovers of themselves, covetous, haughty, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, ungrateful, wicked,

Without affection, without peace, slanderers, incontinent, unmerciful, without kindness,

Traitors, stubborn, puffed up, and lovers of pleasure more than of God:

Having an appearance indeed of godliness, but denying the power thereof.

I.

We may still be far from the *last days.* Yet who will say that all selfish and self-sufficient sins, such as are the first-born daughters of pride, are not everywhere rampant in our day? Most of all, it is especially in the *dangerous times* we have *come on*, that these sins are covered with *an appearance of godliness.*

From childhood men are now taught chiefly of this world, of its power and beauty, and of the great use they can make of it through their ever-increasing discoveries and inventions. They must be self-reliant, judge all things and bend to no authority, however reasonable, and they are to watch jealously over their

[1] II Timothy, iii. 1–5.

own rights. Thus the virtues of obedience and docility gradually fade out from the life of families.

The family itself is not respected. The State claims the right of directing the education of children and of granting unlimited divorce. Yet the family is the foundation of the State and existed before it, and so cannot rightfully be touched by the State's laws in whatever is essential to its own well-being. That this tyranny of the State—or, what is practically the same, this domineering of the majority of votes, however obtained—should be commonly accepted in our day, shows how far men's minds have been removed from all dependence on God, the Author of the family and of all lawful human society.

Even the States of the world dare to celebrate the hundredth year of the declaration of the Rights of Man, by which it was proclaimed that the law of God need no longer be observed in the making of human laws—that the nations of men are sufficient unto themselves.[2]

Finally, over all this independence of God and usurpation of God's rights is thrown the deceitful illusion of "progress." As if any true progress of men could be along other lines than those in which God's Providence rules the world which He created! Has progress taught men to escape death? And can it say aught about what shall come upon us after death, except in the words which God has revealed to us? How then can any progress make us independent of God and His Church, through which He teaches the world His holy Will?

II.

God Himself has told us clearly of the fate awaiting, not only proud souls in particular, but the nations and bodies of men that become proud and, like the men of Babel, would fain *make a city and a tower, the top whereof may reach to heaven.*[3]

The Lord will destroy the house of the proud,[4] is said of the family; and of the communities which neglect God, for example

[2] See *General Intention* of January.

[3] Genesis, xi. 4.

[4] Proverbs, xv. 25.

by a purely secular education of the young—*The congregation of the proud shall not be healed: for the plant of wickedness shall take root in them, and it shall not be perceived.*[5]

Of whole peoples—even where they rely on their numbers and riches—it is declared to be a matter of history: *God hath overturned the thrones of proud princes. . . . God hath made the roots of proud nations to wither.*[6] And for the time to come: *For behold the day shall come kindled as a furnace: and all the proud and all that do wickedly shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall set them on fire, saith the Lord of hosts, it shall not leave them root, nor branch.*[7]

With all these terrible words in our ears, we shall understand why all those who *league* together in the love of the Sacred Heart, should repeat, this month: *I called upon the Lord the Father of my Lord, that He would not leave me in the day of my trouble, and in the time of the proud without help.*[8]

It is a common enough thing among Catholics to pray to be delivered from the spirit of pride in their own private lives. Then, when a great apostasy occurs, everyone at once judges that pride was the beginning of the fall, and that the unhappy man did not pray. But what all do not remember clearly is that united prayer can dispel the clouds of pride from a whole community or nation. It is on no other ground that our League of the Sacred Heart carries on its world-wide Apostleship of Prayer, having for its sole end and aim what is expressed by its device—*Thy Kingdom Come!*

Even the votaries of what men call "progress" expect "the extension of the knowledge already attained by the few, to the many." How much more may we expect the extension of true knowledge, which is faith, and of humility and Christian charity, from the few who pray, to the many who are the object of their prayers! The means of conveying human knowledge are few and feeble indeed, compared to the graces which God gives in answer to prayer.

[5] Ecclesiasticus, iii. 30.
[6] id., x. 17–8.
[7] Malachias, iv. 1.
[8] Ecclesiasticus, li. 14.

III.

Like all vice, pride is first of all in the understanding wherein a vain imagination has rooted it. It consists in the over-rating of self and the undue importance attached to one's own powers. This overmuch taking of stock in self, as the saying has it, results in self-sufficiency in the will, and an inordinate love of our own excellence, which is the proper definition of pride.

This was the first sin of all in God's creation—the sin of the fallen angels; and in them, St. Thomas teaches us, this sin had the effect which appears so lamentably in our day—to lead them to make little of the help of God's grace. Lucifer, son of the morning, was indeed shining in the perfect nature God had given him. But God offers all His rational creatures a *supernatural* destiny, which is union with Himself. To this supernatural end no *natural* means can reach; only God's free gift of *grace* can lift up the spirit, give divine sight to the intellect and divine love to the will, even of an Archangel. Lucifer, relying on his natural powers, would not accept God's gift; he put grace aside, and in losing his supernatural destiny he fell also from the glory of his nature. For in the land where God is not by His love, there *no order, but everlasting horror dwelleth.*[9]

So, too, among the wise and proud of this world. They run after the light of their own opinions, and follow their own wilful ways, rejecting God's grace and love. For them and for ourselves we are to pray our Lord—*meek and humble of Heart*—that He may not leave us *in the time of trouble without help.*

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular, that the many victims of pride in our day may be saved through the meekness and humility of Thy Most Sacred Heart. *Amen.*

[9] Job, x. 22.

THE HOLY LEAGUE.

I.—Young Men Promoters.

In these wicked days when multitudes do so much to pull down and destroy, it is consoling to see how successfully the chosen few, made powerful by the Sacred Heart, are battling and driving back the tide that is threatening to overwhelm the world. If we could only realize how much God is pleased to have us help Him by prayer in the great work of Redemption, there would be more, vastly more good done.

Man can only be saved through grace. That grace comes through prayer. Yet so many never think of praying! How, then, are they going to be saved? By other people praying for them—the more the better. The *kingdom of heaven suffereth violence.*[1]

Thanks be to God, there are found souls, generous souls, who are only too glad to offer themselves as prayerful helpers in the cause of saving souls—*Promoters* who find their happiness in setting hearts aflame with that sacred fire which our Lord Himself came to enkindle.

God's blessing has certainly accompanied the various establishments of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart. Sinners of long standing are returning to the Sacraments through the grace of God which has been won for them by the prayers of the Associates, notably by the *Morning Offering* that helps so much to supernaturalize our own lives and the lives of others.

Not only the women—the devout sex by excellence—but the men, young and old, feel inspired to enlist in this war of the Holy League—the crusade of the nineteenth century against sin and that spirit of religious indifference which so permeates society at present.

Thus, at the foundation of the League in New Britain, Connecticut, the number of *men* Promoters was nearly double that of the women. Many of them were grown lads at the interesting age of nineteen and onward, who took kindly to the idea of acting as young Apostles among their fellows. What untold good

[1] St. Matthew, xi. 12.

a prudent young man may do in this way there is no need to demonstrate.

In one of our New England centres, a young man, hearing of the League, resolved to become a member. A week or two afterward saw him at the knees of his father-confessor. He had been away from his duties for several years. He simply practised *the First Degree.* But that degree gave him a share in the prayers of the other Associates—upward of 15,000,000, and lo! the grace of conversion was gained! Many other similar instances could be quoted.

After all, there is nothing so very astonishing about all this. God is more desirous to save us than we are to save ourselves. He asks only that we comply with the conditions laid down—*prayer.* This the Holy League constantly keeps before the mind, not prayer simply, or united prayer to which God has promised so much, but united prayer clothed with the efficacy of the Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ pleading for the very object for which He was sent into this world. Can such a prayer fail? Impossible, unless perchance the sinner absolutely refuse to be saved, which is far from being the case with the average Catholic.

It is quite characteristic of the League that, unlike many other organizations, it does not wait for the people to come to it. It goes out to them.

Thus we met with a boy of some sixteen years who was and is yet, through the League, an instrument of greatest good in his family. He thought very wisely charity should begin at home, and now side by side with the little Apostle are to be seen his father and mother approaching the Holy Table on the Sunday appointed by "the little priest" of the family. This looks, indeed, like an inversion of the order of Divine Providence. But would that we had more of it! God grant that the grace be given to millions more to go abroad and set the world on fire with the love of that Sacred Heart Which has loved man so much and yet is loved by man so little!

J. A. B.

II.—College Work.

St. John's College, Fordham.

One day in the autumn of 1887 two of our faculty were walking together through the lane overlooking the College playground, talking of the dear boys committed to their charge, and discussing little plans for their happiness and welfare. Suddenly, down straight from the throne of God, came a light to the mind of one of them:

"There is the League of the Sacred Heart! What a powerful instrument it could be made for raising the spirit of a boarding college. Why not try it at St. John's?"

It was the beginning of a great work. That night a new fire was kindled at St. John's. The Diploma of aggregation was asked for and obtained, and in the second week of September, St. John's College became a Centre of the Holy League.

Professors spoke an opportune word in their various classes. Prefects occasionally drew lads from noisy play to urge a plea for the Sacred Heart. Sodalities, too, wheeled into line and did their large share in the work. They furnished zealous young Promoters, who could be seen going their apostolic rounds among their companions, explaining and enrolling. What joy to the sweet Sacred Heart of Christ! These were young men from among the foremost in every good thing around the College, and even on the campus had often drawn forth the cheers of their comrades by their dexterity in twirling the ball. Owing to their efforts, the latter part of October, 1887, saw sixty members of the Middle Division, and ninety of the First, enrolled in the League.

The *Treasury* was looked upon as a splendid thing for boys, and accordingly in November boxes were placed in the different study-halls for the recording of intentions and good works. It was edifying to see the way the idea was taken up, and for the succeeding months the little offerings sent from Fordham to the Messenger were to a large extent the good works done by the boys through pure love of the Sacred Heart.

In April, 1888, the little boys of St. John's Hall began to emulate the example of their elders. The Head Director from

Philadelphia had given an exhortation on the Holy League in the College chapel, and they too clamored to be admitted to its ranks. Fifty of them were received.

Thus at the beginning of June, two hundred and ten out of two hundred and twenty-five boarding students had been enlisted in this crusade of the Sacred Heart.

It was resolved to consecrate June in a special manner to the honor of the Sacred Heart. On each Sunday, sermons on the Sacred Heart stirred up the devotion of the students, and every day at Mass special prayers were added to the usual devotions. A grand novena, made in common by the whole College, ended on St. Aloysius' day by a general Communion, and finally the year was closed on the third Sunday of June, by the solemn reception of the Promoters.

This was the first *public* act of the League in the College. It was conducted by the College chaplain according to the plan given in the *Handbook*, and produced a strong and lasting impression upon all. The exhortation given by the Reverend Father was very moving, and the way in which he bade the six Promoters go forth as apostles of the Sacred Heart roused the enthusiasm of all the incipient Xaviers on the benches before him. All agreed that these pioneers of the League, as they stood at the foot of the altar, were worthy of their high dignity. One of them has already been rewarded by being made an apostle for life in a religious vocation.

So far for the College proper. But the good work could not be confined within the class-room and study-hall. Fire spreads, but not so rapidly as this devotion. It leaped into the parish church, and there enkindled another fire, with the result that more than half the congregation are in the League. Next, the workingmen around the College formed themselves into three bands of the *Second Degree*. Then, one of those most interested in the devotion wrote to his parish priest on the subject. Before long, a new Centre was established. Friends in town became interested, and desired to become Promoters; their desires were satisfied, and the Sacred Heart thus won many new friends in the vast giddy city.

Altogether, at this Centre there have been enrolled up to date (September, 1888), 1032, of whom 650 were gathered, instructed, registered, enrolled in Bands by one Promoter and his companions. This gentleman is a convert of about five or six years, and needed just some such outlet for the great fervor that animated him. Though not connected with the College, he was asked if he would like to become a Promoter. He was overjoyed at the idea, and set to work at once. God has blessed his work, and he himself has written what is edifying enough to be read by others:

"I cannot express my thanks to our dear Lord for having guided you to select me as a Promoter, miserable as I am; but I have tried to show my appreciation of the fact. . . . I have just commenced to settle down to this grand work—I say grand work, for what can be more grand than working for the Sacred Heart Which has sacrificed everything for me and mine. I am thankful that our good Lord has been so kind as to allow me the privilege of doing a little toward paying off the debt I owe Him, for it is a great debt and has been accumulating."

God has since sent him the heaviest trials a man can have. Within the year he has lost his wife and two children, but he has still worked for the Sacred Heart.

Nor are we without signs that the Sacred Heart is pleased with what has been done. Wherever the League has been established, it has produced fruit. It has not been the barren fig-tree. The increase of piety and good behavior among the students has been remarkable.

Among those outside the College, there are several wonderful cases of conversion of people who had strayed away from the Sacraments for five and ten years, and, induced at first only to wear the Badge of the League of the Sacred Heart and make the *Morning Offering*, were at last brought back repentant to frequent Communion.

One case is that of a sinner dying in despair, and saved at the last moment by the prayers of the League; another—here a corporal benefit—that of a young boy with spinal disease, almost

entirely given up by the doctors, who was enrolled in the League and given the Badge. An appeal was made to the Sacred Heart, when to the surprise of all he was entirely cured.

But I have something nearer home to relate. It would be ingratitude to leave it out of this history.

Last October a Jesuit scholastic, one of the faculty of St. John's College, was in a doctor's room undergoing what he considered a life-examination.

After a half hour of pounding and sounding, the doctor stood still, looked the scholastic square in the face, and gave what is sometimes a hard thing to listen to, the verdict of a near transfer into the next world: "You are a sick man. Both of your lungs are attacked. One winter more in New York will make a dead man of you." Other doctors arrived at the same serious conclusion.

But worldly doctors are as blind as bats at noon-day. They forget that there is a Physician Who can cure without medicine. A thought sprang up in the scholastic's mind—"The Sacred Heart shall be my Doctor!" He knelt before that Heart as really present on the altar as was that worldly doctor in the room where he was first examined: "O Sacred Heart of Jesus, if my life will be of more glory to Thee and Thy Eternal Father than my death, I ask Thee to cure me."

Wonders are not all in the back pages of history. They are as frequent to-day, and greater far than our gratitude can ever be.

From that day the scholastic began to grow better; there was a gradual improvement during the whole of a severe winter. In June he stood before the earthly physician once more. The decision was: "Your case is one out of a thousand! It's wonderful! The disease has entirely disappeared from your lungs! They are good now for fifty years. You are a saved man!"

Thus happily ends the history of the first year of the League at St. John's. What is in the future is still hidden in the Sacred Heart, but high hopes are entertained that during the coming year that Heart may be seen reigning fully and entirely among the dear boys at Fordham. G. A. M.

Apostleship Notices.

New Approbation.—The Right Reverend Bishop of Green Bay has given his gracious approbation for the propagation of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in his diocese.

Recent Aggregations.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (from December 15, 1888, to January 15, 1889).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before that of parish or community aggregated.)

Baltimore, Maryland: St. Thomas Aquinas' Church, Woodberry.

Dakota, Dakota Territory: St. Joseph's Church, Devil's Lake.

Green Bay, Wisconsin: St. Joseph's Convent, Oconto.

Hartford, Connecticut: St. Mary's Church, and St. Thomas' Convent (Sisters of Mercy), New Britain.

Helena, Montana Territory: St. Peter's Church, St. Peter's Mission.

Leavenworth, Kansas: St. Francis Hieronimo's Church, Osage Mission; St. John Baptist's Church, Hanover.

Natchitoches, Louisiana: St. Vincent de Paul's Church, Shreveport.

Newark, New Jersey: Monastery of St. Dominic (Sisters of St. Dominic), and St. Aloysius' Convent (Sisters of Charity), Newark; Convent of the Sisters of Charity, Hackensack.

New York, New York: St. Patrick's Church, Catskill.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: The Gesù (new church), Philadelphia.

Springfield, Massachusetts: Sacred Heart Church, Holyoke.

Vincennes, Indiana: St. Charles' Church, Bloomington.

Wishes of the New Year.

"May the New Year bring you and your work increased prosperity."

✠ J. O'Sullivan,
Bishop of Mobile.

"I take this opportunity to congratulate your Reverence on the good establishment and success of the Apostleship of Prayer in the United States. Here in India the Holy League goes on very slowly. We hope better success for the future."

S. F. Zanetti, S. J.,
Central Director for Mangalore.

What Some Local Directors Say.

1. Boston, December 11.—A man who had not been to confession for twenty-eight years was asked to join the League. When the object and Degrees had been explained to him, he reflected a little and then said:

"Put me down for the 3d Degree; I will now go to Communion every month."

We have had other cases even more remarkable than this. The work is going on well. A. C.

2. Westport, Mo., Dec. 21.—God prosper the grand good cause of the Holy League! It has been to my parish an immense blessing. R. M. R.

3. Le Mars, Iowa.—The League has undoubtedly brought manifold blessings to many persons here and to us all as a parish, for all of which I am most grateful to our Divine Lord. J. B.

A Double Resurrection.

It is with great happiness that we are called upon to record nearly each month some signal grace obtained from the ever merciful Heart of Jesus, through the prayers of the League. To-day we wish to offer our thanks to this adorable Heart for a double resurrection—a father restored to his family, a prodigal child's return to his Father.

Some ten years since, says the grateful sister of him of whom we write, this brother falling into intemperate habits

deserted his home, leaving a disconsolate wife charged with several young children. Grief opened an early grave to her who had been thus abandoned, but God watched over the orphans: they found refuge near loving hearts. Year after year no tidings came from the erring one, till the distressed family, no longer numbering him among the living, grieved over what they believed the eternal loss of their dear one. Yet, never losing confidence in that Heart Which has promised to console under every sorrow, they ceased not to give this erring one to Its mercy, whilst commending him continually to the prayers of the League. Oh, the power of prayer! Not only has it restored this brother to his family, but the prodigal, weary over his wanderings, has returned penitent to his Father's house.

Thanks also for news of a person who had not been heard from for twenty years.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 *days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions recommended to the prayers of the League.*

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from December 12, 1888, to January 12, 1889.

	NO. OF TIMES.		NO. OF TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity	98,247	11. Masses Heard	71,271
2. Beads	146,486	12. Mortifications	104,970
3. Stations of the Cross . .	27,921	13. Works of Charity . . .	63,368
4. Holy Communions . . .	22,729	14. Works of Zeal	29,819
5. Spiritual Communions .	83,104	15. Prayers	950,566
6. Examens of Conscience .	63,431	16. Charitable Conversation	36,768
7. Hours of Labor	276,014	17. Sufferings or Afflictions .	9,180
8. Hours of Silence	211,103	18. Self-conquest	27,871
9. Pious Reading	44,461	19. Visits to B. Sacrament .	86,596
10. Masses Celebrated . . .	568	20. Various Good Works . .	166,382

Total . . . . . 2,510,865.

The above represents returns from 220 centres. Among these are included the totals of 60 centres sent us by the Central Director for Canada.

A Kentucky convent school sends us a grand total for the Treasury of 21,643 good works, which, the Sister in charge tells us, the pupils performed during October and November and offered for the poor souls in Purgatory.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, **25,734.**

——*The just cried, and the Lord heard them: and delivered them out of all their troubles* (Psalm xxxiii. 18).——

Montreal, Dec. 4.—Thanksgiving is made for the success of a business enterprise which, it is fervently believed, was secured through prayer and appeal to the Sacred Heart. Not many days since a desolate mother was weeping over her apparently dying babe, dreading each minute would be the end. One of our gentlemen Associates called in and, producing his Badge, persuaded her to apply it to the sick child. There was at once a change for the better, and in two days the child was hale and hearty.

St. Louis, Dec. 14.—My object in writing you is to request you to publish in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART the unlooked-for conversion of a lady on her death-bed. Her family was bitterly opposed to Catholicity and would not let a priest enter the house, but I gave her private baptism. This lady had, at my request, worn for over a year a medal of the Immaculate Conception, and for over a month a scapular of the Sacred Heart, and a relic of Venerable Mother Barat. This lady was buried with these articles.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 17.—Please thank the loving Heart of Jesus for the following favor: A Protestant young lady was married by a minister to a Catholic, and, without saying anything to them of my intention, frequently I recommended

them to the Apostleship. After five months they saw a priest, and, later on, the wife received baptism and both went to confession and received Holy Communion for the first time, although the husband is a Catholic, but through some neglect he had never approached the Sacraments before. Both are now preparing for confirmation.

Hartford, Conn., Dec. 19.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a man who had been living in the neglect of his religious duties for nearly twenty years. He had been frequently recommended to the prayers of the League. He now seems most contrite and resolved to do better for the future.

Quebec, Can., Dec. 20.—The four young ladies who solicited the prayers of the League about two months ago, for the success of an examination, most gratefully return thanks to the Associates for the favorable manner in which they passed it.

Mt. de Chantal, W. Va., Dec. 21.—Thanks are returned for the reformation of two brothers after years of dissipation. The fervent prayers of father, mother, and sisters seemed of no avail till the novena of the nine Fridays had been made for their conversion. Scarcely was it finished, when both approached the Sacraments in the most edifying dispositions, and one hears Mass daily. We also offer special thanks for the perseverance of a young man who returned to the Faith last year, after wandering in the dark ways of infidelity for eleven years. Also, for the success of a most dangerous operation recommended to the prayers of the League some months ago. The physicians count it almost miraculous.

Ottumwa, Iowa, Dec. 27.—We wish to return most grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart of our Saviour for the conversion to the Faith of a young man who had been repeatedly recommended to the Holy League. Also, for the progress of a good work commenced and previously recommended, and for the cure of an insane person, and several other blessings.

Dunbar, Pa., Dec. 30.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor received. I promised that if

my request were granted, I would have it published in the MESSENGER.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 31.—Special and very great thanksgiving is offered for the granting of a temporal favor, asked for a few months ago, and which I had resolved should be published in the MESSENGER when it was obtained.

—— ***W. Va., Jan. 2.***—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a marked improvement in a person who has been recommended to the Apostleship for ten years. It is a sad case, and prayers are asked for the perseverance of this sinner.

Baltimore, Md., Jan. 3.—A sister begs the Associates to pray in thanksgiving for a wonderful improvement in the conduct of her brothers, recommended to their prayers in December. They have gone to work and kept sober, even at Christmas, which the family enjoyed more than any Christmas for several years. A few weeks ago a member of the Apostleship asked prayers for her husband to get a situation. She now asks the Associates to unite with her in heartfelt thanksgiving, as he has unexpectedly got his old situation back.

From Various Centres.—Special thanksgiving is acknowledged for a favor prayed for during the past thirty years.—I give thanks to the Sacred Heart for money urgently needed that I succeeded in securing.—A woman was given up by the doctors. She had pneumonia. She was given a scapular of the Sacred Heart to wear and became better immediately, and is now up and able to attend to her work.—An Associate wishes to return thanks for the partial restoration to health of a person recommended last month.—Thanksgiving is made for two conversions to the Faith; both the parties have since died edifying deaths. Thanks are also returned for our Sodality, which has been doing nicely ever since recommending it to the Holy League. —For several of our classes, and an improvement in the conduct of our pupils.—A man who neglected his duties for twenty-five years consented some time ago to practise the 1st Degree of the League. He has since gone to confession and Communion.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

(*After Painting of Franz Defregger, Munich School.*)

THE MESSENGER
OF THE
SACRED HEART OF JESUS

NEW SERIES. MARCH, 1889. VOL. IV (xxiv), No. 3.

CROAGH PATRICK.

By Patrick Joseph Coleman.

I.

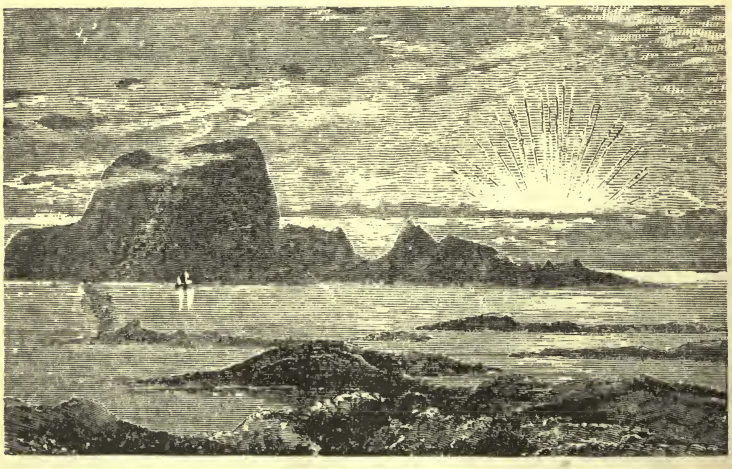
BEFORE I had seen it near I had learnt thoroughly to revere Croagh Patrick. From my cradle I heard its sanctity, its thrilling associations whispered by the simple women of the village. Well I remember climbing through the heather in the glad summer afternoons to peer away into the sunset, where it rose like a finger of blue over the hills of the horizon. Thus it stood up in the landscape of my childhood—a conspicuous sign in the golden skies of the west.

I had heard of pilgrimages being made there; I had seen people making their way afoot across the broad plains of Mayo to perform some votive devotion on its summit, hallowed by the presence of Saint Patrick long ago. I knew that it was called Croagh Patrick after the Apostle of Erin. *Patrick* told me that; but *Croagh* long remained a mystery of etymology to my boyish mind. In those days my ideas of perspective, as of all things,

Copyright, 1889, by Rev. R. S. Dewey, S.J. All rights reserved.]

being vague and misty, I never could fathom how a square field of half an acre, in which I had often chased butterflies, could exactly cap the cone of that far-western hill. Yet an old hoary-headed swain, who in his youth had performed the stations on Croagh Patrick, had told me that such exactly was the area of the summit.

Four years ago I found myself in the little town of Westport, in what a local 'jarvey' facetiously termed "the next parish to America." My first and paramount object was to see the hill that had absorbed so much of my childish awe. How I prayed that night as I lay abed listening to a downpour of rain that suggested the opened flood-gates of Heaven!



SUNSET ON CLEW BAY.

With the first glimmer of dawn my curious eyes sought the surface of Clew Bay, if haply it were sparkling in the unclouded splendor of an August morning. Beautiful indeed it was, and below my window was smoking a red-funnelled steamer, that had beat in from Sligo to anchor during the rain-tempest of the night. How ill the hiss of its steam-valve and its whistle harmonized with the lapping tide and the clang of the sea-mews. But from the far Atlantic came drifting in gray clouds, trailing

misty skirts over the hilltops and the islets in the waters. Nor did they lift all day, save to disclose for a moment the brow of some mountain monarch.

However, I sallied forth about mid-day, deeming that to be the most fitting hour when, if ever, the full blaze of noon would rout the whole army of mists. Southward for about a mile from Westport runs the road to the Reek, which is Irish-English for certain hills and elevations. It is skirted with noble trees, and runs through the demesne lands of the Marquis of Sligo—the local landlord—beautiful with wood and water, hill and hollow; then past the Quay, a village commanding a glorious stretch of sea. The road skirts the bay in all its windings, between the uplands on the left and the tides on the right. A gray ruin peeps out here and there on the green hillocks carpeted with a verdure unrivalled even in that island of verdure.

There are gay holiday parties in the wayside inns—merry parties too to judge by the peals of laughter that emerge from the open doors, mingled with the drone of the bag-pipe or the scraping of a fiddle. Most of the bathers—for this is a frequented watering-place—are indoors this morning, but by their boats drawn high on the sand, fishermen brown of hand and face are mending their nets. Graceful cottages of the rich stand on green slopes, and in front of them girls and boys are dancing to the blended harmonies of a concertina and an ivy-leaf.

Far ahead loom the bases of clustering mountains—high they must be—but they vanish abruptly in the mist that hangs in mid-air, here and there disclosing a purple patch, a strip of yellow corn, or a zone of green. Which of them is the Reek?

Up the road comes a lad of the coast, who will fish these fertile deeps, as his fathers have done before him for generations and his children will do after him. He wears a blue jersey, and his corduroys are tucked at the knees into a pair of leather leggings. Wind and wave have browned his youthful face, and a mass of sunny curls bursts from under an old Tam O'Shanter cap. His eyes are blue as the waters he loves, his step light, his frank and fearless look has a gleam of mirth. Over his shoulders

hangs a huge salmon, thrust through the gills with a *sugawn*, or rope of grass. The fish is freshly caught and iridescent with purple and green and crimson lights flashing from its scales and merging into the spotless white of its belly.

"Where is Croagh Patrick?" I ask this child of the sea.

Richly he replies in the Western accent: "There beyant, sir!" with a motion of his finger, while he turns on his heel.

"Which of those hills is it?"

His blue eyes beam with laughing surprise. "Arrah! is it Reek Pathrick yer honor manes? Sure every one knows the Reek, sir! That's it there with the white misht around it, and the waves in at its feet."

"Is it high?"

The marvel grows great in his eyes. "High? Arrah! it goes away up into the wide world," he replies, rising on tiptoe with a splendid gesture of both hands in an arc over his head, while the salmon dangles at his shoulder.

"Can I see much to-day, do you think?"

"No, sir; it 'ud be dangerous to climb the Reek in that misht. Who knows but it's into the Devil's Gulf ye'd fall—Lord betune us and harm!"

"The Devil's Gulf? What's that, pray?"

"Arrah then, sir, it's a big black gulf in the sides o' the Reek, where Saint Pathrick banished the divil. Ye see he was tormentin' the Saint and gallivantin' about on the Reek, and thryin' to distract him at his prayers. So this made his reverence mighty mad, an' he flung his bell at him and jusht as he was tumblin' down—down into the ocean below, he gave a dyin' kick to the hill and sent the whole side of it flyin' afther him into the say. And that's the way Lug-na-Demon—that's how we Irish the Devil's Gulf—came there. Oh! but it's the black, ugly hole; be the same token, it's like ink, it is, and ne'er a ripple on it, straight down at yer feet. Begorra, it 'ud make the say-birds sick to fly across it and look down at it, let alone a man."

He had become eloquent in his word-painting: not tongue alone spoke, but hands, and eyes, his whole form, his heart.

FISHER BOYS OF MAYO.

Thanking him in kind for his kindly information—I tossed him some pence—I passed on.

"Mind, would you go up to-day, sir," he shouted in warning after me, "God knows if ye'd come down alive;" and then he burst into a sea-ditty and tripped lightly round a bend of the road.

Four miles from Westport, Croagh Patrick rises in sheer grandeur from the waters of Clew Bay to a height of over 2500 feet. Beautiful in its symmetry, its conical summit pierces the heavens like a spear. "A golden spear"—peasants far off on the plains of Mayo call it, in their poetical old tongue, when the sunset mellows about it. For lack of a more appropriate simile the material Anglo-Saxon pronounces it "a sugar-loaf," so gracefully perfect is its cone, sloping to a point from the waves of the Atlantic.

Commence the ascent, and you marvel much if that delicate pinnacle above will afford footing; yet when you emerge on the level summit, a plateau of half an acre covered with ruinous walls of old shrines and oratories, greets the eye. Cool and grateful are the winds that blow in from the Atlantic, and sublime the scene that lies unrolled at your feet.

Hear Mick O'Malley describe it, as he leans in shirt-sleeves and knee-breeches against his cabin door at the foot of the Reek, enveloped in a haze of blue smoke. A saint peering from an azure halo is the simile suggested to my mind by the face and smoke, and dark doorway behind.

"Troth, sir, it 'ud do your heart good to go up the Reek for one minute and look at the country about you. It's like a picture it is, but a mighty good one, and one that—that God 'ud paint. The whole world is at your feet, the bay and all the islands. Ye can see the waves runnin' in and out the land for miles on miles and the big cliffs standin' up like walls, Clare Island and Achill More and Achill Beg, and Innisbofin and Innisturk, and Caher Island, and the resht o' the islands with the great ocean beyant, and nothin' then but the shky. And the hills and mountains—Mary send out Patsey to put the cow out o' the oats—och, thin ye see

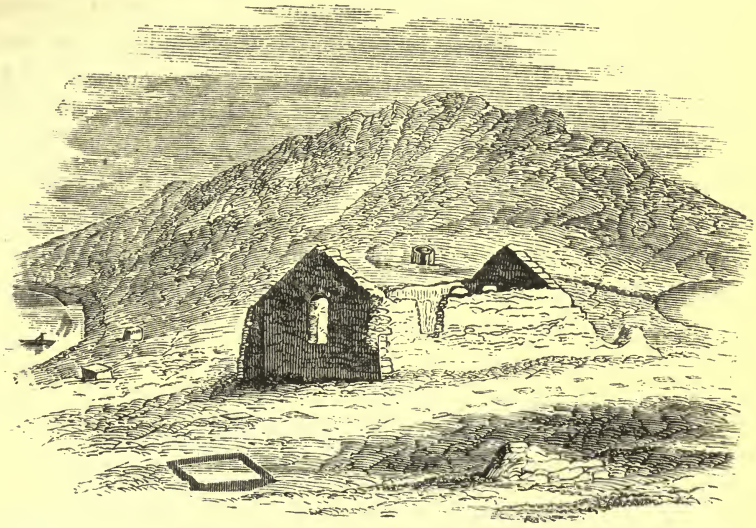
THE PINS OF BUNNABEOLA.

them by the score and in all the colors o' the rainbow—big blue giants and little ones sittin' at their feet—och, murther! there's the goat atin' the praties!—and lakes in between them like diamonds or patches o' June sky, and valleys and rivers galore, and plains and bogs and towns and villages. Westport, begorra, is no bigger than a pin's head, and Newport beyant that, and Castlebar —no, thankee, sure we wouldn't take paymint for a dhrink o' milk—twenty miles away with the thrain from Dublin runnin' into it, and Nephin More risin' up grand and blue beyant Lough Conn, and the Moy lyin' like a silver snake curled up among the hills; and more baronies and parishes than there's priests in Ireland. And thin the twelve Pins of Bunnabeola—for all the world like a big blue ocean of waves heavin' and fallin' on dhry land. Och, but it's the color o' the picture that's grand entirely, jusht like heaven over us all!"

But Mick's knowledge is legendary and vague regarding the historic associations that invest the landscape. Innisbofin—the Isle of the White Cow—far off in the Atlantic, is celebrated in Irish Saints' lives as the site of St. Colman's priory of English monks, brought thither by the holy bishop from Lindisfarne in the seventh century, and thence transplanted to "Mayo of the Saxons," twenty miles inland. Northward past Ben Nephin and the waters of Lough Conn, far as the eye can look, dimly lying along the strip of ocean, reposes Tirawley. Storied Tirawley, with the Moy threading its plains with silver; famed for many a foray of the Danes in the days of Ireland's glory; famed too as the land whence Patrick, still a student in Lerins in the Mediterranean, heard the pathetic voice of the pagan Irish calling to him in vision—"We entreat thee, O holy youth, to walk amongst us!" That wail from the wood of Fochlut determined Patrick's vocation and the destinies of the Irish people.

These islands that stud the beautiful bosom of Clew Bay, numerous as the days of the year, are rife with traditions of that Irish Amazon of the sea—Grace O'Malley—whose galleys, manned by the long-haired gallowglasses of Connaught, swept the seas, and who at the court of Queen Elizabeth haughtily flung back the

Tudor's offer of nobility: "Keep thy patent of nobility, Queen of the Saxon; rather I should make thee noble."



RUINS OF ST. COLMAN'S.

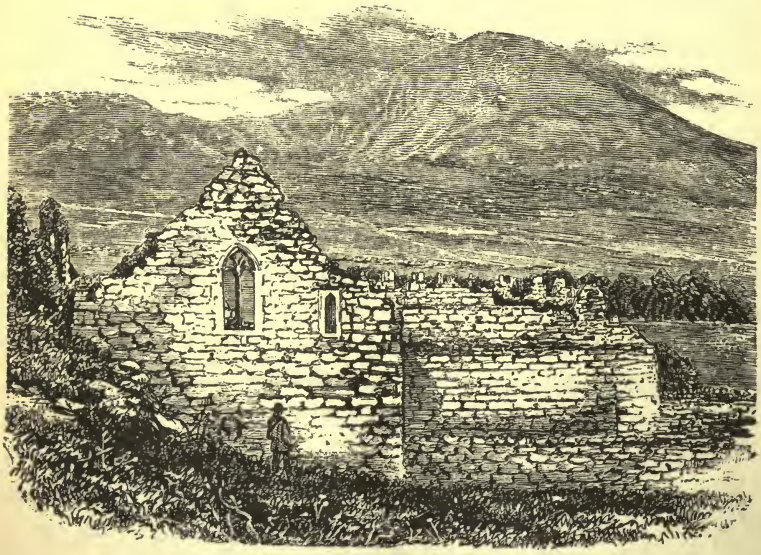
They were a puissant tribe, these O'Malleys. Toparchs of all the district for centuries, they founded Murrisk Abbey at the foot of the Reek for the Augustinian friars; like all the Irish monasteries it fell a prey to the rage of the Reformation. To this day the O'Malleys are strong around Croagh Patrick, in the parish of Murrisk onward to Lough Mask and Ballinrobe.

II.

Cruachan Aigle our pagan fathers called the mountain—the Hill of Eagles. Eagles built on its precipices, and to this day they bring forth their young in peace on the ledges that beetle above the Atlantic where no foot of cliffsman may tread.

The huge mountain barred Saint Patrick's way, westward hieing from Croghan of the Kings in Roscommon, up from Partry by Lough Mask and on through Murrisk. It was early spring and Lent was at hand. Bearing in mind the fast of our Lord in the Desert he went up the hill, there in fast and prayer to prepare himself for Easter. It was a solitude where the soul might seek her Lord in unbroken contemplation.

So up that path, trodden since by the feet of millions of pilgrim-penitents, went the Saint. Bitter must have been that Lent on the mountain; cold winds must have swept in then as now from the sea, tempests and rain raged around it, mist and clouds wrapt it in darkness. Great was the suffering of the Saint, while spring was robing the plains below in verdure, and the song of the birds was already wooing the pale primroses from the banks and sunny places. At last Easter-day came round and he descended from the hill. Great were the graces he had won for his people, and the striving he had had with his God, while hosts of evil spirits in the shape of black birds of hideous aspect and foul odor assailed him in vain.



RUINS OF MURRISK ABBEY.

The legends give a dramatic version of the dialogue between the Saint and the Angel Victor who had come from heaven to console him in his agony, and to make known to him the answer of the Lord to his prayers.[1]

[1] Quoted from the Tripartite Life, in the monumental work of O'Hanlon, *Lives of the Irish Saints*, iii. 601.

"I will bring so many souls from pain," said the Angel, "and as many as would cover so far as your eye could reach on the sea."

"That is no great boon for me," said Patrick; "not far can my eye reach over the sea."

"You shall have between sea and land then," added the Angel; . . . "and depart from this Cruachan."

"I shall not depart," said Patrick; "for I have been tormented, until I am gratified."

"Is there anything else you demand?" asked the Angel.

"There is," said Patrick; "the day the twelve royal seats shall be on the Mount and when the four rivers of fire shall be about the Mount; and when the three peoples shall be there, viz., the people of heaven, the people of earth, and the people of hell, that I myself may be judge over the men of Erin on that day."

"This thing cannot be obtained from the Lord," said the Angel.

"Unless this is obtained from Him, I will not consent to leave this Cruachan, from this day forever; and even after my death there shall be a caretaker from me there," answered Patrick.

The Angel went to Heaven. Patrick went to his offering. The Angel came in the evening.

"How now?" asked Patrick.

"Thus," answered the Angel, "all the creatures, visible and invisible, including the twelve Apostles, entreated, and they have obtained. The Lord said that there came not, and would not come, after the Apostles, a man more illustrious, were it not for the hardness of the request, which is granted thee. Strike thy bell," said the Angel; "thou art commanded from heaven to fall on thy knees, that it may be a blessing to the people of all Erin, both living and dead."

"A blessing on the bountiful King that gave," said Patrick; "the Cruachan shall be left."

The Striving of Saint Patrick on Mount Cruachan has been told in lofty verse by the living Irish Catholic poet, Aubrey de Vere. The greatest historian of the Irish Saints, the Rev. John

O'Hanlon, also still living and still continuing his great work in spite of scanty support, sums up the result as follows: "His perseverance was finally crowned with success, and his prayers were most favorably received by the Almighty. These petitions, which he addressed to God, were accompanied by tears, which fell on his *casula*, or vesture, during the time of his penitential retirement on Croagh Patrick. His chief petitions were: first, that every native of Ireland, even at the point of death, should obtain God's clemency, after confession and repentance; secondly, that barbarian invaders should not prevail against the Irish people; and thirdly, that no Irish person should be found living at the day of Judgment, because the sea should cover all Ireland for four years, previous to the great accounting day."

Thus having won, tradition says, so vast grace for the Church of Ireland, our Saint descended from the Reek, when Easter was at hand; and going up to *Achad-fobhair*—probably the present parish of Robeen, in the barony of Clanmorris—he there celebrated Easter. This was in the year 434, two years after his arrival in Erin, according to Harris; "but whatever we may think," says O'Hanlon in his exhaustive life of the Saint, "regarding the various incidents recorded, in reference to this whole transaction, the date must be assigned to some later year. . . . The Bollandists refer that visit of our Saint to Cruachan Aigle to about the year 453."

Thenceforward Cruachan Aigle—the Hill of the Eagles—was known as Croagh Patrick—Saint Patrick's Reek. Few places on earth are invested with such sacred associations. No place is more hallowed in a people's heart, and no people cherish aught with fonder devotion than do the Irish their holy Reek with its every rock and tree and flower. Next to Calvary it is the dearest spot on earth, most shrined in legend and holy song, an eternal image of the faith Patrick brought them from God.

National suffering has been their lot; expatriation, persecution, and periodical starvation. But, though the days of the sword are gone—Penal Days "when Godless persecution reigned," bewailed by Davis in his immortal ballad—famine still scourges

the land, and nowhere with more ruthless force than about Croagh Patrick. The Achill Islands—Achill Mor and Achill Beg—in the full prospect from the mountain over Clew Bay, were deeply afflicted by the famine of 1879, and continue to this day to be the scene of harrowing suffering. Poverty and pestilence walk hand in hand through all these sweet islands. Their villages are in decay, their children in America; but there, pure and fervent as fourteen hundred years ago, lives the faith of Christ.

Indeed it is in Achill and the vicinity of Croagh Patrick, that we realize the promise given long ago to our Saint on the mountain, and sweetly sung by Aubrey De Vere in his *Striving of Saint Patrick.*

> Many a race
> Shrivelling in sunshine of its prosperous years
> Shall cease from faith, and shamed, though shameless, sink
> Back to its native clay; but over thine
> God shall the shadow of His hand extend,
> And through the night of centuries teach to her
> In woe, that song, which when the nations wake,
> Shall sound their glad deliverance.

VILLAGE IN ACHILL ISLAND.

THE LOST CRUCIFIX.

By Mrs. General F. Kilby Smith.

[Thoughts suggested by Archbishop Purcell, when he learned the affliction felt at the loss of a much prized crucifix, which had been given by a dying sister.]

I.

A rare old crucifix was mine:
I wore it always next my heart,
And oft upon the Form Divine
I gazed until the tears would start.

This crucifix Christ's image wrought
In silver, and the same bright ore
Within encased a shred, 'twas thought,
Of wood His bleeding shoulders bore.

A holier relic none could choose:
I thought until my death to claim
Its presence, in my heart to infuse
New faith and hope and love's sweet flame.

Thus all the tears that thawed the ice
From off my soul, the faith, the love,
Were His Who offered sacrifice
Of life itself, God's love to prove.

All were for Him, the Holy One
Who came to crush man's sin and pride;
All, for the great Creator's Son
Who, crowned and mocked and scourged, had died.

II.

When first my crucifix I saw
'Twas held in cold white hands on high,
That so my sister grace might draw
From Jesus suffering—strength to die.

And, dimmed beneath her failing breath,
Upheld before her fading eyes
Half-blinded by the veil of death,
It seemed to me a matchless prize.

I yearned to call it all my own,
Thus hallowed by her latest tears:
'Twas given me a sacred loan,
And I had held it fast for years.

III.

Christ brooks not a divided love:
He gave His all, He claims the whole
Of our poor finite love, to move
And satisfy His own vast soul.

All minor love must yield, must fall
Before the Love that reigns supreme:
Only who own no earthly thrall
From Him their Cross and Crown redeem.

One anniversary of my pain,
My life's first, saddest, sorest loss,
I wept my sister's death again—
For on that day I lost my cross.

'Twas gone, I knew not whence or how;
I searched and prayed, I found no trace:
With me, before God's will to bow,
No symbol since could take its place.

I lost my cross, yet bent beneath
That cross of pain and toil and care
The dying Saviour will bequeath
To all who would His glory share.

IV.

And now, I turn my thoughts to where,
Graved on my mind in colors bright,
On Calvary the Cross shines fair
In faith and warm devotion's light.

Christ's form in agony I see,
His Virgin Mother sad and wan,
Fair Magdalene, the Maries three,
And near, the youthful face of John.

This imaged crucifix for me
Must keep my heart devoid of dross,
Till death shall set my spirit free,
And I again shall lose my cross.

MINK.

By Joseph E. Barnaby.

A tale to the tune of a jingling bell that hung at the neck of a street-car horse on the Ridge in Philadelphia.

I.

NO one knows where the Ridge Avenue, cutting across the huge straggling city from the commercial southeast to the dwellings of the northwest, properly ends. But where it begins is quite explored ground.

The street cars—for the city is far too sober and conservative to know the new-fangled elevated railroads of New York or the underground railways of London—dash many times a day round the sharp corner where it loses itself in an uncertain kind of way between two streets running at hostile right angles to each other. From five of the afternoon these strange vehicles become nothing

less than choked and stuffed receptacles of passengers on their way home.

A square or two on from the beginning of this so well patronized short-cut of the upper town, is a plain blockish-looking building painted in violent yellow. An Irishman, first seeing it, flushed angrily and began whistling "The Wearing of the Green." But it has no more to do with transatlantic politics than with our Irish American story. It happens to be orange, because that is the color of Chicago beefstores in Philadelphia; and it happened to be the point of the Ridge where a young man with a commercial air jumped on the driver's platform one cold winter evening.

He was lucky to find a place even there. Inside the car, which would seat twenty comfortably, there were sixty-five by his actual count. An untold number of men stood and clung on the hind platform, and the driver was already crowded at his seat. So the car jolted on with its packed crowd of humanity.

The horses pulling this heavy load over the roughly laid rails were of the usual powerful gaunt type, showing signs of their toilsome jogtrot life. One was a grayish brown, the other if well groomed might have turned out a handsome black.

The young man with the neat jaunty air of a clerk, who had just boarded the car, held tightly on by the rail and amused himself in watching curiously the turns and tumbles of the bell hanging at the side of the horse's collar. It was the black horse before him. A sudden effort at starting the car after it had dropped a passenger, or a stumble on the uneven cobble stones, would sometimes send the bell straight upright on its ring in which, as in an urn, the tongue kept vibrating with a shrill regular tink-tink, until some new swaying would send it down and restore to it its wonted merry jingle.

Little by little the crowd thinned. Ladies with gentle perturbed cries pushed their way out, while the others grumbled at the long stop. Men dropped off jauntily on a single foot without delaying the car in its career. At last the commercial young man stood alone beside the driver. He was still watching the

antics of the bell when, suddenly, his attention seemed drawn more closely to its wearer.

He leaned curiously over and looked at the horse from the side.

"How long has this horse been on, driver?" he asked, with more interest than a street-car horse usually excites in one of his profession.

"Came down with the last batch," said the driver shortly. "None of your Western horses this time—our buyer's been through the farms up country. Pennsylvania horses do better in this climate—anyhow that's my way of thinking."

Just then the car stopped for a moment and the young clerk took advantage of it to run hastily forward and look at the horse's head. The gray horse on the other side must have been awakened to sudden jealousy, if he were capable of such a feeling, at the sight of his black comrade patted and squeezed affectionately and called by name by this neatly dressed passenger.

"Why, Mink, Mink, old boy! so it is you!" cried the young man with apparent delight.

The horse, jaded but a moment before, pricked up his ears with new life and stuck forward his long nose with a whinnying sound of recognition. But the car started on, and the young man swung to his place again beside the driver. He was all aglow with pleased excitement.

The driver looking round at him with one eye opined shrewdly: "You've seen that horse before, I guess."

"Seen him!" said the young man quickly. "Why, I brought him up. He's from my father's farm. It's a shame they sold him to this vile work here in the city. They wouldn't if my father had lived," and his voice trembled slightly as he brushed his eye with his glove.

The driver, who probably felt as much romance about the horses that occupied so much of his life as about anything else, seemed interested and said sympathetically: "It's a fact, hosses don't last long at this work. The feet get ossified—that's a bone disease," he explained benevolently—"on the cobbles. Then we

sell 'em off cheap to the farmers again, and sometimes they pick up on the soft turf. But t'aint a nice life for an animal, not to speak of a man driving up and down here his fourteen hours a day," he grumbled on, glad to have a listener.

The young man relapsed into moodiness and watched the bell as it danced and turned and tumbled at the neck of Mink, who now trotted along with a freshness of gait that fairly surprised his gray companion. He did not leave the car until it was driven into the long dingy station. Then he jumped from the platform and renewed his acquaintance with the horse, whose pleasure seemed equal to his own. At last, when the car was starting back on its next trip he thrust a piece of money into the hands of the astonished driver and said to him: "Be good to the old fellow. Take him for your car and favor him as much as you can. I'll have an eye on him and will try to see you again."

"That young feller," muttered the driver as he started off, "is gone on this hoss. I'm sure he passed his gittin'-off place just to keep eyes on the brute. They'd both better stayed on the farm, and not come down here to the city," and he sighed philosophically, leaning round from his stool to see if the young man was still gazing after the horse.

He was, but he turned suddenly and walked away. That night he thought long and seriously and with some compunction whether it would not have been better for him to have held to his father's farm with his horse Mink.

II.

Will Mellon, as our young man was called, had passed all his boyhood on the little farm by Lacedemon Creek.

The early American land surveyors have much to answer for in the matter of names. Their most creditable performance has been to leave the primitive Indian titles, wild and rugged in sound as they often are. They did their worst when they repeated, in this very new and fresh America, the worn-out appellations of the old classic world.

The tract of meadow land to which the early surveyor gave

the name of Lacedæmon lies due west from Waterbrook, beyond its Ridge of hills—which no more resembles the Ridge of Philadelphia than that does Homer's "ridge of war"—and beyond the upland marshes where pink rosemary and fiery-tongued feverwort abound in among the cypress. For a wonder, the honest settlers learned to pronounce the name and have stuck to it, though they soon dropped the awkward classic diphthong. But all along there has been a difficulty which the early surveyor did not duly appreciate. This is—how to name for short the inhabitants of this new Lacedemon. It has been solved, without evil intent, by their being called, in all the country round, simply—"demons!"

Mink, the horse, and Will Mellon, the young passenger, of the Ridge Avenue car, were alike born "demons."

There was no old age in the family, the elders themselves having scarcely reached the middle term of life. They were the boy's father and mother and maiden aunt; and their life was marked by simplicity as wholesome and cheery as when the father, in his married youth, first set out from the hills of Donegal.

Their home was not far from the little stream that ran through the meadows, and overflowing far and wide at the break-up of winter gave the land its needed moisture and fertility. By the roadside, where the land was highest and the soil soonest drained and parched by the not over-long summer heats, they industriously planted, year after year, their patch of Indian corn. This native American plant loves the heat of life, and cares little for depth or richness of soil; and so far the American people has been not unlike it.

Will Mellon was a true American, and he had not taken root in his early home. It all came back to him the night after his meeting with Mink, as he lay and tossed in his bed and thought over the old days brought back so vividly. The long green leaves of maize waved before his sleepless eyes, as they had done through many summer days, until the autumn frost came to dry and harden them into rustling blades, and half-disclose the golden ears amid the blackened and frost-bitten silken tassels. Below the strip of corn, where the soil deepened and showed a blacker

loam, he saw again the oats and barley coming bravely—it was too rude for civilized wheat. On the still lower stretches of land beside the stream, in meadows moist and verdant the summer long, bloomed buttercups and white strawberry flowers, with here and there a cluster of the pale blue violet in the late springtime. And, down along the banks, was row upon row of the American cowslip, which after all is only homely crow's-foot, but very beautiful with its leaf of rank, dark green and its golden chalice. Then, where the eddying shallows of the brook left tiny shoals above the surface, summer brought out in delicate contrast the transparent white flowers of the arrowleaf.

The young man turned in bed again as he passed it all in review before his mind's eye. Even the winters then were full of youthful energy. When the thaws of January had swollen the little stream to a flood, the next frost—sure to come—would set all fast and hard in one shining field of ice. In the crisp, tingling air of those crystal-clear evenings, skaters gathered under the sparkling stars; while merry children laughed and whooped with purest delight, as they coasted down the long slope from the road on to the stretch of ice far below.

How the stars used to glitter and wink knowingly down at him—what hopes he had had for the future! The gas-lamps, the electric lights even, of the great city were but a poor exchange for those heavenly luminaries. Whatever real stars he saw nowadays were in the narrow strip of sky visible between dingy house-roofs, or—what was little better—in a patch of park with a frivolous crowd chattering around him.

The country-bred young man in the city was fast growing homesick, when suddenly he remembered how once, as a boy, he had "seen stars" veritably. He rolled over in bed with a heartier laugh than he had known of late, and chuckled to himself—"Dear Aunt Mary!" Some ludicrous remembrance seemed to relieve him, and he was soon sound asleep. He was coming to the second turning-point of his life; it will be well to relate what had proved to be the first.

III.

When Willie Mellon came to the age for making his First Communion, he had already been well grounded in all the essentials of his religion by his Aunt Mary. She supplied, as best she could, the place of all those Christian instructors, the lack of whom was the chief drawback to the little Irish Catholic colony on the Ridge. She was the young boy's teacher and, almost, his priest and confessor as well. It was only when she had safely thrust him into the confessional, on one of the priest's rare visits to the Ridge, that she consented to leave any part of her nephew's religious training to others.

Simple faith sees clearly the hand of God where perplexed learning often doubts; and, where to faith is added the long repressed fervor of a poetic race, God's Providence blooms out in ever recurring wonders. It is a tropical clime of the soul, wherein God's sun rises day after day with ever new splendor.

To his Aunt Mary it was clear that her nephew was a predestined child of grace. He was born on a Christmas, and a sudden sore mouth had weaned him on the next Good Friday. Perhaps the trouble she had henceforward shared, in the process of bringing him up on the bottle, made her more alive to all these pious portents. But there was a good basis of faith and reason too beneath all her conjectures. It is the dream of every faithful Irish heart that the dearest child shall become a priest of Christ, Who was born on Christmas day and gave up his life, to wean us from this wicked world, on Good Friday.

The industry of the family, and the savings the father had laid by, made it possible for them to think of giving their boy more schooling than was to be had on the Ridge. A sudden misfortune—or rather a quite providential streak of luck, as Aunt Mary would have it—turned the father's thoughts for his son in the line of her own ideas.

It was a chill day in late autumn, and father and son were off in a piece of woodland beyond the stream where there was much fallen timber—a "windfall," in the country parlance, left after the wild soughing through the hills of some mighty storm. The man

was busily chopping the winter's store of fuel, which the boy was piling along a road cut through the forest. Some of the wood was neatly "corded," to be hauled on the first snows down to the market at Waterbrook.

A stalwart trunk had been broken off by the wind a dozen feet from the ground, and remained lodged on its forked and splintered stump. In an interval of his labor, the boy, with the over-liveliness of his age, threw his arms around the tree where it slanted down to his stature and began climbing on, hand over hand, toward the place where it was suspended by its broken trunk. His weight was what was needed to complete the work of the winds. The half-fallen tree now rolled completely to the ground, with the boy beneath it. Happily, his bones were still lithe and tender with youth, and when the affrighted father had succeeded in rolling off the heavy trunk, he found his son's leg doubled together; but life had not been crushed out of him.

With the lad upon his back, clinging desperately in spite of the pain, the father, supporting the injured limb as carefully as he might, tenderly made his way over the meadow and up the long hill to his home.

The mother's terror was too great to allow of her being of much use in the emergency; but Aunt Mary was in her element. Her darling Willie's life had been saved; this was proof positive in her mind that God and the Blessed Mother had other views for him than that he should continue a mere hewer of wood.

The surgeon from Waterbrook soon relieved their minds of all fear of vital injury. The poor crushed leg was straightened and set in a splint, and the long days of healing from the violent wrench began. The immediate effects of the shock were painful enough; and the boy passed many sleepless days and nights. It was a sore strain on the energies of the little family. Aunt Mary reserved the long night-watches to herself, crooning to the wakeful lad, or going softly over her beads in a pathetic monotone that should have sufficed to set to sleep the wildest delirium of fever.

Willie only lay and stared with wide-open eyes, greatly to the disconcerting of his anxious aunt, who prayed on all the more persistently. To give him good example, she kept her own eyes tightly closed, peering out cornerwise from time to time to see if, at last, he would not drop off to sleep. It was of no avail. One night, after long hours of watching, she suddenly felt her courage abandon her, as she heard the boy sigh wearily and move restlessly in his bed. With tears in her eyes, she reached over to pour into his parched mouth a spoonful of some soothing liquid left by the doctor. Willie impatiently waved her away, while his wan face was drawn up with an intent gaze at something before him.

"I see the stars," he said faintly.

With a suppressed sob, his aunt rose to her feet, ready to summon father and mother if their boy was really dying and not going to be a priest after all. But her strong common sense was not easily flustered, and a glance showed her that only the restlessness of long suffering had made the child's mind flighty in the long waking hours of the night. So she contented herself with smoothing the pillow, and saying inquiringly, as she took up her beads once again—"The stars, dear?"

"I see stars, and the sun too, and the moon—all shining round the butternut tree on the hill. What do you think they're doing there?"

"How'd I know, darlin'," said the puzzled aunt. But, as she saw the disappointment on the face of the lad, who was gazing sharply up at her, she caught her words again with all the readiness of her race, and went on volubly: "P'raps now, our Saviour's the sun, and His Blessed Mother the moon—often I heard the priest say that in Ireland. And then—" she kept right on, for the boy's keen gaze made her uncomfortable, and besides, her thoughts naturally jumped homeward with that true Christian instinct, also common in her race, which brings to their own doors the great manifestations of their religion—"p'raps it's St. Patrick and St. Bridget. So, dear, I'll say a little prayer to them, and you go off to sleep, darlin'."

"But the stars? Who's the stars?" cried the sick boy, querulously, on whom his aunt's words had anything but a composing effect in his state of excitement.

Aunt Mary was more nonplussed than ever, but she answered bravely: "Why, who would the stars be but the blessed Saints in heaven?" Here a light suddenly broke in upon her: "It must be the brave men who wouldn't go with the *soupers* in the famine year, and sell their religion for the food to keep body and soul together. Sure they're blessed martyrs too—I heard the priest say it when I was leaving the old country in the hard times—glory be to God, I did!"

But the boy was not satisfied with the explanations of his aunt, in spite of her earnestness. "No, no!" he persisted, with the flighty look in his eyes again: "It's priests—all in white—and the stars are on their heads, and—I guess it is our Lord and His Mother that are ahead—maybe," he exclaimed starting up suddenly, "it's the day of judgment; but you never told me that'd be round the old butternut on the hill," and he dropped back again wearily on his pillows.

His aunt, terror-stricken at these strange visions, fell on her knees by the bed and began her prayers again. This time she met with better success than before, and after a little she found the young star-seer was peacefully sleeping. His overwrought nerves had yielded to long fatigue.

IV.

But it was the end of winter before the boy could walk freely, and the long confinement had turned him from his former sturdiness to an almost city-bred delicacy. He amused himself by reading whatever he could lay hands on. The kind old doctor lent him books of natural history, and the Waterbrook priest, on his Christmas visit to the Ridge, brought with him a store of magazines and religious papers. Willie already knew by heart the well-thumbed volumes of Aunt Mary's "Lives of the Saints."

In summer he was able to attend the cross-roads school-house,

where Ellen Moran—a native of the Ridge, whose strange life as Helen Booker, better known to my readers than to her neighbors, had given her advantages of high education abroad,—was now presiding. She took a kindly interest in the lad who still limped slightly, and brought him well on in his studies—much beyond what is expected of the scholars of a country district.

Mr. and Mrs. Mellon were now accustomed to thinking of their growing son as one not destined to labor with his hands. Aunt Mary's plans seemed fairly on the way to be realized; and she made frequent pilgrimages to the butternut tree on the hill.

"Who knows?" she would say to herself; "perhaps it's holy ground like the holy wells in Ireland—only it's a hill; but then the blessed Patrick was reared on the mountain. Maybe some of the old missioners were killed by the Indians round here, like what the Father was telling us on Christmas day."

Of course, it was the stars her nephew had seen that really sanctified the place to her. Her pious stations here were more than ever frequent when, at last, the boy was sent off to college, by the advice of the good priest and with the hope that he might one day be seen at the altar in the little church on the Ridge.

But Aunt Mary's were no better than other "best-laid plans of mice and men." All went smoothly for a time. Will became a forward scholar, and he recovered enough of his former strength to excel in the college sports. In the long summer vacations he busied himself on the farm, and the breaking in of Mink—a colt as playful as his young master—was entrusted to him. Then, when he was at the turning-point of his studies—ready to enter the higher classes which give the immediate preparation necessary to the choice of a learned profession—his father died, and was followed within the month by his gentle-natured mother. There was not enough ready money left him to keep on with his schooling. He might have held to the farm, as he was getting to be man-grown, and Aunt Mary, whose heart was brave enough for anything, would have made him a famous house-keeper. But she could not reconcile this with his priestly vocation, which she hoped to see fulfilled even if he now turned aside for a time to some city occupation, as he proposed.

"Sure a fine young gentleman in Philadelphia is nearer a priest any time than a bogtrotter on the Ridge," she comforted herself by saying, though an immense doubt rose chokingly up in her heart.

So the farm was sold for the little it would bring, and that at long payments; and Will Mellon began life as an under-clerk in a large commercial house—a position which his teachers' influence had secured him. He had lately been promoted, as he had shown a clear head and a kindly persuasive tongue. There were fair prospects of his getting on the road as travelling salesman after a little. And all thought of the priesthood gradually faded from his mind.

He wrote Aunt Mary, who had found a home in Waterbrook, a cheery account of his meeting with Mink. She sighed, half with pleasure and half with pain. Not long after, she found means to revisit the Ridge; she prayed long by her old shrine at the butternut tree on the hill.

(*To be concluded.*)

OUR MASTER'S LESSON.

Bear with My wounded Heart the pain
Of buffet, scourge, and taunt and cross:
Employed aright each earthly loss
Is never loss, but endless gain.

Lift every thought to Me above,
Be every wish—*Thy Kingdom come!*
Nor hand be idle, heart be dumb;
But living, labor; laboring, love.

Tread bravely on with feet unshod,
O'er flint and thorns that pave the way,
From vales of death to endless day
Whose radiance is the face of God.

T. B. F.

THE FATHER OF THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

FATHER FRANCIS XAVIER GAUTRELET, S. J. (1807–1886).[1]

I.—EARLY LIFE AND TRAINING.

HE was born at Sampigny in France on the 15th of February, 1807. His father was a sterling Catholic, and had had much to suffer during the storms of the great Revolution. For several years he had been Mayor of the town, but he was obliged to abandon a position which the irreligious character of the time rendered intolerable. Madame Gautrelet was a woman of strong character, a worthy helpmate in every way of her excellent husband. Out of the twelve children with which Heaven had blessed her, seven followed the call of God to the religious life.

It was a religious family all through. M. Gautrelet himself had a brother and an uncle in the priesthood; both were fortunate enough to suffer imprisonment and exile for the faith in the days of the Revolution.

As a child little Francis was grave and pious beyond his years, and generally regarded—says his brother, a Jesuit priest in America—as "the angel" of the family. He had an ascendency over others that could certainly not be explained on the score of years. One day—that of her First Communion—his little sister and godchild was presented with a book of Hours. It was of course very pretty, and the child was very fond of it. Francis feared it would be too much of a distraction in prayer, too much of a temptation to vanity. He removed the stumbling-block at once, substituting a plainer one in its stead. This zeal for the spiritual welfare of his relatives was a prominent trait in his dealings with them through life. We find some of his letters to

[1] Father Gautrelet deserves a very honorable mention among the friends of the Sacred Heart, as having been the Father and founder of Its holy League. This mere sketch of his saintly life, which alone can be given in these pages, is based on that issued by the Rev. Director General of the League in the French MESSENGER for January of this year. A complete biography, with portrait, has been published in Paris (Retaux-Bray).

his sister, previous to his entering the Society of Jesus, breathing a supernatural tone quite remarkable in a youth who was not yet out of his teens.

On the 19th of September, 1829, the young man of twenty asked admission to the Society of Jesus. He had just read the life of St. Ignatius, and concluded a short retreat within the walls of the Novitiate at Avignon.

It required no little courage for a young man to knock at the door of the Novitiate in those days. The Society of Jesus was then under a dark cloud by reason of the ordinances wrested a little over a year before from the weak Charles the Tenth. The colleges had been closed, and but six or seven houses were left for the duties of the priestly ministry, which the Fathers exercised with anything but apostolic freedom.

The Novitiate at Avignon was then under the direction of Father Francis Renaud, subsequently the first Provincial of Lyons and a man of rare wisdom and force of character. It might be well said of him that he made his novice to his own image and likeness. In the Novitiate Brother Gautrelet began to be distinguished for that regularity and the harsh treatment of self which marked him through life. The winter of 1829 was unusually severe. Yet the good novice was to be seen heart and soul in the manual labors of custom, his hands chapped, frightfully swollen, and utterly unprotected.

The following year brought with it sad mishaps to the Society. Religious houses then as now were among the first to feel the effects of the revolutionary outbreak. Saint-Acheul—a famous centre of learning and missionary zeal—was attacked by the mob of Amiens. On this memorable occasion the saintly orator, Father de Ravignan, came near losing his life. The scene was less tragic at Avignon, but even there it was found necessary to bend before the storm. The priests engaged in the active ministry were dispersed to await the dawn of better days, while the younger religious were sent off into exile. The novices went in detachments to Spain and Italy. Brother Francis was of this latter number; they settled down in Chieri, a small town of Piedmont not far from Turin.

They were obliged to travel in disguise and we may be sure their garb was not a costly one. In fact, one of his travelling companions tells us how Brother Gautrelet—the very picture of meekness and modesty—was the occasion of many a hearty laugh in the different houses of the Society through which he passed, on account of the awkwardness of his personal appearance. It was in this costume that the humble novice traversed the entire coast region from Nice to Genoa, where the pious exiles made a short stay.

We next find him in Switzerland, first at Freiburg, then at Brieg, where he completed the scholastic course of mathematics, natural sciences, and theology, in which last he showed particular aptitude. To one of his serious and devout turn of mind, theology was a congenial study, and he threw himself into it with an ardor which to him was an affair of conscience. Previous to his entering the Society he had made a course of two years of divinity at the Grand Seminary of Autun. But his promising ability induced Superiors to grant him also the full four years that are a part of the Jesuit curriculum. They were years well spent. He had not that brilliant, incisive mind that plays with a difficulty, but he had, to compensate, a clearness of view, a correctness of judgment, that made him respected amongst his brethren no less for his learning than for his sanctity.

The horizon of France was beginning to clear at last. The pious exiles passed the French frontier, and toward the close of 1833 the students of Brieg found themselves gathered together at Vals, near Le Puy. Vals is about a quarter of a league from the town. Its retired position and commodious grounds make it desirable as a place for study. The giant statue of *Notre Dame de France* was not yet in existence, but the city, seen from the valley, threw into relief the sharply cut rock which seemed made for the pedestal of this colossal Madonna.[2] Vals was to be the

[2] See *Frontispiece*—"The Cradle of the Apostleship of Prayer"—and 1st article of the series—"Twenty-five Years' Work"—in MESSENGER for August, 1886; also sketch in *Almanac*, and *Side-piece*—"Our Lady of France"—in January *Pilgrim* of this year.

cradle of the Apostleship of Prayer, and Brother Gautrelet its Father.

The Bishop welcomed the refugees with open heart and hand, whilst the people warmly greeted them as the brethren of the Saint Francis Regis who had labored so long amongst them and who was still remembered as the *holy Father.* In fact, from the College at Le Puy the Saint went forth to his missions among the poor mountaineers. Vals was the home of Father Gautrelet; he spent, perhaps, the more serviceable portion of his life within its walls. From the beginning it became the nursery, not only for the Society in France, but for fifty years it continued to train evangelical workmen for the different countries of Europe and throughout the world.

From the very beginning, also, the work of catechizing the country children was set on foot. Sunday after Sunday saw its quota of scholastics going forth into the different villages on their apostolic errand. Brother Gautrelet was among the first pioneers of this noble undertaking. It was just the kind of recreation he needed—it was the only one he cared for—in order to drag him away from severe application to graver studies. "I cannot understand," he said one day to his companion, "how any one can find enjoyment in walks, journeys, conversations or readings, that have not the service of God for their object."

The great day in the life of the man as of the religious was about to disturb the quiet tenor of the student's career. Francis Xavier Gautrelet was raised to the dignity of the priesthood on the 19th of December, 1833, in the time-honored basilica of Our Lady of Le Puy. We cannot portray the workings of his soul at that moment. We know that the Holy Eucharist was his life, and we have heard from more than one source that it was impossible to be present at his Mass without being moved to deepest devotion. "I saw him once only, and that was forty years ago," says one of the older lay-brothers. "I was serving his Mass. I have never forgotten him; he was an angel."

Soon after his ordination Father Gautrelet was sent to Mélan to profess philosophy. As an earnest of his intense application

to duty, he left behind him a quarto volume in manuscript of seven hundred pages on the *Elements of Philosophy.* But it is not always that the flesh keeps pace with the spirit. Father Gautrelet was soon to experience the results of his unwearied energy.

The members of the community were drawing by lot, according to custom, the Patron Saint for the following month. Father Gautrelet's turn came. He put forward his hand and drew out John the Silentiary, with the practice enjoined—*Love Silence.* Not that the good Father had anything to reproach himself with on this head, but, as he said himself, "I see that God wishes me to observe silence still more religiously." The feast of John the Silent came around in May. Father Gautrelet, on the very day, was afflicted with a loss of voice. So complete was it that he had to carry a slate with him to write down what he was unable to explain by signs.

It was thought that the quiet and recollection of the Third Year of Novitiate, made by the Jesuits after their priesthood, might help to restore him, but the year passed without any perceptible change. Our Lord Himself undertook the charge of purifying his servant still more, and of perfecting his burning zeal for souls in the school of patience.

Two years went by in this way—a period of painful inaction, but none the less profitable, to one of his ardent temperament. He regained the use of his voice once more, and gave full scope to an untiring activity which was to halt only in the grave.

II.—The Apostle of Prayer.

Father Gautrelet was now in his thirty-fifth year, when obedience called him to exercise the responsible functions of Spiritual Father to the Scholastics at Vals. The appointment of one so young to such a weighty charge is proof enough of the confidence and esteem of his Superiors.

There were then some hundred persons in the community of Vals, representing, on account of the revolutionary disturbances, Spain, Italy, England, Germany, Ireland, and France, which last was in the minority. No common degree of patience, tact, and

discernment of character was needed in this little world of diversity.

Father Gautrelet was equal to the task. He always had the right word in the right place and for the right man. Though as many as twenty would call upon him in one morning, he was always accessible, always affable. It was a positive pleasure to go to his room, where he was sure to be found sitting at his desk, pen in hand. Though always busy, he seemed to have nothing to do but to listen to each one. All felt perfectly at ease, perfectly welcome to stay as long as they pleased. Father Gautrelet spoke slowly, and in a rather subdued tone. He heard all each one had to say, and no one ever felt the slightest hesitation in opening his heart to him.

His exhortations breathed the apostolic spirit, which had ample field for labor in Vals, where, besides the twenty-five villages that were catechized weekly, there were prisons and hospitals attended by the young Jesuit scholastics.

But another work for the display of apostolic zeal was now taking shape in his mind—the *Apostleship of Prayer.*

On the 3d of December, 1844—the feast of the patron and model of apostolic men, Saint Francis Xavier—Father Gautrelet delivered an exhortation to the community at Vals, in which he proposed and explained in outline its nature, its essential workings, and its theological basis.

"We are to be apostles, we are apostles by our calling and our state of life. The apostleship finds its exercise in word and deed, but still more in prayer. While Israel is fighting on the plain, Moses must be praying on the mountain. For the present, we may not spend our strength and pour forth our sweat and blood on the battle-fields of the apostleship; but we can pray. Our prayers, our penances, our good works are a power; they are the fighting strength without which not a soldier can begin the campaign. We will band ourselves together then, we will mass our numbers, and every day we will offer our quota of prayers, of sacrifices, of meritorious works to the treasury of the apostleship. Thus we shall be a living force to apostolic laborers, and we

shall share, very really and very effectually, in their toils and their triumphs."

From that day dates the foundation of the *Apostleship of Prayer*. The idea was at once so true and so pious, it so reconciled the generous ambition of the hearers with the demands of their life of study, that it was taken up enthusiastically. The heat of labor, as well as the fervor of piety, found new fuel in it.[3]

From Vals the holy work went out into the neighboring communities and parishes, in which latter the Sunday catechists were its most zealous propagators.

To extend still more a work thus happily undertaken, Father Gautrelet wrote a little book on the *Apostleship of Prayer*, which was honored by the personal approval of Father Roothaan, then General of the Society of Jesus. Later on he received from the same source the following formal letter of approbation and encouragement:

Rome, 2 *November*, 1847.

To help on an undertaking so conformable to the mind of our Divine Saviour—*Ask the Master of the harvest that he send workmen into his field*—I most gladly, as far as I can, admit all who take part in it to a share in the merits which the laborers of our Society may gain by their toil and sweat, wherever it pleases God to make use of them for His glory and the salvation of souls. In doing this, I am but anticipating the wishes of our missionaries. I know but too well how, in the midst of trials and combats, they feel the need of being sustained by the prayers of fervent and zealous Christians. This mutual share of merits will, I feel, make them only too happy to earn a special title to those of the Associates of the *Apostleship*.

"God grant His choicest blessings to this rising work, that it may help to hasten the coming of Christ's Kingdom in the hearts of such as blaspheme Him or know Him not.

In union with your Holy Sacrifices,
Your servant in Jesus Christ,
J. ROOTHAAN, S. J.

---

[3] The following pages explain how the simple exercise of the *Apostleship of Prayer*, practised by many under a common promise, developed into the world-wide *League of the Sacred Heart*. But, where the essential idea of united *prayer* as a true *apostleship* is fading, the above passage is most noteworthy. Where the recommending of *Intentions* and the *Treasury of Good Works*, with the *Morning Offering* as the essential base, are unknown, there *League* and *Apostleship* no longer have their true meaning.

We know how far the wish of Father Roothaan has been realized. Some years later, at the urgent request of Father Gautrelet, Father Henry Ramière placed at the service of the Apostleship all the resources of his enterprising genius and ardent soul. He completed the work, by making a lofty and touching idea enter into it. The *Apostleship of Prayer* became the *League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, with the mission of defending and promoting the interests of that Divine Heart. To bind more closely together, in union and charity, the members of an Association which was to extend the world over, Father Ramière founded the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, as the official organ of the Apostleship.

A great Work, says His Holiness Leo XIII.,—"a Work truly *Catholic* in the proper sense of the term."

Father Gautrelet lived to witness this wonderful growth of the mustard seed which his hands had so humbly sown in Vals. He himself thus speaks of it in a new edition, in 1874, of his little work on the *Apostleship of Prayer*.

"This little book saw the light twenty-seven years ago: it was the first idea of a work that God has specially deigned to bless. This seed—very slight and very weak—was to grow up in humility, having first *taken root downward* in the earth; but planted in the fertile soil of the Church, the little bush, unnoticed, has become a great tree, and its fruit-laden branches reach to the ends of the earth—*and it shall bear fruit upward.*[4]

"In the first fifteen years of its existence, from 1846 to 1861, the *Association of the Apostleship*, blessed and encouraged from the beginning by Pius IX. and welcomed by persons of the highest influence, was nevertheless spread in only a certain number of religious communities, which, not satisfied with taking up its practice, made themselves the active propagators of the idea which it expressed and formulated. It kept itself alive, but it made scarcely any progress. For a time even, there was reason to fear for it the fate of so many other works of this kind which, after throwing out a fitful gleam, soon fail and are quenched in oblivion.

[4] Isaias, xxxvii. 31.

"What then was wanting to this Association, in order that it might take a wider development? There was wanting to it a completer *demonstration* of the truth which is its foundation, and which is needed to make its working understood. There was wanting to it a more practical and strong *organization*. Last of all, it stood in need of more vigorous and constant *direction*. Rev. Father Ramière, by his active and persevering zeal and his excellent book which, under the title of the *Apostleship of Prayer*, comprises a clear and solid exposition of the Catholic doctrine concerning the nature and power of prayer, provided perfectly for all these wants. The MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART—the periodical which he founded and which, since 1861, has been the official organ of the Association—by the nature of the matters treated in its pages and the interesting character its editors have been able to give its contents, has wonderfully helped to spread the Apostleship of Prayer throughout the world.

"Such then was the starting-point of this Association in its extraordinary career of progress. This progress has gone on always increasing."[5]

In a letter to Father Regnault, the successor of Father Ramière as Director General of the League, Father Gautrelet says:

My warmest congratulations! The task is a great one, but the fruits are consoling, and success long since assured. I hope that Father Ramière will not cease to interest himself in a work which was so dear to him, and for which God himself seemed to have fitted him. Yes, from the heights of heaven he will continue his active interest. I need not tell you what a blow the news of his death was to me. My brother, Father Francis, writes from Spring Hill College, near Mobile, Alabama:[6] "A week ago we learned the sad tidings of Father

[5] During the last three years the American MESSENGER has published a complete history of the great work from the beginning, under the title—*Twenty-five Years' Work*. The classical book of Father Ramière is now out of print in English, and the translation, made from the first edition of the original, needs great changes to conform it to the work as left by the author. The substance is contained in the *Handbook*, and this office is soon to issue Father Ramière's works in full.

[6] Father Francis Gautrelet, younger brother of Xavier, had left Vals for America. He was for many years Superior of the Southern mission, having its centre in New Orleans, where he still resides.

Ramière's death. The news fell on us like a thunderbolt. I had often thought that God would grant him a decade more of years. Alas! he was ripe, and our Lord has spared him the rest; he has gone from us laden with merits. I am almost afraid to say Mass for him—I am persuaded that the Sacred Heart, for Which he toiled so much, has given him full remission. It is impossible to read his MESSENGER without feeling the heart moved by his piety, his devotion, his untiring zeal. . . ."

Adieu, and care now for your health. You are no longer one man—you are a *legion*.

III.—The Zealous Workman.

Father Gautrelet had always some work on hand: every moment had its appointed duty. Besides his valuable little book on the *Apostleship of Prayer*, he was the author of a *Meditation Book for Priests* or *The Priest at the Altar*, of an excellent *Treatise on the Religious State* and also of *Correspondence between a Catholic Priest and a Calvinist Minister*, where "the foundation-principle of the Reformation is twenty times proved false and untenable." These letters made quite a stir, doing serious damage to the Protestant view in the minds of many. A priest from Geneva said recently: "For controversial purposes I know of nothing better than the modest work of Father Gautrelet. These were followed by another work, *The Divinity of the Church proved and vindicated*, wherein Father Gautrelet gives a simple, but adequate refutation of the charges brought against the Church.

In 1852 Father Gautrelet was made Rector of Vals. It was a rude shock to the humble religious, but he submitted in the spirit of obedience.

His reign of three years was one of comparative prosperity. A new era had dawned. The revolutionists were tired of their foul work. They saw the abyss into which they were about to fall, and began to clamor for the restoration of authority and religion —the two foundation stones of social order. Everything looked hopeful. The Society was at liberty to follow out its full curriculum of studies, while the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception gave a fresh impetus to piety.

The missionary field had become still more extended by the

annexation of Madura and Madagascar to the Province of Toulouse. Apostolic zeal was fanned anew. Other missionaries were needed to supply the places of those who, to the number of forty, had in a few years succumbed to the trying climate of India. The missionary spirit was not wanting at Vals. A little chapel was built under the invocation of Our Lady of the Apostles. God alone can tell the generous desires, the ardent sighs for distant fields of labor, that were breathed out there at the feet of the Blessed Virgin.

Father Gautrelet was the first to second these generous aspirations. It was not without a holy envy that he saw his brother Francis setting out for America. "My brother is happier than I," he then wrote; "my poor health will not allow me to follow him." But the good Father was destined by God to inflame other hearts, to fit other apostles for lands which he was not permitted to evangelize in person. On the other hand, we must not forget that there were colleges around him which needed a numerous contingent of competent teachers. Retrenching nothing of the theological studies necessary to the making of learned divines, Father Gautrelet took care that the young men preparing for the colleges should be well equipped in the natural sciences and mathematics, and in the literary accomplishments required for successful professorship.

About this time an event took place in connection with Father Gautrelet's administration which it would be an injustice to omit. The Jubilee of Our Lady of Le Puy was about to be celebrated with unusual pomp and splendor. The whole township wished to do honor to the Immaculate Virgin, and, as a substantial and fitting memorial of the occasion, to erect on the summit of the *Rocher Corneille* the colossal statue of Our Lady of France. Father Gautrelet had the consolation of taking an active part in this noble enterprise. He encouraged it in every possible way. Nay, in the Scholasticate at Vals originated the idea of erecting this worthy monument to the Virgin on the imposing rock which overlooks the city of Le Puy.

On the 10th of December, 1854, two days after the procla-

mation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the corner stone of the pedestal of the Madonna was laid with solemn ceremony. But it was not till the September of 1860—six long years after—that the great statue, made from the metal of the cannon of Sebastopol, was set up amidst the transports and acclamation of more than a hundred thousand people who had come to witness the event. The pedestal, which is of stone with an iron facing, stands twenty-two feet above the rock. The statue is over fifty feet in height above the pedestal. The Virgin stands on a hemisphere, holding on her right arm the Divine Infant with His hand raised in benediction over the city and entire country.

In the midst of his multiplied cares, this zealous priest diminished nothing of his devoted and generous charity to those in need of his services. There was scarcely a religious community in Le Puy, which did not make frequent calls on him for spiritual as well as for material help. His saintly life has left an undying impression in the town, and to this day he is spoken of as the "holy Rector of Vals."

It was the Father's greatest delight to visit the sick and the poor. He was always a welcome visitor, and found himself perfectly at home with the humble and the little in the eyes of the world. One who often saw him on these errands of charity gives this testimony of him: "Father Rector was often seen in this quarter: he was very good to the poor. When he could no longer speak about God he would say—'Good-by'—and then disappear." He was a worthy son of St. Ignatius, who was known at Rome, by those who had not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, as "the priest who always speaks about God."

In 1855 Father Gautrelet was recalled to the Province of Lyons, to which he belonged, and made Superior of the residence at Fourvière, and Instructor of the Fathers of the Third Probation. In this *school of the heart*—so called by St. Ignatius—he had for his disciple the celebrated Father Drevon, an Apostle of the Sacred Heart, a man of intense piety, and distinguished for the prominent part he took in the movement of 1873, that

brought to the Sanctuary of Paray-le-Monial whole multitudes, including the members of the National Assembly. Father Drevon afterward became the founder of the Communion of Reparation, which has now long been identified with the Apostleship of Prayer, as the Third Degree of the League of the Sacred Heart. Even then, Father Gautrelet called him "the Sacred Heart's travelling agent."

To propagate the devotion to the Sacred Heart was ever the beloved object of Father Gautrelet's labors. As a young religious at Vals he was the head and soul of a pious union, founded in honor of the Heart of Jesus. Later on, he never failed in his capacity of Spiritual Father to point to this same Divine Heart as the strength of the young religious and their model of absolute self-sacrifice. With this end in view he composed his *Month of the Sacred Heart*, one of his first and best works, which has gone through thirty editions. And when Father Ramière finally organized the Apostleship of Prayer into the League of the Sacred Heart, Father Gautrelet rejoiced at a thought which was, indeed, his own but not brought out in the original plan.

At the period of which we are writing, his almost constant occupation was the propagation of this eminently Catholic devotion. It was the ordinary subject of his exhortations to the Children of Mary, and it was owing to the zeal and generosity, which he knew so well how to inspire, that the picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus found its way into the great majority of the churches in Lyons.

Father Gautrelet was ever devising some new method for promoting God's greater glory. "Let us do quickly," he wrote to his sister, "the little good we can. The world is horribly wicked. We must therefore snatch all the souls we can from sin, from vice and from hell, and restore them to God their Creator and Master."

Father Gautrelet had come to the age of fifty years when he was named Provincial of Lyons, a division of the Society having a large number of communities and much responsible work at home and abroad. In the common run of worldly news the

change of Superiors in a religious order is scarcely noticed; but their work is far reaching and the entire welfare of the various communities, and therefore in large measure of the Church served by their labors, depends on them. For the details of these years of responsibility we must refer the reader to the large *Life* which has been written. It is enough to repeat here the words of the French Assistant of the General of the Society of Jesus at that time: "Father Gautrelet was the man of good counsel, the man who was dead to nature and to self, who had no inspirations that were not from above."

After his term as Provincial, he was sent as Superior-General to the missions of Algiers in Africa. Still later he was made Visitor of the missionary establishments in Syria. Here he had the opportunity of making a devout pilgrimage to the Holy Places; ever after, he retained his certificate as a pilgrim, which the Father Guardian of the Franciscans had given him. In his love of religious poverty, it remained one of the three treasures he allowed himself to keep, the others being the certificate of his baptism and his letters of ordination.

He returned to France in 1869—just before the stormy times which preceded and accompanied the Vatican Council. In the spiritual ministry to which he was devoted he found time to write *Letters to a Lady of the World*, trying to reduce to moderation those who aspired to become "mothers of the Church" and to influence the proceedings of the Council. The next year he saw his brethren in the city of Lyons arrested by the Commune, though they escaped the massacre which later on made martyrs of their brothers in Paris.

When peace and law had been restored he was made Superior again, and soon afterward the great College of St. Joseph was founded under his direction. With all his busy occupations, here too he found time to write another work—*Freemasonry and the Revolution*—which was specially honored by the Holy Father. Later on, when the era of immense pilgrimages began, it was owing to his suggestion that the National Hymn to the Sacred Heart—*Pitié, mon Dieu!*—was composed.

In 1876, he became Superior of the house of writers engaged on the well-known ecclesiastical review—the *Études Religieuses.*[7]

The closing period of Father Gautrelet's superiorship was a dark one indeed. The 30th of June, 1880, was to see the execution of the persecuting Decrees of the infidel French Republic. A strong guard of gendarmes made their appearance at the residence. The good Fathers were driven out into the street. The crowd gathered around them to kiss their hands and receive their priestly blessing, whilst the air resounded again and again with the acclamation "Long live the Fathers, long live the religious."

The Superior was the last to leave his post. Before his eyes, the chief official closed the door of the chapel, and affixed to it the Government seals.

Father Gautrelet was then summoned to the small residence of Cannes, where he spent the closing six years of his life in comparative tranquillity, having been only twice snatched away from his peaceful retreat, first to govern the College of Marseilles for a short time, and secondly to take part in the General Congregation at Rome which was to elect the successor of Father Beckx.

IV.—Last Days and Death.

In the June of 1886 Father Gautrelet set out for Montluçon, where he completed a religious work which he had long had at heart. All manner of questions were asked him about his health, to which he replied smiling: "I am like a man who is losing something every day. I am declining, but I am not yet dead."

He was again at his desk that evening, as usual. He insisted even on giving exhortations to the community. The last exhortation came on the 26th of June, which was Sunday. By a sort of inspiration he took for his text, *He that shall persevere unto the end, he shall be saved.*[8] A more fitting epilogue could hardly be given to so worthy a life.

The 3d of July came—the Feast of the Sacred Heart so

[7] This review, suspended for a time during the late persecutions, has been revived and is now more successful than ever before (Paris, Retaux Bray).

[8] St. Matthew, x. 22.

dear to the venerable priest. He found himself unable either to say the Mass for the community or take part in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. He said, however, the Mass of thanksgiving: it was his last. At the close of the solemn office, the youngest orphan child of the house, a boy five years old, named Ignatius, and decked out in processional costume, knelt before the saintly old man to receive his blessing. Father Gautrelet made the sign of the cross on his forehead, and prayed that he might become a priest.

Father Gautrelet had not many hours before him now. The lamp of life was slowly going out. The moment had arrived for assembling the community to assist at the administration of Extreme Unction.

The Superior knelt down at the feet of the dying Father, and asked him to bless all present and the entire Society. The good Father wished to raise himself up, but was requested to remain seated on his chair. With hands uplifted the dying man pronounced slowly and distinctly the Latin formula of the priestly benediction. They were the last words he was heard to utter. With his eyes fixed upon the crucifix and a picture of the Sacred Heart before him, he made frequent signs of the cross, until his head fell gently on his breast, and his life passed away sweetly and calmly.

It is not for us to say if it will please God to glorify after death the servant who did so much to glorify God and the Sacred Heart on earth by his works of zeal, and especially by the work of the Apostleship of Prayer. More than one miraculous favor has been spoken of as obtained by his intercession; but to these it would hardly yet be prudent to give publicity. Certain it is, that he was regarded by all as a man of extraordinary holiness of life.

If it be true that out of *the mouth of infants God hath perfected praise*, we have the testimony of the orphan child whom he had blessed, and who, when asked if he was not afraid to stand by the dead body of the Father, replied:

"He is not dead, he is a Saint."

+ L. Elloy, Ev. de Bipasa.
Vic. apo. des Navigateurs

SAMOA AND ITS APOSTLES.

THE Samoan Islands lift their mountain crests and luxuriant forests above the waves of the South Pacific some fifteen degrees below the Equator and in longitude west from Greenwich about one hundred and seventy degrees. This places them in the heart of the Polynesian Archipelago, squarely in the track of the steamships plying between Australia and America.

Though they number fourteen in all, only nine of them are inhabited, and of these only five are of noteworthy size, Upolu, Savaii, Tutuila, Manono, and Manua.

The commerce of the islands is small at present, but the natural richness of the soil, the balmy and even climate and the convenient location, all promise a rich harvest to the careful cultivator. The islands are in consequence rising now into a commercial prominence which augurs well for their future.

The native population of the group numbers a little over thirty-five thousand. The people are rather a handsome race, with straight, black hair, a deep olive complexion and an erect and graceful bearing, though their mouths are inclined to be large and their lips thick. Heavy beards are not an uncommon sight. In their habits the people are cleanly, and in their disposition sociable and winning.

Before the advent of Christianity, though they worshipped only one supreme God, they had a number of lesser deities to whom they paid far greater devotion. At the present day, however, the whole population professes some form of Christianity—Wesleyan, Presbyterian, or Catholic.

It might be pleasant to review the history of the Samoan Group, their discovery in 1768 by Bougainville, who called them the Navigators' Islands from the skill of the natives in handling their canoes; the murder of De Langle and eleven of his men in 1787; the American protectorate assumed by Commodore Meade, U. S. N., over the town and harbor of Pango-Pango in 1872; and the stirring events of more recent days—but our object is only to glance at them as a field of missionary labor.

To the readers of the MESSENGER what concerns the souls of the natives is of the greatest importance.

The Vicariate Apostolic of the Samoan or Navigators' Islands includes four other groups of islands besides the Samoan proper, namely, the Cook, the Tokelau, the Laguna, the southern islets of the Tarawa, and a number of single islands to the west near the Solomon group. Of these, however, several are as yet ignorant of Gospel teaching in any form, while none but the

Samoan and Tokelau are blessed with Catholic establishments; and of these, Manua with its two thousand people has neither priest nor catechist.

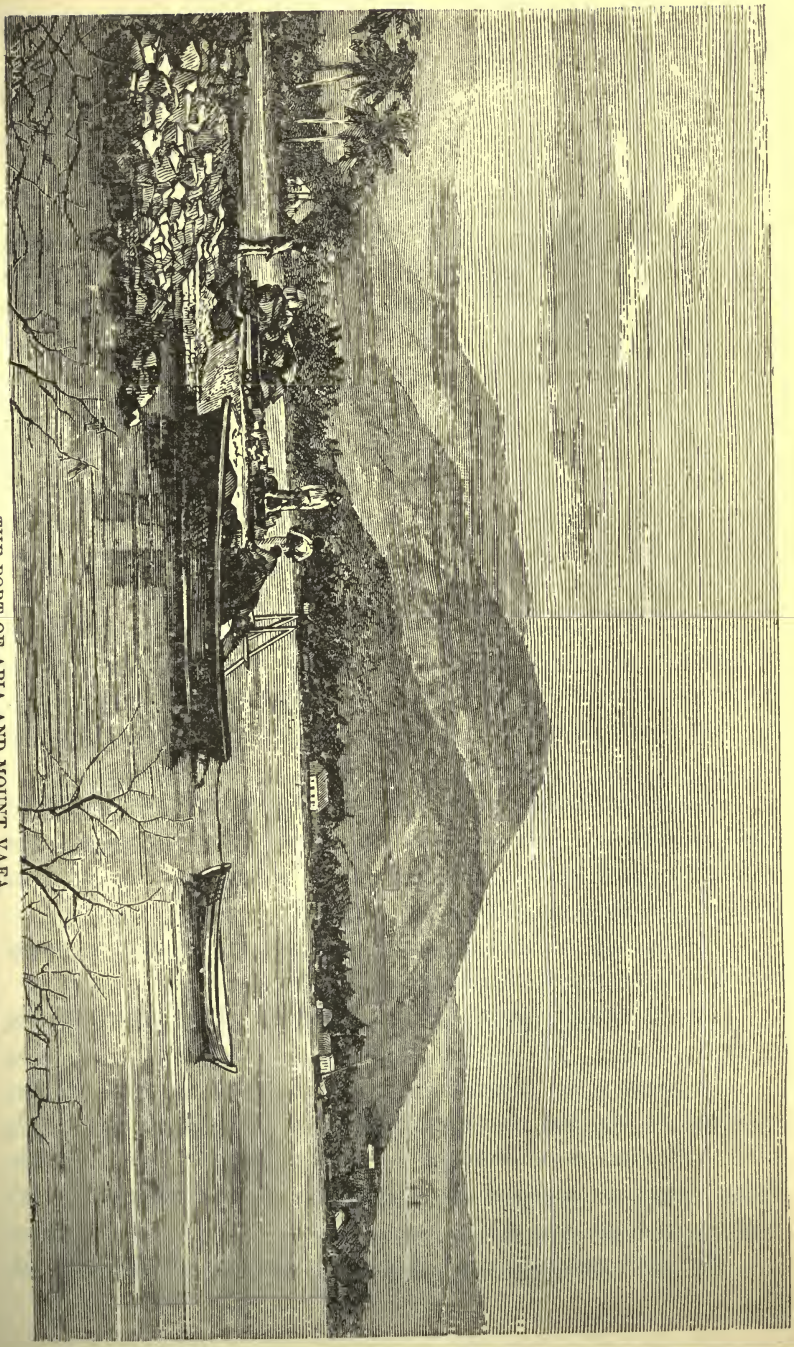
The Fathers of the Society of Mary have the spiritual charge of the islands. In Upolu, with its population of 15,000, they have seven residences; in Savaii, of 12,000, three residences; in Tutuila, of 5,000, only one residence; and in Manono, though it has less than 1,000, they have also one residence.

The founder of the mission of Samoa was Bishop Pierre-Marie Bataillon, one of the twenty-one founders of the Society of Mary. With Fathers Bret and Servant and the Venerable Chanel, who endured martyrdom at Futuna in 1841 and is soon to be beatified, he set out for Oceanica December 24, 1836. He landed at Wallis Island, one of the Friendly group, and there began his labors amongst the savages.

The success of his mission prompted the Holy See to erect it into a separate Vicariate Apostolic, that of Central Oceanica, and on the 3d of December, 1843, he received episcopal consecration at Wallis from the hands of Bishop Douarre. This dignity but served to increase his work, which he carried on so successfully in the opening of new missions that in 1847 the New Caledonia and the New Hebrides groups, and in 1863 the Fiji, were erected into separate Vicariates Apostolic.

Bishop Bataillon sent his first missionaries to the Samoan Islands in 1845, and by 1863 they were in such a flourishing condition that he besought Pope Pius IX. to give him a coadjutor for that group and vicinity. His petition was granted, and on November 30, 1864, at Apia, he consecrated Father Louis Elloy Bishop of Tipasa. Fourteen years later, after forty-one years of ceaseless labors, Mgr. Bataillon passed to his eternal reward on April 10th, 1877. He died at his beloved Wallis in the midst of the sorrowing people whom he had rescued from spiritual darkness.

Mgr. Elloy immediately succeeded Mgr. Bataillon in his episcopal office, and reunited under his government the Vicariate of Central Oceanica, now limited to the Friendly Islands, and that



THE PORT OF APIA AND MOUNT VAEA.

of the Samoan or Navigators' Islands, which, as we have seen, comprises four other groups besides the Samoan.

Mgr. Louis Elloy, of the Society of Mary, began his first missionary work in Oceanica at Apia, the capital of Samoa, November 24th, 1856. He soon distinguished himself by a facility in learning the Samoan language which astonished the native chiefs. He was equally remarkable for his art of winning souls by his amiable manners and unwearying patience; while in his voyages by sea from island to island he was as dextrous a navigator as any of the natives.

His journeys by land and sea were numberless. His peace-making spirit won him friends by hundreds wherever he went. The sign of the cross made its appearance on every hand, and, by the sea and in the forest, houses of God sprang up like magic. Over twenty churches in stone, and some dozen in wood or reeds, with an attendance of more than five thousand Catholics, attest his indefatigable energy and piety.

In 1868, Mgr. Elloy found himself obliged to return to Europe in the interests of his mission; but his heart was in Samoa and he absented himself no longer than was necessary. On his second coming to Apia, he resumed his former gigantic labors, but with fatal results.

A mortal illness seized him, and he was advised to return again to Europe. He was destined never to leave it again. He struggled hard against his illness, and employed his time in preparing a Samoan *Manual of Prayers.*

Finally the exhausted missionary recognized that he must die in France and not in his far-away mission.

"O my God!" he cried, "is it possible? Dost Thou ask this sacrifice of me? Yet not my will but Thine be done."

He made a last pilgrimage to the shrine at Lourdes. Then confined to his bed, he calmly prepared to meet his end. His cruel sufferings never changed his smiling countenance. On his dying couch he enjoyed the consolation of receiving the special blessing of Pope Leo XIII.

He died peacefully at Agen, in France, on the 22d of

November, 1878. The whole population of the town crowded to the Cathedral to attend his obsequies, which were celebrated with a magnificence worthy of his faith and glorious achievements.

Mgr. Elloy's successor, Mgr. Lamaze, also of the Society of Mary, set out for Samoa in September, 1880. His first duty was to execute a pious and touching thought of Mgr. Elloy. This was to entomb the heart of his venerated predecessor in the Cathedral of Apia.

It was only proper that the heart of the zealous apostle, who had died so unexpectedly afar from the home of his predilection, should repose, as Father Favre, the General of the Society of Mary, expressed it, "in this land of Samoa which he had found barbarian and made Christian by the force of love."

The children of the schools of Apia, their teachers, the Catholics of the town and the neighboring country, with Catholics from the church of Vaéa to the number of six hundred, joined in solemn procession to receive the precious relic, and after a discourse by Mgr. Lamaze it was reverently deposited in a niche prepared for it in the wall of the church.

From the reports which Mgr. Elloy made to the Propaganda, we obtain a very fair idea of the mission of Samoa.

Beginning with the island of Tutuila, Mgr. Elloy describes the port of Pango-Pango as the easiest of entrance, the safest and the most beautiful in Samoa. It is an intermediary station between Sydney and San Francisco, where the vessels renew their supply of coal. The port of Leone, however, is at present the seat of the missionaries on the island.

When Mgr. Elloy first landed at this port, he found that the Protestant missionaries had deeply prejudiced the people against his holy religion. His steps were constantly dogged by a threatening and insulting crowd of natives, and the few auditors whom he did gather were frequently dispersed by the lance of a certain old chief.

Five years later, a great crowd of Catholic converts were drawn up to meet him when he came to assist in the erection of their new church, and amongst the most respectful was the old

chief, now a zealous convert. The very Protestants among the natives, in spite of the opposition of their preachers, hastened to assist the Fathers in building the church.

The people are exceedingly poor, but all of them were proud to contribute material and labor to the church. On his departure, a fleet of canoes formed a triumphal escort for the missionary's vessel, as it set sail for the island of Upolu.

This island forms the most flourishing mission in the group. The Marist Fathers have here no less than seven residences. The chief one, that of the episcopal residence, lies at the beautiful port of Apia.

STREET OF APIA.

Apia is the seat of government of the Samoan Archipelago. Originally it was, like all the Samoan villages, only a collection of open huts, but European buildings of stone and coral are rapidly transforming it. This influx of a foreign element is, of course, a disadvantage in many respects to the missionaries, not the least of which is the great assistance given to the Protestant ministers by the English and German governments.

The schools of Apia are the dearest care and the source of greatest hope to the Marist Fathers. The school for boys is an English school and is conducted by the Little Brothers of Mary, while

the school for girls is conducted by the Sisters of Our Lady of Oceanica. These nuns educate about one hundred boarders and seventy day-scholars. The boarders come from all parts of the Archipelago and are selected with scrupulous care as to talent and virtue.

Many of the pupils are to return to the bosom of their families and there spread the good odor of the religion they have learned at the convent. Others become catechists, and, when married, leave to their husbands the instruction of boys, while they themselves are engaged in teaching the girls. Others again, the most virtuous, the bravest and the most talented, consecrate themselves to God in holy religion. Quite a number of them have already joined the community of Our Lady of Oceanica.

Of all these children, none pay for their board or tuition; the schools have neither foundations, capital, nor revenues; and yet so well has God rewarded the trust of the good nuns that they have never wanted for provisions. The school is surrounded by an extensive plantation, and six sturdy men, models of every Christian virtue, have volunteered to spend their lives gratis in cultivating it and otherwise assisting the mission. The children also labor two hours daily. In a dozen other ways God's mysterious Providence always comes to their assistance.

Another important work in this island is what the missionaries call the College of Vaéa, or the training-school for catechists.

Before the Europeans had invaded the port of Apia, the Marist Fathers purchased the mountain of Vaéa, 1700 feet in height, which faces the port. It is covered with forests and separated from the episcopal grounds by a marshy piece of land, through which runs a small river. Mgr. Elloy charged Father Sage with the execution of the work contemplated, and it was carried out in a truly masterly way. Father Sage built a solid road through the swamp, threw two bridges across the river, and up the sides of the mountain led a winding road by easy ascents. At an elevation of two hundred feet, he erected the church of St. Joseph of Vaéa, and the college for the catechists.

The situation of these buildings is described as magnificent. They command a broad view of the sea, and are certainly the most picturesque objects to be seen on entering the port.

The whole Catholic population of from ten to fifteen miles around lent their aid in the works. Village after village in regular rotation came to the mountain and labored there for six days, supporting themselves and asking no recompense except the privilege of working.

The huts for the catechists that were to constitute the college were built speedily. The upright posts were cut from the sur-

HUT AT COLLEGE OF VAEA.

rounding forests, and upon them was laid a pointed roof of sugar-cane stalks bound together by strong vines. The floor was covered with cocoanut mats which served alike for tables and beds.

Amongst the catechists are numbered several sons of distinguished chieftains. They have indeed left all to take up their cross and follow Christ. They have to support themselves by

the arduous cultivation of their plantation, and, though contented with a very little, are often without enough to eat. In 1878, there were one hundred and twenty-five of these young men, all eager to learn to spread the Gospel. Not a few of them are engaged in the study of Latin, with a view to forming eventually that surest indication of success in any mission—a native clergy.

The life led by the catechists is filled with labor and edification. Rising before sunrise, they have their daily meditation and Mass, and six hours of work on the plantation and six of conscientious study, besides an annual retreat of eight days.

After three years spent in careful training, they present themselves to the Bishop or his representative. That prelate gives them a roll of cloth to provide themselves and their families with garments, and then makes them a present of a handsome set of beads and a copper crucifix. The latter they wear publicly as a mark of their vocation. After this the catechist has his special field of labor allotted to him, often at a great distance from his home, and departs with the Bishop's blessing.

In teaching the ignorant, nursing the sick, reclaiming old sinners, baptizing dying infants, and arguing in defence of Holy Church, these catechists prove themselves the most capable and energetic apostles. Through their efforts the missionaries on their first visit to certain villages find the inhabitants almost perfectly prepared for baptism.

Whenever an American or an English man-of-war appears in the harbor of Apia, says Father Gavet, the Superior of the place, the officers are surprised to find so many signs of Catholicity. From every side of the valley of Apia the College of St. Joseph is the most conspicuous building. The officers have hardly landed when they are anxious to make the ascent of Vaéa, and regularly make the College the limit of their evening promenade.

In May, 1876, eight officers of the American *Tuscarora*, after taking sundry scientific observations on the mountain, assisted the Marist Fathers in erecting an immense white cross at its very highest point.

They then invited Bishop Elloy to celebrate Solemn High

Mass on the man-of-war, which he did accompanied by deacon and subdeacon in dalmatics.

The Cross, says Father Gavet, reigns over all.

MISSION HOUSE AND CHURCH, APIA.

THE PROMISES OF THE SACRED HEART.

THE THIRD PROMISE: *I will comfort them in all their afflictions.*

THE Divine Promises in favor of souls devout to the Sacred Heart of Jesus are found, as has been already explained, in various places, and without any fixed order, in the letters of Blessed Margaret Mary. The Third Promise, as it is given in the list now commonly used, really represents two special graces described by the blessed seer when she draws out in detail the "help necessary to their state of life," promised by our Lord to those devout to His Sacred Heart:—"peace in their family, *comfort in their labors*, the blessings of Heaven in all their undertakings, *consolation in all their troubles*." It is thus bound up with the Second and Fifth of the Promises on our present list, and is immediately followed by the Fourth Promise —to be "their secure refuge during life, and above all in death."

This Third Promise seems also to stand for what is said, in a

letter already quoted, immediately after the promise of "reuniting families that are divided":[1] "*The Sacred Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ will protect and aid those in need, when they come to Him with confidence.*" It is, as we have also said, one of the *mercies* for this life, preceding those *graces* for the next which take up the seven last Promises on our list.

This promise of comfort and protection, of help and consolation in the toils and troubles of life, has impressed the minds of all who have given attention to the great spread of devotion to the Sacred Heart among the people in later times.

In an address to the Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart called the Apostleship of Prayer, in 1879, Leo XIII. touchingly declares that he "desires with all the ardor of his soul, that the devotion to the Sacred Heart may be propagated and diffused all over the earth." He then goes on to speak of his "sweet and firm hope that great graces will be derived without fail from the Sacred Heart, to be the efficacious remedy of the evils which afflict the world. . . . All find there peace of heart, *comfort in trials*, a blessing on their labors, a sweet refuge in life, and still more in death. *So we are assured by the great servant of the Sacred Heart, Blessed Margaret Mary.*"

It is certainly encouraging to our own devotion to find the Head of Christ's Church on earth thus referring, with religious respect, to these Divine Promises.

The Apostleship of Prayer, indeed, has from the beginning numbered among its monthly *Intentions* to be prayed for by its vast League of the Sacred Heart—*souls in affliction.* We may again refer confidently to the *Thanksgivings for Graces obtained*, published each month in our own and the other MESSENGERS, for instances of the realization of this Third Promise whenever, in the words of Blessed Margaret Mary, "souls come to the Sacred Heart with confidence."

What the "afflictions" of life are needs little explanation; we are all familiar with them. Our dear Lord Himself chose to endure them all, with the single exception of sin which could not

[1] To Mother Greyfié, 1685.

come to Him—the *Holy One* of God—though its foul presence in those He loved *afflicted His spirit.*[2] Indeed, He was *despised, and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with infirmity. . . .*

Surely He hath borne our infirmities, and carried our sorrows: and we have thought him as it were a leper, and as one struck by God and afflicted.[3]

The homelessness, the cold and hunger of poverty, the sufferings of His Mother and the faithlessness of Judas, the agony of heart in the Garden and the torture of the Cross, even the presence of the Tempter in the Desert and the final sense of abandonment by His Father at the moment of death—all were His, far more than they can ever be ours.

But He was wounded for our iniquities, He was bruised for our sins: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His bruises we are healed.[4]

And so is it that we come to His wounded Heart for comfort in our afflictions.

Comfort means strengthening—the true consolation which, whether our affliction is taken away or not, makes us strong to bear it for our Lord's love. St. Ignatius of Loyola, in his wonderful book of *Spiritual Exercises*, says that by consolation may properly be meant "any increase of faith, hope, and charity." Such an increase of virtue may not realize the desire of consolation felt by one who would be rid, once for all, of the whole burden of affliction. But it fulfils the wish of the Christian, which is to have the strength—the *comfort*—to be like Christ. *It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master.*[5]

This Third Promise, therefore, assures us that we shall realize with a livelier faith, and accept with firmer hope and the joy of charity, all the afflictions that come to us. Besides this, we are to understand that whenever it is best for us, or whenever the trial is above our strength, the burden of affliction shall be lightened. Still the fervent Christian will always desire rather the *strength* to bear, as his consolation, than the mere *comfort* of

[2] Isaias, lxiii. 10. [3] id., liii. 3, 4. [4] ibid., 5. [5] St. Matthew, x. 25.

relief. After all, God provides both for the strong and the weak, for the grown and the babes, for the Saints ever striding onward and for the creeping ordinary Christian. For all these is the Promise.

The first strengthening of faith should regard afflictions so far as they concern ourselves. They come upon us in the order of Divine Providence. So the world goes with everyone, now sunshine and now storm, and some having little but misfortune. Job had felt this, and he declares that the *life of man on the earth is a warfare.*[6] Why should we desire to escape and shirk our part in the battle, in which our wills are to be trained to the firm love of God? Rather, let us remember with Saint Paul—*No man being a soldier to God, . . . is crowned except he strive lawfully.*[7] Even where affliction is beyond utterance and beyond present healing, we have always this consolation—*that the trial of our faith (much more precious than gold which is tried by the fire) may be found unto praise and glory and honor at the appearing of Jesus Christ.*[8]

Secondly, faith must be strengthened in regard to afflictions so far as they concern others. This is especially the case with the sins of others. We sorrow over them, but the repentance is not theirs nor fruitful unto forgiveness. But the long-suffering, the steadfastness in hope, the bowing of the soul to God in tears and ashes,—surely this must be fruitful in the long run. This is the whole lesson of our Lord's life—*He was bruised for our sins;* it is the teaching of the Sacred Heart—*reparation* for sin. Here too we have to remember how many answers to prayer we have known to be granted after long years. And how many shall we not learn in the clear light of eternity![9]

"The Heart of our loving Saviour," says Blessed Margaret Mary, "presses me to love Him with a love conforming me to His suffering life."

[6] Job, vii. 1. [7] II. Timothy, ii. 5. [8] I. St. Peter, i. 7.

[9] See especially the memorable account of Father Hermann's mother (*At the Eleventh Hour*) in the MESSENGER for 1886, pages 224, 270.

The Reader.

Twice, during the last few months, the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART has been obliged to make legal claim to certain important articles which, in spite of due purchase and copyright, Catholic weekly papers had reprinted from its pages without permission or acknowledgment. We intend no disparagement of the papers concerned, nor of their desire to do good work for the Church, when we say that business laxity of this kind would have been impossible in their conduct toward a non-Catholic periodical. Yet there is not a Catholic magazine which has not repeatedly had reason for similar complaints.

It is one of our oldest Catholic writers who has called our attention to this state of things. This has forced us to give serious thought to the three following questions:—How far does the laxity of Catholic weekly journals in appropriating the contents of Catholic magazines prove injurious to the latter?—How far does it hinder the success of Catholic authors?—How far does it go toward belittling the character of the weekly papers themselves?

***

Catholic like all other magazines must depend for their existence on securing a wide circulation, that is, in plain words, a paying subscription list. Dr. Ward, the late learned editor of the *Dublin Review*, is said to have sunk yearly three thousand pounds sterling in its publication; but there is little prospect of his example being generally followed. For a periodical to succeed in obtaining a wide circulation, it must first secure a reputation. Whatever good it is to do requires that it should be esteemed; and whatever spread of circulation it is to obtain requires that it should first be considered desirable. It is useless to be always complaining of the Catholic public here in America—that there is no demand for Catholic literature among them, and so on. It is barely possible the supply has not been of such nature as to create a demand.

On what does the good reputation of a periodical depend? Evidently on the reputation of its good articles. Reading is like eating; reason alone would not lead a man to eat, even to prolong his life, unless he had the sensible reminder of hunger and of

appetite. So Catholic like all other readers will not subscribe for periodicals, unless the reading matter in them is appetizing. American experience surely should have taught the stern truth of this. If a magazine then is to live it must have good articles, and they must be its own—not to be appropriated at pleasure by any other periodical. The reader must understand that his hunger and thirst after ideas will be satisfied by that periodical, and not so easily, at least, by any other. This, plainly, is what we mean by good reputation.

***

In the case, however, of a magazine pretending to speak with some authority, it is also necessary that a reputation should be had of safe learning and discretion. Catholic readers desire to know who are their guides. Anonymous assertions have little weight with them. A Catholic magazine, therefore, must be able to show its readers that its ideas are likely to be exact, if only because of its writers and their responsibility. Now, when the articles of such a magazine are appropriated without any acknowledgment of their source they lose whatever force they may originally have had, and the magazine does not acquire that reputation and authority which it would otherwise have, and which is necessary to its existence.

In a late number of a Western paper we have an example to hand. From some foreign source a rather elaborate correspondence is given concerning recent important publications of an eminent Protestant scholar in a German university. They deal with the history of the Church in the first two centuries, and form most important testimony to the position of the Roman Church during that time. Unfortunately, the whole article is printed as belonging to the paper in whose columns it appears. Now, the paper in question has no reputation either to gain or lose, in matters of scientific scholarship like this. The unlearned reader has no confidence in its sayings, and the scholar never dreams of consulting it. As the reference of authorship is wanting the article is simply useless, or something worse. In his very plain language, the late Mr. McMaster once remarked when he had reason to suppose that an exchange had appropriated one of his cablegrams—"As if the *Catholic So-and-So* could have a cablegram!" So every scholar would say—"As if this American weekly could, of itself, know anything about patristic learning!" By the way, the paper called it "patriotic"!

But, not to lose sight of the main question, the fact always remains that no magazine can be supported materially, nor can it do its proper work by speaking with the authority which the scholarship expended on it demands, unless it can lawfully secure a high reputation; and this it cannot do if its articles are appropriated at will.

***

But what are the prospects of Catholic authors, under the present system of laxity among Catholic journals? The author, unlike the magazine, is an individual who must first keep body and soul together. There has never been any provision made in our country for supporting in learned leisure a band of Catholic students and writers. The Catholic author, therefore, like every other, cannot write for the Catholic press unless properly remunerated.

Apart from this material side of the question, reputation is again at stake. That the Catholic writer should be worth remunerating requires that his work should be popular, and for this it must become known under his own name. If the weekly journals may take his productions at will, he is first of all robbed of the right of disposing of his own brain-work, and then, as it has become a thing cheap and little considered, he does not acquire the reputation necessary to his success. Two cases from our own magazine are in point.

Padre Coloma has limited the production of his delightful Spanish stories to the pages of the Spanish MESSENGER. In this way he has gained at home a secure reputation for the magazine as well as great fame for himself. In fact, he has been welcomed as the true successor in fame of one who was in reality to him a second mother—the classical story writer, Fernan Caballero. His works were first introduced to English readers in our own pages. Great attention was paid to the translation, and great expense bestowed on the illustration and proper production of the articles as they appeared. The only reason why Padre Coloma should not become a name of popular enchantment, as is Hans Andersen or other popular writers, is that his stories are seized and made cheap, and spread everywhere in such a manner that it is impossible to have them brought out in proper form and place. All this the Catholic weeklies easily do in their present system of appropriations.

The second instance is of the young author who has found leisure from business occupations to write the very charming story "The Holdings of a Vest-Pocket." It is certainly a considerable damper to literary aspiration that one's first productions should be calmly appropriated, without the knowledge of their writer, and perhaps finally appear in the cheap and gaudy binding of some piratical publisher without his consent.

To the older among our readers we would appeal to the state of things a quarter of a century ago. There were perhaps no giants in our Catholic press in those days, but there were greater men than now, at least if public reputation in literature can be taken as a guide. The contrast is still more striking if we go back another twenty-five years. Much of Archbishop Spaulding's early and well-deserved reputation was acquired by serious work done for the Catholic periodicals. To them he gave the benefit of his study, which was as original and scholarly as could be expected at that time. It would do immense credit to our own time of greater prosperity.

***

This brings us to our third question, namely, whether the character of the weekly papers is not seriously belittled by this system of laxity, which, as we have shown, is fatal to any high magazine endeavor or to the training up of Catholic authors. The immediate effect on the papers in question must be a habit of literary dependence. Of course, they do not pay for articles when they can take them without paying. Consequently we see even respectable Catholic journals reprinting stories from foreign periodicals without acknowledgment; or worse, advertising by acknowledging such equivocal sources as, for example, the *New York Independent.* Under such circumstances it is evident that no encouragement is to be hoped for any original writing. Often, in looking over the exchanges the only matter of real and novel interest found is the correspondence from some country district or circumscribed locality. The rest is simply matter repeated from paper to paper; and apart from things common to the secular press there is little in it of importance. Editorial writing has too often become little more than desultory offensive remarks, rather than reasoned defence, against whatever comes in conflict with Catholic claims or sympathies.

A single instance here also will suffice. In different remarks

made not long since on the subject of the Inquisition, a single paper summed up its defence of the Church in three arguments, the two first of which are false, as every scholar knows, and the third in direct contradiction to the Canon Law and a General Council of the Church. Surely, it is not to such sources that we must look for solid Catholic controversy.

Is then the absence of scholarship from the Catholic press in this country connected with what we have ventured to call its laxity of appropriation? The question is worthy of serious reflection. It is also worth noting by the way, that in the last quarter of a century the American Catholic press has very largely been under lay predominance, to the almost entire exclusion of priestly thought and labor. This is certainly an abnormal state of things in the religious press, most of all among Catholics who so clearly recognize the distinction between the *Church teaching* and the *Church taught.*

The enterprising editor of the *Century Magazine* has recently finished the publication of an historical romance connected with the early French colony in Canada, and approved by no less an authority in this period of history than Mr. Francis Parkman.

"The Romance of Dollard," as it is called, is illustrated by what we suppose to be historical scenes. In some of these illustrations the prominent figure is a priest, in the highly ecclesiastical dress of the Sulpicians who still form a leading community in the city of Montreal. Their dress is now what it has always been, and the artist, with the exception of a somewhat strange neck-wear he has added, has fairly caught it, except that on each occasion he brings in the Reverend Abbé—*with bare feet!* He might quite as well have drawn the editor of the *Century* or Mr. Parkman himself in full evening dress, advancing in the mazy dance to execute a *pas seul* in bare feet! It is hard to see why he should play with priests in history in a way that would be gross caricature with actual known persons.

In looking into the "Romance" in question, we find the matter not much superior to the illustrations, in point of correctness. The bare-footed Sulpician is made to comfort a group of grieved women, by promising to pray and have Masses said over

a child that has died without baptism. It is highly improbable that the child would die without baptism, with a number of Catholic women around it; for baptism, as the author of this romance probably does not know, is not necessarily administered by a priest. But who, in the name of St. Augustine that wrote so much on the subject of unbaptized children, ever yet dreamed of praying for them, any more than for children who were baptized? Prayer is made only for the dead who had the use of reason and contracted stains of sin that are within the reach of prayer. Only those who are the victims of "the Chinese habit of mind" toward Catholics could put in the mouth of a priest such unmeaning absurdities.

INTERESTS OF THE SACRED HEART.

(This chronicle of current events closes February 15th.)

ROME.—At the close of his year of Jubilee Leo XIII. issued an Encyclical Letter reminding all Christians of present dangers from the free and loose education of youth, and the irreligious associations of later life, pointing out the Christian remedies of mortification and prayer.—He has begun the distribution of the Jubilee gifts, the larger portion of which will be sent to needy missions.—He has also addressed an official letter to one of the French Bishops whose official actions had been criticized, in the name of "the true Catholic spirit," by a lay editor; he reminds Christians that although proper representations may always be made, Christ has given the government of His Church to Bishops under the Pope, and not to lay newspaper editors.—The Holy Father has promoted the anti-slavery work or "Black Crusade," as it is called, of Cardinal Lavigerie, the founder of the Algerian and Central African missions. The latter has now drawn public attention to his work in England, France, Belgium, and Germany, where it has been taken up, even by the Protestant legislators, with enthusiasm. He is to extend it to all Europe, and possibly to America. It is intended to use white influence to break up the infamous slave trade carried on by the Mohammedan Arabs in every part of Africa. This is rightfully considered the greatest blot on humanity existing in our day, as it is a misery reaching so great a portion of the whole human race.

MISSIONS.—During the very days when the Pope was approving the Anti-slavery Crusade the Arab slave-dealers broke out in open war against the German colonies of Zanzibar. This is a source of the gravest danger to the Central African missions. It is hoped that the interests of commerce will induce governments to secure at the same time the interests of religion.—In Abyssinia, the

Capuchin missionaries continue to live in disguise, under great persecution.—In Armenia, the last remnants of the schism among the native Catholics is extinguished.—In China much trouble is apprehended from the famine following the great deluge of last year, when the Yellow River burst its banks.—The new constitution of Japan grants religious liberty there.—In Tonquin and India the missions have met with the greatest success during the past year.—The missions of the Sandwich Islands continue to draw attention, by the devotedness of the missionaries and nuns on the island of the Lepers.—The missions of Thibet have been completely destroyed.—It is noteworthy that during the past year of Jubilee no martyrs were made by the direct shedding of Christian blood.—The near beatification of two missionaries martyred for the Faith in our century,—the Venerable Perboyre in China, and Chanel in Oceanica—is announced.

AMERICA.—The Congress of Colored Catholics, held in Washington, drew great attention to the work of the Church among this race. These Catholics are estimated at from 200,000 to 300,000. Appeals are made for priests, and means to carry on the work.—The missions of Alaska receive new reinforcements. They are under the management of the Jesuits. The ladies of the Tabernacle Society of Washington have shown what earnest people of the world can do, by furnishing these missions with the requisites of religious worship.

In *South America*, the priests of the congregation founded by the late Dom Bosco have appealed for help in their missions in Patagonia.

Books Received.—From Benziger Brothers, New York.

The Christian Mother: The Education of Her Children, and Her Prayer,—with an account of the Archconfraternity of Christian Mothers, etc. By Right Rev. W. Cramer, D.D., Coadjutor Bishop of Munster. Translated by a Father of the Society of Jesus, with an Introduction by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. 25th Thousand. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The Life of St. Ignatius of Loyola. By Father Genelli, S. J. (Father Meyrick's translation). Reprinted by permission, 1889.

From Louis Garesché, P. O. Box 550, Washington, D. C.

Biography of Lieut. Col. Julius P. Garesché, Assistant Adjutant-General, U. S. Army. By his Son. 1 vol., large 8vo, 505 pages, with Portrait and 2 plates. Private publication, $2.50.

General Intention

FOR MARCH, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

THE VICTIMS OF SENSUALITY.

ALL men have some devotion. If it is not holy and pious—the ready will to serve God—then it will be the love of the world, or worse. Now sensuality is devotedness to the gratification of bodily appetites. As a devotion, it is unsatisfactory, indeed; it does not lead to *the kingdom* of *Christ and of God*, wherein *no unclean person hath inheritance.*[1] Yet it is becoming more and more strong among the children of men.

What is the reason of this? How can so great evil be checked? What have prayer and the Sacred Heart to offer in opposition to it?

I.

Once before God has chastised men for sins of the senses. It was in the days before the Flood when, *seeing that the wickedness of men was great on the earth, and that all the thought of their heart was bent upon evil at all times,*

It repented Him that He had made man on the earth.[2]

Yet He had made man with his senses; their use then could not be wrong in itself. No, but He had not made man a mere creature of the senses. He had given him understanding to know, and a will to love, what is above sense. He instructed him by faith, and poured forth charity into his soul; so that, if men turn aside to things of the world and the flesh, it is because they choose to do so. By their sensuality they sin against their own reason, as well as against the God Who made them. Our utmost charity can only say of them, that they are *victims* of sensuality.

[1] Ephesians, v. 5. [2] Genesis, vi. 5, 6.

God has explained to us how they become sensual. It is because of *the imagination and thought of man's heart.*[3] *For from the heart come forth evil thoughts . . . the things that defile a man.*[4] First, the imagination fills the heart with its sensual images; then these become *thoughts of the heart*, that is, of a man's will.

Consider how evil is the training of the imagination in all civilized countries at the present day. The great material advances which have been made bring luxury and acquaintance with the world's pleasures to every door. The simplicity of life in small communities has come to an end, and the ties of the family are no longer perfect enough to keep around the young child the atmosphere of the Christian home. Then what is called the State, by which is meant the majority of irreligious votes, seeks to impose a common and purely secular education on all. That is, so far as the present tendencies of the age have power, the child is debarred for the greater part of the time from those high imaginations and uplifting thoughts of the heart which reach to God, and he is forced to mingle with those whose hearts are already corrupt.

Is it a wonder the victims of sensuality should be so numerous—that intemperance and impurity, and all low selfishness should find everywhere their prey? It is simply the natural, the necessary result of feeding the imagination with sensual things, and not strengthening the will by the love of Christ and God's holy law.

II.

Of course, there can be no question of removing all the evils of sensuality from among men. There will always be many who prefer present sin to the salvation of their souls; the world will never be converted.

But great help can be given to many, whose good will only needs to be awakened and strengthened by grace. Wherever *a man hath borne the yoke from his youth*[5]—the *sweet yoke and*

[3] id., viii. 21. [4] St. Matthew, xv. 19, 20. [5] Lamentations, iii. 27.

the light burden[6] of Christ's commandments of love, of prayer and the Sacraments—then the thoughts of the heart find themselves attuned to pure and lofty things, the spirit rules and all evil passion lies under control.

Sursum corda! Up with your hearts to God! This is the first remedy for the healing of the nations. And hearts are to be lifted up by giving them wings of faith. Let them only know what faith teaches of *the Life Eternal which was with the Father, and hath appeared to us.*[7]

The first splendor of Life Eternal is its purity from all soil of sensuality; *there shall not enter into it anything defiled, or that worketh abomination.*[8] It is impossible to listen to the teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ, *Whom to know is eternal life,*[9] and not to learn His lesson: *Blessed are the clean of heart: for they shall see God.*[10] This is the first work of the Sacraments of Christ's Church—of baptism and of confession: *Create a clean heart in me, O God . . . Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow.*[11]

When a man's thoughts are thus lifted up to desire to serve God and love Him, his reason will keep jealous watch over the senses; for fear that he should *grieve the Holy Spirit of God.*[12] *Know you not,* says St. Paul again, *that your bodies are the members of Christ—the temple of the Holy Ghost, Who is in you, Whom you have from God, and you are not your own?*

For you are bought with a great price, even the Blood of Christ. *Glorify and bear God in your body.*[13]

III.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been called the last effort of God to win man's love from sensual things to Himself. In a short and easy and sweet way, it draws the minds of men to the love God has shown for them. *For God so loved the world, as to give His only-begotten Son, . . . that the world may be saved by Him.*[14] The thought of the Sacred Heart brings

[6] St. Matthew, xi. 30. [7] I. St. John, i. 2. [8] Apocalypse, xxi. 27.
[9] St. John, xvii. 3. [10] St. Matthew, v. 8. [11] Psalm l. 12, 9.
[12] Ephesians, iv. 30. [13] I. Corinthians, vi. [14] St. John, iii. 16, 17.

home to us the reality of Christ and of friendship with Him; and it leads men strongly to take advantage of all the means of grace that can unite them with Him.

But this is also, not the meaning alone, but the direct fruit of this devotion and of such united prayer as the Apostleship of the League of the Heart of Jesus. It is among the Divine Promises: "Sinners shall find in My Heart the source and the infinite ocean of mercy.—Tepid souls shall grow fervent.—I will give to priests the gift of touching the most hardened hearts."

The *victims of sensuality*, so numerous in our day, are thus a proper object of our prayers in union with the daily Morning Offering of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Sacrifice of the Mass. This is the crowning mercy of His coming—that *in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation.* May it avail to the conversion of the unclean!

Where, in the height of Heaven, is Light like Thee?
Where, in the breadth of Heaven, is Bliss like Thee?
Where, in the depth of Heaven, is Peace like Thee?
Where, in the Home of Love, is Love like Thee?
With all my heart I give myself to Thee.
And waiting long, O King, O Spouse, for Thee,
Till I am one for evermore with Thee.
O sweetest Jesus! bring me home to Thee;
Free me, O dearest God, from all but Thee,
And break all chains that keep me back from Thee;
Call me, O Thrilling Love, I follow Thee!
Thou art my All, and I love naught but Thee.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular, that the victims of sensuality may be turned to the love of Thy Sacred Heart in the purity of the Christian life. *Amen.*

THE FOUNDATION-IDEA OF THE LEAGUE.

WE take the following from the works of the late venerated Father Ramière, which we are preparing to issue from this office during the coming year. Such extracts, from his later as well as from his earlier works, show clearly the idea he had himself formed of the nature and effectiveness of the great League of the Sacred Heart—the *Apostleship of Prayer*.

"The very name of this work sufficiently declares its mainspring, its chief means of action, the sword with which it arms all who enlist in the holy crusade that is to hasten the triumph of God's cause in the world—it is *prayer*.

"But prayer here acquires a power which the fervor of each separate Christian taken alone would not give it—the power which must come from *association*.

"Such association has need of some bond of union. This league of prayer must have a leader. Who can be the leader of a crusade undertaken for the salvation of the world? What can be the bond of union among hearts united together in order to bring down grace by their prayers, unless it be the Heart of Jesus, Who without ceasing prays in the holy Tabernacle that divine grace may come down to us from heaven?

"Thus, *prayer*, as the chief means of action; *association*, as the prime condition of the power of prayer; *union with the Heart of Jesus*, as the life-spring of association:—these are the elements to which this apostleship owes its strength. . . ."

"What did St. Paul ask so urgently from the first faithful, and in their person from Christians of the coming ages? Prayers for the salvation of all men. And does he ask that these prayers shall be offered up to God by individuals separately? No, they are to be prayers in common—prayers issuing forth from all hearts, uttered by all lips, and mounting up to heaven like those vapors which rise up all together from each point of the ocean, to shower down fertility on the dried-up fields. But again, is this prayer in common to be merely human prayer? No, it is to be prayer offered through the only Mediator between man and God, and become divine by passing through His Heart. These are the

desires of the Apostle. The Apostleship of Prayer is simply the realizing of these desires."

The above clear exposition is taken from the classical foundation-work on the *Apostleship of Prayer*[1] published by Father Ramière at the beginning of his career. In a later work,[2] after long years of experience, he again defines his understanding of the Apostleship of Prayer.

"It addresses itself to all Christians. It reminds them that, if they wish to be the friends of God, they must make all His interests their own. They must place at His service, at least by a daily offering, renewed when possible from time to time, all their prayers, their works, and their sufferings, in order to obtain the triumph of His divine interests."

"*Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus*, according to the precept of the Apostle. To show ourselves the true friends of our Divine Saviour by making our own desires one with His desires, our prayers one with His prayers, is the duty which gratitude imposes on all Christians, which the devotion to the Heart of Jesus recalls to them, and which the Apostleship of Prayer is designed to make easy for them to fulfil."

This is perfectly in accord with the final *Statutes* of the League of the Sacred Heart, solemnly approved by Leo XIII.

"*Article IV.*—To gain the Indulgences granted to the Apostleship of Prayer, the Associates must add to their morning prayers, which they will by no means omit, an offering of all the prayers, work, and sufferings of the present day, for the intentions with which our Lord Jesus Christ offers Himself in the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar."

Leo XIII. has also sanctioned this definition of the Apostleship of Prayer—"a work of Piety, by means of which the faithful endeavor to enkindle in themselves and others zeal for prayer, according to the desire and after the example of the most Sacred Heart of Jesus, *always living to make intercession for us.*"[3]

[1] *L'Apostolat de la Prière, I^e partie.*

[2] *L'Apostolat du Sacré Coeur de Jésus*, vol. ii., Introduction.

[3] Hebrews, vii. 25, *Statutes*, i.

THE LEAGUE IN A SEMINARY.

St. Charles Borromeo's, Overbrook, Pa

IF the devotion to the Sacred Heart and Its League of the Apostleship of Prayer can and do accomplish so much good among those living in the world, surely they must be an immense factor for good in the spiritual life of those living secluded from the world's cares and special temptations. They whose privileged lot it is to sit at their Master's feet like Mary, and listen to His words of love and His entreaties for a return of love, can drink more deeply from the Fount of love and so reap for themselves a greater abundance of good than the Marthas of the world who are busying themselves about many unnecessary things. "In silence and quiet the devout soul goes forward," says the author of the *Imitation*.[1] What, then, must be the progress of the devout soul when, besides this seclusion, she has, in the Sacred Heart, all that is best calculated to add stimulus to her ardor and all the encouragement that must be gained from a spirit of companionship in good such as naturally comes from the Apostleship of Prayer. And we, at Overbrook, are those whose happiness it is to possess all these treasures of grace and we should look on that day as one of most especial significance and importance when the Sacred Heart devotion and Its League of the Apostleship of Prayer were formally established in our midst.

As might be expected, the spirit of both had always existed among the students; the First Fridays were days which they felt to be by excellence days for love and adoration toward the Sacred Heart, while the annually recurring celebration of the Forty Hours and of Corpus Christi were marked as periods of great happiness for us and thanksgiving to that "Heart Which has loved men so much"; and all the exterior marks of love found fitting expression in the exactness and grandeur with which these festivals were celebrated. But, for all this, we did not have the canonical seal attached to our devotions until a few years ago (November 5, 1886), when a diploma ranked St. Charles

[1] Book I., xx. 6.

Borromeo's Seminary as a lawfully aggregated Centre of the League of the Sacred Heart. Since that time things have taken a more decided form, one calculated to perfect and to perpetuate the devotions more successfully. Our Spiritual Director has the work deeply at heart and has shown his zeal for it on many occasions; the Promoters are very earnest in seconding his efforts, and the students cannot be slow to realize such sincerity.

As to the Three Degrees of the League—we have all of them. The essential Morning Offering was inserted in the beginning of our morning prayers, so that no one could possibly forget it. The Rosary decade is said publicly after our daily Rosary; and this Second Degree should find great favor among students since it so closely and designedly links the love of our Divine Lord (the League's characteristic end) with the sweet devotion to our Blessed Lady. Finally, the crowning Third Degree—the Communion of Reparation—has found many faithful conquests.

The First Friday is a day of more than usual recollection, as it is a day of General Communion. The devotions, including the acts of adoration, reparation, and praise, the Litany of our Blessed Lady and Benediction, are allotted to the closing of the day—in the evening before supper. This seems to be a most fitting time to honor the Sacred Heart—a time consecrated by so many touching incidents in our Blessed Lord's life. Like the disciples on their way to Emmaus, we would pray the Sacred Heart to *stay with us because it is towards evening and the day is now far spent.*[2] And, just as our gracious Saviour granted the disciples' request in the days after His resurrection, so now He deigns to hear our prayer. But—more than our prayer—He stays with us, not during the evening only and the whole night long, but for every hour of every day; for He seems to say from His throne of love: *This is my rest for ever and ever, here will I dwell for I have chosen it.*[3]

The externals of the Apostleship of Prayer are faithfully attended to—the *Rosary Tickets* are distributed promptly every

[2] St. Luke, xxiv. 29. [3] Psalm cxxxi. 14.

month, the forms for the *Intentions* and the *Treasury of the Sacred Heart* are framed and hung in convenient places, and the large monthly *Calendars* of feasts and days with special references for Associates are placed one at each end of the corridor. The MESSENGERS and the PILGRIMS are distributed regularly, and are a very important and worthy addition to the other aids in helping on the good work.

It *is* a good work—rather it is a *divine* work—and must accomplish great good among us here. The devotion of the Sacred Heart and Its League of the Apostleship of Prayer must thrive among the students; and no mere acceptance, no plausible endorsement, will equal the just claims that both have on us.

The Sanctuary was the cradle of the devotion to the Sacred Heart and it is there that the devotion should find its true home. There, with Jesus ever present to console, to strengthen and to bless the dwellers in the Lord's Holy Temple, must that fire of love be enkindled which He came to cast upon the earth. And would it not seem unnatural if true devotion to the adorable Heart did not flourish among those who have not chosen their Master, but whom He Himself with infinite love has chosen to serve Him in the Holy Priesthood?

It is no wonder, then, that the Sacred Heart complained so bitterly of the coldness It received from those consecrated to His service. We are soldiers dedicated to the service of our King, and we are enrolled under His standard. May we prove ourselves loyal to that Loving Lord! May we show Him that, if others have treated Him with coldness and contempt and trampled on His goodness and graces, we at least, in all humility, are going to repair as well as we possibly can such ingratitude on their part and whatever shortcomings we ourselves may have been guilty of in the past!

This, then, is part of the good work which the Sacred Heart devotion is to accomplish among us—to make us feel more palpably our great indebtedness to the Sacred Heart and, as a rightful consequence, to make us better in every spiritual way. Anyone acquainted with seminary life can understand how much

good it is able to effect in the details of the daily student routine, and what it surely will effect if the devotion takes deep root in the hearts of the students. It is here, in the ordinary course of duties, that the Apostleship of Prayer lends its powerful aid in fostering the spirit of love toward our Lord.

The day opens with a consecration of all its many actions to the Source and Fount of love, all the works of the day bear the stamp of this consecration—this purity of intention. Then everything becomes a prayer—studies, classes, recreation, failures, successes—all find their way into that large Treasury of the Sacred Heart. The Intention Sheets are so many reminders, telling us that we can, if we only will, lay up treasure for ourselves in heaven by offering our good works in union with so many Associates; while the various special headings such as "Departed Souls," "Parents," "Friends," "Sick," and the like, afford us many opportunities of being generous to our beloved dead, our parents, friends, or any who may have claims of affection or charity on us. Those only do not appreciate the advantages of this part of the League's Apostleship who have not tried it. Others, many others have a grateful remembrance of what great good the prayers of the millions of Associates have done for themselves and their friends. If the prayers of two or more gathered together in our Lord's name shall find acceptance in Heaven, what must be the efficacy of united prayer from such a multitude of devout souls banded together in the League of the Sacred Heart!

Besides embracing the students of the Seminary (142), the League at Overbrook includes all connected with the Seminary, together with many of the surrounding Catholic neighbors; so, taken in all, we have an aggregate membership of 427. An Intention Sheet is hung up for the benefit of those who attend the chapel for Mass and the different public devotions, and the Rosary Tickets are distributed; so they too have all the advantages which the League affords its members.

STUDENT.

Apostleship Notices.

New Approbation.—The Right Reverend Bishop of Providence has given his gracious approbation for the propagation of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in his diocese.

Recent Aggregations.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (from January 15 to February 15, 1889).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before that of parish or community aggregated.)

Alton, Illinois: St. Rose's Convent (Dominican Sisters), Jacksonville.

Baltimore, Maryland: Convent of the School Sisters of Notre Dame, Govanstown; St. Lawrence's Church, Locust Point; St. Edward's Church, Calverton.

Cincinnati, Ohio: Chapel of the National Military Home, near Dayton.

Cleveland, Ohio: Convent of the Sacred Heart (Ursuline Sisters), and St. Vincent's Hospital (Sisters of Charity—Gray Nuns of Montreal), Toledo.

Dakota, Dakota Territory: Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge Agency; St. Francis de Sales' Church, Standing Rock Agency.

Fort Wayne, Indiana: Academy of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart (Sisters of the Holy Cross), near Fort Wayne.

Hartford, Connecticut: Convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame, and Convent Sisters of Charity, Waterbury.

La Crosse, Wisconsin: Seven Sorrows B. V. M. Church, Odanah.

Lincoln, Nebraska: St. Teresa's Pro-Cathedral, Lincoln.

Manchester, New Hampshire: Immaculate Conception Church, Nashua.

New York, New York: Convent of the Good Shepherd, New York; St. Sylvia's Convent (Sisters of Charity), Tivoli.

Newark, New Jersey: St. Teresa's School (Sisters of Charity), Summit.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: St. Michael's Church, Philadelphia; St. Francis' Industrial School (Christian Brothers), Eddington.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: St. Paul's Retreat, Pittsburgh.

Providence, Rhode Island: Sacred Heart Convent, Elmhurst.

San Francisco, California: Ursuline Convent, Santa Rosa.

Trenton, New Jersey: St. Joseph's Convent (Sisters of Mercy), Bordentown.

Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.

Diplomas of affiliation, received from the Roman *Prima Primaria*, have been transmitted to the following:

Albany, New York: St. Patrick's Church, Troy.

Alton, Illinois: St. Augustine's Church, Ashland; St. Patrick's Church, Alton.

Baltimore, Maryland: St. Alphonsus Rodriguez' Church (2), Woodstock.

Cincinnati, Ohio: Convent of Sisters of Charity, Cedar Grove; St. Xavier's Church, Cincinnati.

Green Bay, Wisconsin: St. James' Church, Cooperstown.

Leavenworth, Kansas: St. John Baptist's Church, Hanover.

Lincoln, Nebraska: Convent of the Holy Child Jesus, Lincoln.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: Holy Family Church, Manayunk.

Springfield, Massachusetts: Annunciation Church, Turner's Falls.

Extracts from Letters.

Lourdes, France, Jan. 7.

. . . I visited the famous shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes[1] on the feast of the Immaculate Conception and several times since, and amongst my many petitions presented to our Blessed Lady, I did not fail to recommend to her in a special manner the success of our Holy League in America. J. K.

Omaha, Neb., Jan. 26.

The League is making progress here. It is extremely gratifying to witness the constant improvements in the Messenger, and its increasing prosperity. I wish I could do more to help it, in gratitude for the great goodness of the Divine Heart to myself, and because I am convinced that graces asked through the Messenger are *always* granted, sooner or later. W. T. K.

Hanover, Pa., Feb. 4.

Please send me hereafter Rosary Tickets for 22 bands instead of 20. From the accompanying schedule you will perceive that every sort of petitions is handed in, and sometimes it becomes a task to know under what head to place them. J. B. E.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 *days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions recommended to the prayers of the League.*

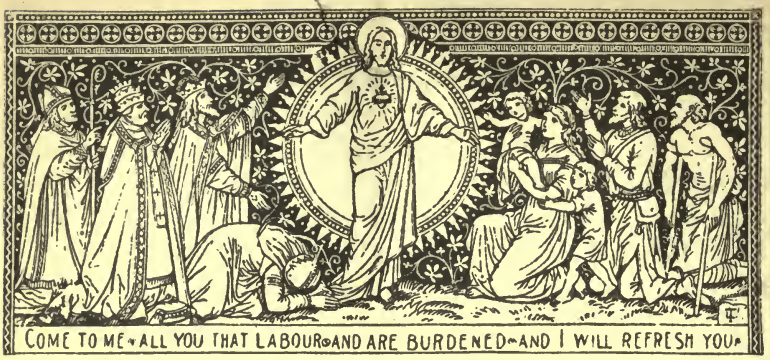
Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from January 12 to February 12, 1889.

	No. of times.		No. of times.
1. Acts of Charity	92,215	11. Masses Heard	38,379
2. Beads	95,462	12. Mortifications	98,057
3. Stations of the Cross . .	11,449	13. Works of Charity . . .	18,931
4. Holy Communions . . .	22,407	14. Works of Zeal	12,303
5. Spiritual Communions .	38,390	15. Prayers	7,105,974
6. Examens of Conscience .	52,287	16. Charitable Conversation	15,263
7. Hours of Labor	123,212	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	10,428
8. Hours of Silence	409,403	18. Self-conquest	26,217
9. Pious Reading	24,586	19. Visits to B. Sacrament .	49,014
10. Masses Celebrated . . .	485	20. Various Good Works . .	78,754

Total 8,323,766

The above represents returns from one hundred and fifty-seven centres.

[1] As our Associates know, their Intentions are sent to this shrine.



IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, **21,702.**

——*In all things give thanks* (I Thessalonians, v. 18).——

Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 13.—My brother, who was recommended to the prayers of the League some months ago, has returned to the practice of his religion, having approached the Sacraments recently for the first time in nearly ten years. Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart.

Baltimore County, Md., Jan. 14.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the reconciliation of a father with some members of his family, whom he had not spoken to for more than two years. He had been recommended several times to the prayers of the League, and on Christmas day he sent for the parties and became reconciled.

New Bedford, Pa., Jan. 24.—We return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a favor asked now for many months; viz., the conversion of a husband and father, who for at least six years had been living in almost total neglect of his religious duties and was besides the scourge of his family. A near relative of his recommended him with great confidence to the prayers of the Holy League for many months, when at last in November, 1888, she had the consolation to learn that, having attended a mission, he was touched by the grace of God and approached the Sacraments. Since then he has been a changed person, faithful to his religious duties and the support and joy of his family.

Omaha, Neb., Jan. 26.—Please have the kindness to publish

in the MESSENGER a thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for a recent conversion to the Faith. A young gentleman, son of an Episcopalian minister, when about to enter the Church, suddenly determined to postpone the step indefinitely, through fear of serious family trouble. The case was put into the hands of the Holy League, and after a time he came voluntarily, though "in fear and trembling," to ask for baptism. His courage has been rewarded both by the gift of great interior peace and by letters from home assuring him that, while they regret the step, their affection for him remains unchanged.

Eden Hall, Pa., Jan. 27.—A lady in New Jersey writes to me, saying: "I asked you a few months ago to present a petition to the Holy League for me, and now, dear Mother, I will beg you to return my most heartfelt thanks; for there has been the most complete change in the persons recommended, and I know that it is due to nothing but the intervention of prayers offered to the Sacred Heart."

Convent Station, N. J., Jan. 28.—Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the death-bed baptism of a Protestant lady who had been commended to the prayers of the League.

McKeesport, Pa., Jan. 28.—A few weeks before Christmas a young man greatly addicted to intemperance was recommended to the prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart. On Christmas Eve a friend of his wrote to say that this young man had resolved to give up his intemperate habits. Since then he has persevered in his good resolution.

Salem, Mass., Jan. 28.—Some time ago, I asked through the MESSENGER the prayers of the League for the conversion of my brother, who for about sixteen years had neglected to go to confession. All praise to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, my brother has again become a good and fervent Catholic.

Randall's Island, N. Y., Jan. 29.—Special thanksgiving is offered to the Sacred Heart for the return to his religious duties of a dear brother who had neglected to receive the Sacraments for a great many years. He was recommended to the prayers of the League a year ago last November.

New York, Jan. 30.—A child, suffering from meningitis, was at the point of death, when I gave the mother a Badge of the Sacred Heart, and requested her to pin it on the child's dress, which she did. There was a change almost immediately, and in a few days the child was quite recovered, and now enjoys better health than ever. I also gave the mother a copy of the MESSENGER to read, and she was quite impressed with it. She told me she had quite given up all hope in prayer, but now she would commence and pray more fervently in future.

Chestnut Hill, Pa., Jan. 31.—Two men who for a long time had not approached the Sacraments have done so lately, and a lady for two years out of employment has lately procured a very lucrative post in a most unusual manner.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 1.—In October, I wrote asking the prayers of the League for the conversion and cure of a Protestant gentleman. His cure began almost from that day.

Chicago, Feb. 2.—Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the disposal of a piece of property, and for obtaining employment for two persons. I get everything I ask through the Sacred Heart.

Various Centres.—For the conversion of a lady who married a Protestant, and with her three children joined her husband's church. Last June a little child, eleven years of age, recommended this family to the prayers of the Associates of the League. This lady has returned to the practice of her religious duties, and has placed her little daughter at a Catholic school to be prepared for her First Communion.—A young lady suffering from hay-fever for several years returns thanks for being cured on wearing a Badge.—For the return to the Sacraments of a cousin after an absence of seven years.—For another after an absence of nineteen years.—For a position obtained by a husband after being out of work over a year.—For success in raising funds for a church building.—A father has approached the Sacraments after neglecting them for twelve years.—Means have been obtained to pay large debts after recommending my request to the League.

THE ENTOMBMENT.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

New Series. April, 1889. Vol. IV (xxiv), No. 4.

MISSIONS AND MARTYRS OF THE GEORGIA COAST.

I.—A. D. 1555—1597.

ALONG the coast of the State of Georgia, from the mouth of the Savannah River to that of the St. John's in Florida, are found the numerous islands whence came, "before the war," the famous Sea Island cotton. They are truly Sea Islands. The salt tide washes in and out lazily, discoloring itself with the dark mud of the hundred winding channels and oozing through the old plantation canals. Local steamboats pick their way about, running up to dilapidated docks where the trade of prosperous estates with their hundreds of slaves once awaited the public carrier. There are worn out pretences of villages on what is called the mainland, and here too frequent creeks set back, forming salt-marshes where the ground is low enough. The whole country has a touching air of having seen better days.

These mazy ways prove historic and sacred even, the more we look into their past story. To reach them, we sail quite round from Savannah to Fernandina on Amelia Island—one of the southernmost of the group and already in the State of Florida. As we stand out to sea, we can discern the swift scissor-bills darting on their prey along the horizon. At last, after a day's journey

Copyright, 1889, by Rev. R. S. Dewey, S. J. All rights reserved.]

wherein the air grows more and more balmy from the breath of the tropics, a long low reach of whitish sand is sighted, and Amelia Island, at the mouth of the St. Mary's River which divides the two States from each other, slowly comes into full view.

The name of the St. Mary's, with its religious memories, shall serve us as a guide in among the Sea Islands. We are neither to lament the decay of flourishing cotton plantations, nor to note the fact that a war which swept away slavery appears, here at least, to have rendered homeless and thriftless the former slaves. Long before there was another race, now altogether vanished, that suffered a greater injustice. The Church was its only defender, as she had been its bountiful mother all along this coast.

It is a pity that American Catholics do not interest themselves more in this portion of her history. Every schoolbook tells of the cruelty of the Spaniards, as we shall see. But where are the schoolbooks that tell the sad story of the Christian Indians of the Florida coast, when their churches were sacked and they and their priests inhumanly burned in the flames by the English Governor of South Carolina![1]

At Fernandina nowadays the Catholics have a small church, named from St. Michael, says the *Catholic Directory*, "in remembrance of Father Michael de Auñon, who suffered martyrdom at this place at the time of the Indian rebellion against the Catholic

[1] Dr. John Gilmary Shea is so far our only complete authority with regard to the history of these early missions. He has devoted the energies of a long life to American Church history, with little worldly reward. Among historians his labors are known to be of priceless worth; and there is no doubt that his last and greatest work—*The Catholic Church in the United States*—will remain the permanent basis of whatever may hereafter be written in this field. The two volumes already published, with their painstaking and learned annotation of the interesting text, further enhanced by the curious and rich reproductions of old engravings and facsimiles, do the highest honor to our Catholic literature. On another page of this number we give valid reasons why the publication of so valuable a work should be supported, and one very efficient method for doing this is suggested.

The historical details of this article are entirely based on Dr. Shea's work, and, with the great kindness he has always shown our labors, he has allowed us to reproduce here the antique plate of the martyrdom of Father Martinez.

clergy in 1591." This is high antiquity for these United States. But there had already been martyrdoms on these Sea Islands, and Amelia Island had long borne the more Christian name of St. Mary of Guale. It was among the Guale Indians that all these coastwise missions had been founded.

SCISSOR-BILLS—OFF AMELIA ISLAND.

The first missions of Florida are old indeed for us new Americans. So long ago as 1546, three centuries and a half since, a Dominican Father, Louis Cancer, with several companions, planned the first of these invasions of Christ. Three years later he actually sailed from Vera Cruz, to begin the attempt. His confidence was great, and he went unarmed. But his only success was to plant the seed of Christians, which has ever been the blood of martyrs. Father Cancer and several of his companions were put to death, as they landed, near Tampa Bay on the western coast.

Nearly ten years later another Dominican accompanied one of the Spanish commanders who was to form settlements on the Gulf coast, inland, and at Santa Elena, which is on the Atlantic, near the present site of Port Royal in South Carolina. The

missionary says they were not to convert the Indians by force, but "by good example, by good works, and with presents, to bring the Indians to a knowledge of our holy faith and Catholic truth." This attempt also failed. The party, after great sufferings in the neighborhood of Pensacola and a circuitous voyage to the Atlantic coast, which they deemed unsuited to a settlement, returned to Mexico. It was on this occasion the Dominicans took away with them the young brother of a chief whose tribe lay along the Rappahannock and the Chesapeake. He was later to be the instrument of attempted mission foundations in Virginia, half a century before the English took possession of it. The sad fate of that mission, also ending in martyrdom, was not unconnected with the Sea Islands.

The final and successful attempt at founding Spanish colonies in Florida—and this of course included missionaries for the natives—was the expedition of Menendez. This has often been narrated, unfairly enough for the most part, on account of its massacre of French Huguenots. Here we can only warn the reader that, besides the stern methods of warfare of the age and the embittered conflicts between Spaniards and Frenchmen, there were special circumstances calculated to make the meeting of the two nations in this far-off region a war to the knife. These very Frenchmen had just taken the life of every Spanish prisoner made by them in the West Indies. It was a time, too, when no quarter was shown, and when ideas as to strategy and honor in war differed greatly from those of the present day.

In 1565 Menendez made an attempt to secure ten or twelve missionaries—religious of some order—and four of the newly founded order of Jesuits. There was already a chaplain at the Spanish fort of St. Augustine. The following year some Dominicans came out, and, with the Indian taken a few years previously from the Chesapeake, set out for that region. They did not reach it, however, as, under pretext of a storm, the captain sailed away for Spain. Meanwhile St. Francis Borgia, the third General of the lately founded Society of Jesus, at the request of Philip II., sent out two Fathers and a Brother. They sailed in

P. Petrus Martinez Hispan. S.I. odio Fidei Christianæ occisus à
Barbaris Americanis in Insula Florida A° 1566. 28 Septembris.
C. Screta del.
Melch. Küsell f

DEATH OF FATHER PETER MARTINEZ, S. J.,
28 September, 1566.
(*From Tanner,* "Societas Militans," *1675, in Shea's* "*Catholic Church in Colonial Days.*")

a Flemish vessel, which was separated from the fleet when near the coast. Father Martinez, the Superior, got into a boat with the sailors and made for the shore, to find out their whereabouts. A storm arising drove the vessel from them. They were painfully making their way along the coast, hoping to reach the Spanish fort, when they were seized by the Indians. It was close to the island of Tacatacuru, which is no other than Cumberland —the midmost of these Sea Islands. There Father Martinez was dragged to the shore and slain.[2]

In 1568 ten Jesuit missionaries came out, of whom two—a Father and a Brother—took up their abode in Santa Maria de Guale, now Amelia Island. Soon afterward another of the Fathers began a residence on Port Royal Harbor, thus starting up missions all along the present coast of Georgia and into South Carolina. The good Brother on Amelia Island diligently distributed the store of Indian corn, given him by the Bishop in Cuba wherewith to gain over the people. He went about his labors on this marshy island with such industry that he was soon worn out and fell a victim to the malarial fever of the climate. The Father who had been with him was obliged to go northward to the post of Santa Elena.

Meanwhile, St. Pius V., the Pope, had sent a special letter of direction to Menendez. It shows that if the bidding of the Popes had been fulfilled the government of the Spanish colonies would not be open to the accusation so frequently brought, of harshness in treating with the Indians. It is only fair, however, to remember that Spaniards alone of all the European nations left in the midst of their colonies large bodies of natives, who have lived on with them to the present day. This preserves them from the more serious charge made against the English colonists, of giving the poor Indian no choice but extermination. The words of the holy Pope show that he had caught the alarm which the missionaries always felt from the character of the white colonists.

[2] The quaint picture which Dr. Shea has so kindly furnished us from his volume was made one hundred years later, after the traditions of the missionaries.

"Nothing is more important in the conversion of these Indians and idolators than to endeavor by all means to prevent scandal being given by the vices and immoralities of such as go to those Western parts. This is the key of this holy work, in which is included the whole essence of your charge."

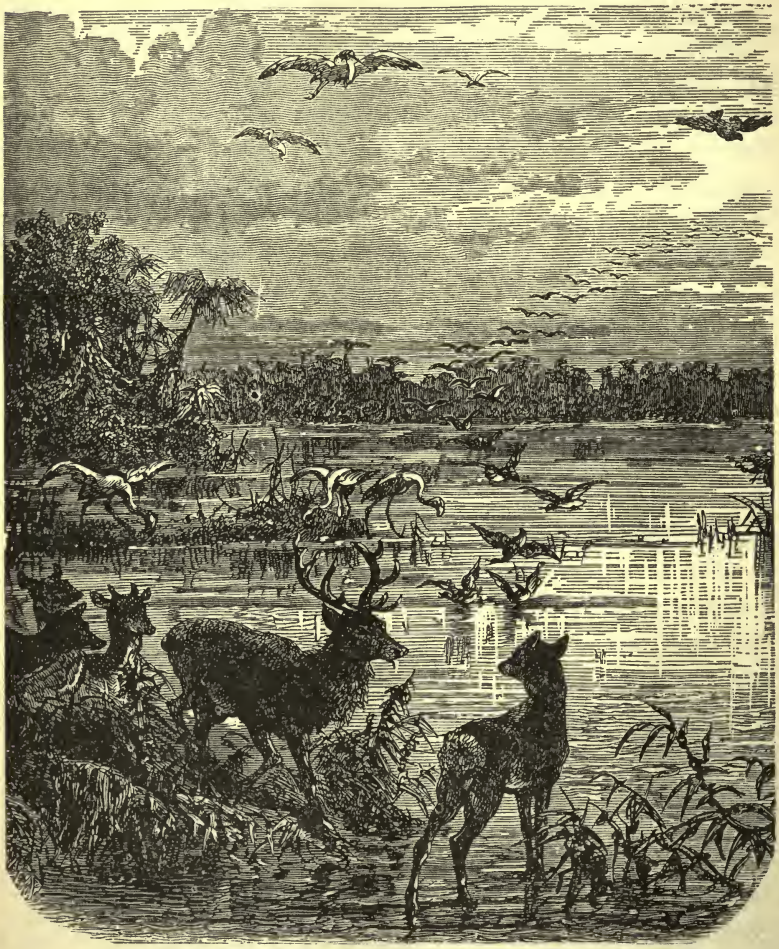
In 1570 the Jesuit missionaries made a final attempt on the Chesapeake, but Luis—the Indian youth who was their guide and who had so long lived with the Spaniards—betrayed them, and they only watered the mission with their blood. After this time the Jesuits ceased their missionary labors on the Atlantic coast, until the English exiles came out with the Ark and Dove to Maryland, sixty years later. The Fathers in Florida were transferred to Mexico, where they founded a flourishing province.

The second period of these missions began in 1577, and from that time date the most stirring recollections of the Sea Islands. The Guale Indians of the coast differed from those inland, who were probably of Shawnee stock. But a common speech, allied to the Choctaw, seems to have bound them together. They had grouped themselves on these islands along the coast, perhaps for the abundance of fish and the nearness to game on the mainland, perhaps too because their position allowed of easy defence. In 1592 the zealous Franciscan Fathers had taken up their residence in the towns of the natives all along the islands. Here they were far away from the Spanish fort, and could live in peace among their spiritual children. Guale, or the present Amelia Island, was now the central post, and from here they set out to their missions, as far north as Ossibaw Island and the mouth of the Savannah River.

In 1593 twelve more Franciscans came over from Spain to swell the number of missionaries. Some of these had already labored in Mexico. Four of the Fathers and a Brother were sent to Guale, where they found the Indians highly exasperated against the Spanish soldiers. But the kindness and zeal of the newcomers soon won them back, and after two years they had baptized many and founded missions as far as one hundred and fifty miles inland.

But two years later, what always happens among Christians,

new or old, made its appearance among the neophytes of the mission. The son of the chief, or cacique as he is called by the Spaniards, wearied of the Ten Commandments and the precepts of the Church. After being a law to himself for a time he at



IN THE SALT CREEKS.

last, as is not infrequent in such cases among more civilized Christians, gave up the faith, and went to live paganly among the pagans. Probably, as is also usually the case, his conscience gave him some trouble. He resolved to stifle it by violent deeds.

Gathering his new friends about him, he came in the silence of the night to the little village where Father Corpa had his church and cabin. We can imagine the scene. The great Spanish fringed moss hung from the magnolia branches waving in the night wind, and the thickly growing semi-tropical vines screened the conspirators as they came near to the edge of the clearing. Their canoes were drawn up noiselessly along the oozy bank; none of the peaceful Christians were watching for these unexpected enemies. The Indians waited for the dawn of day, when they knew the good Father, as was his wont, would leave his hut and proceed to the church, and there say the holy Mass for his little flock. Everything happened as they had planned; for the little mission was like a religious house, in which day after day all things happen the same. As the Franciscan opened his door in the morning light the apostate Indian who was waiting sank his tomahawk in his head, and then, cutting it off, lifted it up on a pole in triumph.

It was easy now for the young chief, once his comrades had a taste of blood, to lead them on to a general massacre of all the Fathers and as many Spaniards as they could lay their hands on.

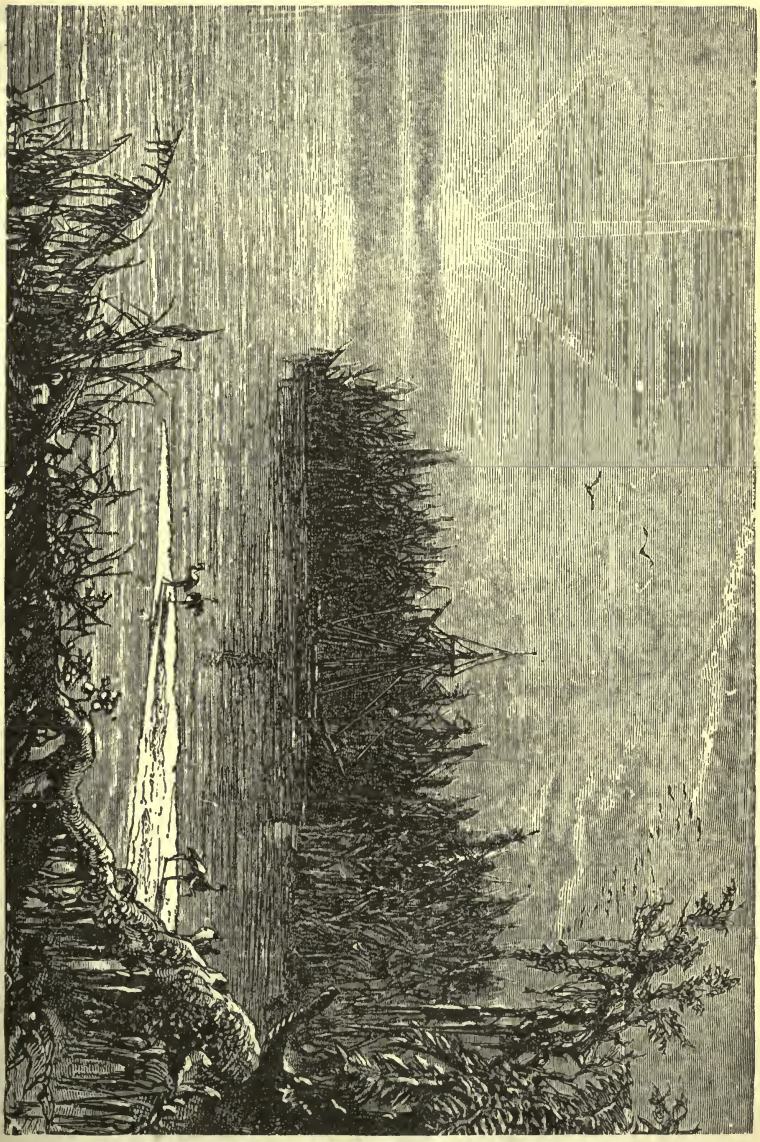
They went next to the town of Topoqui, which also seems to have been on Amelia Island. As it was broad day the missionary found means to parley with them. He used words of kindness, and spoke to them of the wickedness of their plot, of its sure punishment here from the Spaniards and hereafter from the God against Whom they were sinning. They listened stolidly, but he had not moved them. Then he asked that they would at least allow him to say Mass, before he was put to death. Perhaps no martyr ever made a stranger request, but, stranger still, his prayer was granted. The priest offered the Holy Sacrifice with his murderers around him, and then, kneeling in thanksgiving before his wooden altar, received his death. An old Christian Indian was standing by, and when the red-handed slayers had departed for the other missions gave pious burial to the martyr.

The flame of passion and hatred was caught up from island

to island. The Father at Asopo, now Ossibaw Island, heard of the coming of the assassins. It was useless to try to escape, and he too said Mass and gave Communion to the lay brother, his companion. Then they knelt in prayer and the young apostate chief, whom they themselves perhaps had prepared for his first Communion, dealt them their death-blows with his war club. The Christians here seem to have been too few or too frightened to resist; but with great lamentations they gathered up the bodies, when the murderers had hurriedly passed on to the other missions, and buried them at the foot of the mission cross. In 1605 these bodies were taken up and interred, probably at St. Augustine. As we have seen, the memory of Father Auñon, thus martyred at Ossibaw, is perpetuated in our day by the little church of Fernandina.

The assassins seem to have followed no regular order in their attacks, but probably spied out the missions most open to their inroads. In the next station they found the missionary absent. It was the present St. Simon's Island. They waited in their hiding place, amid the dense luxuriance of the vegetation along the shore, until the good friar came paddling from St. Augustine in his canoe. Father Francis had been long known to them for his giant strength, which allowed him to surpass themselves in every feat of forest hardihood. Even now they feared he might escape them. He had not heard of the uprising, and suspected naught as they came forward to meet him in the guise of friends and children. But suddenly they slew him, and again were off to a neighboring small island, where another Father had charge of a mission settlement. He received news of their coming, and, in the darkness of night, set out to escape. But the glorious autumn moon arising discovered him, and he was pierced by their arrows. An old Indian bravely withstood the band of murderers, so that they should not kill the Father. His resistance gained them over, and the missionary, wounded and suffering, became a slave in one of the pagan villages.

Then the insurgent Indians, who now mustered forty canoes in what they saw had become a war against all the Europeans,



FLORIDA RIVER SCENE.

invested St. Peter's, now Cumberland Island. They found here a small Spanish barque lying at anchor. The Christians, who all through seem to have been dazed by this sudden inroad of the pagan natives from the mainland, took courage from this and with their own flotilla of canoes drove back the murderers. Of the latter only a few escaped. Those driven ashore who were not killed lingered about, and died of hunger.

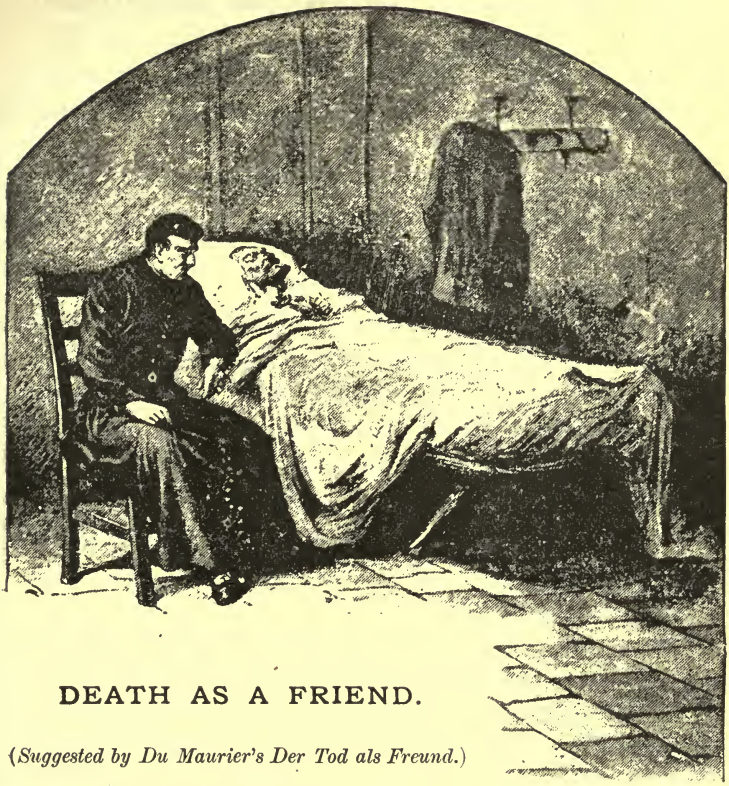
Only one of the missionaries survived—he who had been made a slave. His owners, in hatred and revenge, were making ready to burn him alive, when a woman, exercising that strange influence found all through the Georgia Indian tribes where the chiefs were often queens, asked him as an exchange for her own son, who was a prisoner of the Spaniards. And so this solitary Father, of all the band who had founded these fruitful missions, came back alone deprived of the crown of martyrdom.

It is hard to reconstruct the appearance of these early missions. We know that the Indians diligently cultivated the land, and that the indigenous maize and beans and pumpkins came well in their little fields. At a later period the Spaniards introduced the cultivation of indigo, which in turn disappeared before the still later introduction of cotton by the English.

The missionaries had their little churches, and arranged as well as might be for homely ceremonies, which to the unsophisticated savages must have seemed imposing and pompous in the extreme. They divided their Christians into confraternities, who had Mass and approached the Sacraments together; and Masses were said over the deceased members.

Perhaps the aspect of the country most familiar to the Fathers is best represented now by the scenery along the St. John's River. Here there has been less change, and the original vegetation, with the birds and wild game, may still be seen by the tourist. But among the Sea Islands later cultivation gives in its present ruin an air of abandonment that scarcely represents the wildness of this first flourishing time of the missions.

(*To be concluded.*)



DEATH AS A FRIEND.

(*Suggested by Du Maurier's Der Tod als Freund.*)

PATIENT watcher by my bed, whisper low some prayer
Where the holy names may bless and cheer my failing heart;
All the little time of pain now left for me to bear
Will shorter seem, and death for me will lose the final smart.

Weary am I of life's dreams, its cares and sad complaining,
Of its reasoning that errs and flatters and deceives:
In this hour of dread I've nought from deep despair restraining
But the dying love of Him in Whom my soul believes.

Say once more the holy names my heart's devotion waking,
As a parent soothes the child in troubled fears of night:
And I will bow me to my God, His will my comfort making,
And from thy praying sleep in death, to wake from death in Light!

E. S.

THE MOTHER OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

MOTHER MARY OF ST. EUPHRASIA,

First Superior General of the Congregation of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd;
Born July 31, 1796; died April 24, 1868.

By M. L. Meany.

I.—Life's Extremes.

THE Reign of Terror was over. The revival of religious orders, which had borne the brunt of battle, was the surest sign of hope dawning once more on distracted France. Let this be credited to Napoleon, who, in this one instance at least, proved his title to be called the Great.

"Let the women live together in community, if they wish," said the First Consul to the Second, who had brought the astounding news; "it will save fuel."

"But they all dress alike!"

"Well, they can wear one another's clothes,—another saving!" And thus the spouses of Christ owed their security, under Him, to that virtue of economy which Napoleon valued as the foundation of lasting prosperity, both in family and State, and of which they have ever been practical teachers.

Among the first to take up its old work was the community of the Good Shepherd at Tours, great St. Martin's city. It needed a stout-hearted, miracle-working patron like him to befriend an undertaking that was deemed foolhardy by all. That there was need of such "refuges for the fallen" none, alas! could deny: but the order had never prospered, and how could it succeed under present circumstances?

"In 1792 it counted not more than a dozen houses." So runs its record; yet it was then more than a hundred and fifty years old.

Founded at Caen in Normandy in 1641 by a secular priest, Venerable John Eudes, its first "Sisters" waited and prayed, toiled and suffered, during a novitiate of ten years before it was sanctioned by the Bishop. Mother Frances Margaret Patin was

the first Superior. Five years later, in 1666, the "Congregation of our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd" was confirmed and approved by Pope Alexander VII. Although its right to existence was thus secured, the infant order had to pass through a minority of seventy-six years ere it was approved, "after full examination," by Benedict XIV. in September, 1741—its first centennial. Fifty years later its progress is noted—"not more than a dozen houses." Yet the history of France proves that the need for it was great. And people—pious people, too—ask with a shudder: *Why did God allow the terrible Revolution?*

Insignificant as the order was, it was not spared by the boastful "friends of humanity." Its few insignificant houses (Refuges, as they are called) were levelled to the ground, the religious persecuted, but the spirit of the order lived through all. The survivors of the Tours community came together, built a new Refuge, such as their scanty means afforded, and, like their first Mothers, waited in humble faith and hope for the day when the Lord of all things would visit them in mercy. They were confessors for the Faith, that little band of women, enfeebled by want and suffering as well as by years, but they felt their work was not yet done.

At a window of the stately Ursuline convent at Tours, stood a young lady, who was soon to leave school for her home at Noirmoutiers. Her eyes were fixed on the neighboring house of the Good Shepherd. She had watched the progress of repairs from day to day with a sort of fascination. Yet what attraction could it have for Rose Virginia Pelletier?

Nature and grace had united in making her the idol of all. Born in the Isle of Noirmoutiers, on the feast of St. Ignatius Loyola, 1792, baptized by one of those holy confessors whose hiding place was a secret with his beloved flock, a pet with all through the love they bore her father, a faithful and charitable physician, the idol of her playmates from her sunny disposition, and the pride of teachers who wondered at her varied talents and persevering industry, life showed to her only its fairest side.

Sent to Tours, her Ursuline mothers wondered alike at her

precocious piety and decision of character, while the total absence of vanity or selfishness seemed to mark her a child of benediction. Already her pious zeal had done work for God among her schoolmates. Now she was soon to leave them. An orphan, under the guardianship of her brother-in-law, M. Marceau, she was daily expecting his arrival. *But God was before him.* Urged by resistless grace, she fled one evening to the House of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd, and begged the Superior to admit her as a Postulant. Mother Mary of St. Hippolyte had a long conversation with her, and consented. M. Marceau arrived and took her home for a year. Then finding her resolution fixed, he brought her back to the poor convent, where she was received as Novice, on September 8, 1815, under the name of Sister Mary of St. Euphrasia. The prayers and tears of the community had won them a saint from God.

II.—The Community.

To novices the words of St. Paul—*Your life is hid with Christ in God*—are peculiarly applicable. In this instance, however, we are permitted to take a peep within the cloister, as the noble simplicity of character which was one of her greatest charms, led the Mother in after years to detail some reminiscences for the instruction of her beloved daughters. Encouraging them for instance, to write their Annals, she said:

"When I first entered religion, I was so eager to know all about the early days of the order, and everything relating to it, that, as a novice at Tours, I was always seeking the society of the aged nuns to talk with them on that subject. Next to the reading of the Scriptures, I took most delight in the old manuscripts left by some of our first Mothers, the letters of our Father Eudes, and the short history of his life, which was not yet in print. When a community letter came from a House of Refuge, I could not sleep that night, it seemed to me so beautiful."

And again, in speaking of the zeal they should have: "I must confess that, as early as the time of my novitiate, the desire of working for the conversion of sinners pursued me with so much

strength that I reproached myself for it, and accused myself of it as a temptation."

But that exquisite "temptation" was to haunt her whole life.

On the 9th of September, 1817, the ardent Novice joyfully took the leading part in that ceremony of "religious profession" which she so often recalled to her children, in urging the fervent renewal of their vows, which the rules of the order prescribe annually for the feast of the Presentation.

Mother Mary of St. Hippolyte testified her confidence in the new 'Professed' by placing a class of penitents in her charge. They were among the most refractory, and naturally expected to take advantage of her youth and inexperience. They would say to her with affected innocence: "Mother, you must be very tired; go and rest awhile; we will be very good in your absence."

But the prudent young mistress was not to be deceived. "I could not be better anywhere than in your midst, my children; it is here I find my best repose."

One of her reminiscences reminds us of the Communists of '70. "When I was obliged to thwart their desires, they used every possible means to bring me over to their purpose. One day I found five or six at the door of my cell; asking what they wanted, none ventured to reply; at last one said that they wished, all together, to speak with me. Knowing what that meant, I said: 'What folly to imagine that a daughter of Our Lady of Charity could allow herself to yield to threats! Go, and be sure that she can die, if necessary, in performing her duty.'"

She was too rigid in those early days, as her confessor made her understand, telling her that her government would become too severe. By obeying his instructions she became the tenderest and therefore the wisest of Superiors, a true mother who could see the faults of her "children," as all under the care of the order are called, and yet seeing could bear with them. The charming directions she has left to her nuns on this subject prove how well she studied the sweet, alluring ways of the Sacred Heart, and became versed in that combination of *charity and zeal* which only that Heart can teach.

The fervent Mistress of Novices was unanimously chosen to succeed Mother Mary of St. Hippolyte, a dispensation from the Pope being obtained as she was under the age required.

As a novice she had been terrified by the ardor of her desire to labor for sinful souls; so now, as Mother Superior, she "often cried at night because the penitents in the house at Tours were so few!" They numbered forty.

"If we only had sixty!" she would exclaim, amusing her community by the extravagance of her ambitious dream. Very soon they saw it more than realized. Penitents came, novices also. Was she satisfied? Saints are never satisfied. The tardy growth of her beloved order filled her with impatience, too holy and self-sacrificing to be unheeded in heaven. Nearly two centuries old, yet its houses so few! She saw what was wanting—union under one head. Meanwhile she ventured on an undertaking which could only be fully accomplished by a united order. This was a religious community, formed of the holy and self-denying penitents whose numbers were augmenting, yet for whose apostolic zeal there existed no field of labor. They could not be received among the nuns of the Good Shepherd. In other orders they were not desired. - Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia took the bold step of solving the difficulty. She founded the Magdalen Sisterhood!

These dear souls, separated alike from their former companions, the penitents, and from the true Mothers who have brought them forth in a new birth to Christ, have a Rule, a Novitiate, and a Habit, are governed by one of the nuns of the Good Shepherd, and renew the three simple vows every year; their life is one of prayer and silent labor.

A Congregation of Magdalen Sisters! What are the dreams of philanthropy and progress compared to such a work as this! Christian charity itself can go no higher. Well might their Foundress say on her death-bed, "Our good Magdalens—I am indeed their foundress," giving at the same time the credit of the work to that glorious Penitent of the Gospel, whose very name fills a Christian heart with love for Him to Whom she ministered.

Of the predestined souls, who are thus called from the depths of shame to the glory of resuscitated virgins, the blessed Superior has left this testimony. "The penitents are sometimes very fervent. I have seen one remain two or three successive hours in prayer and perfect recollection. Another seemed to me never to commit a voluntary fault." Little wonder that she would not endure to see such souls without a fitting place in the Church.

Of one penitent, she gives an appalling description of the life she had once lived.

This unhappy creature, having made her first Communion unworthily, seemed to be thenceforth possessed by evil spirits. She gloried in committing sin; to show contempt for the adorable Sacrament, she received almost every day, previously eating, even in the church sometimes. Or again she would set fire to fields of growing grain, because their growth showed an overruling Providence, or throw stones at little lambs, to show her hatred of the Lamb of God. But the Divine Lamb touched that desperate heart. She begged admission into the Refuge, where she was so thoroughly converted that, in the words of Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia, "she obtained such great contrition that she hardly dared to raise her eyes to heaven. For three years she was fidelity itself; at the end of this time she fell ill, and after preparing for death in the most edifying manner, expired with tender sentiments of piety. On the evening of her death, giving me a picture, she said, smilingly, that it represented *St. Euphrasia engaged in building churches.*"

This was surely encouraging to the zealous soul whom the good and pious opposed in all her enterprises for the divine honor, as we shall presently see.

It seems, in truth, that one of her first Magdalens was the first to advocate her cause with God, as this first penitent gave her a sign of it.

"O Mother, my best friend! what have you not done for me!" the dying one cried out, as the beloved Superior approached her. "I owe my conversion to you! What a consolation to see you! It seems as if God Himself sent you to strengthen me!"

Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia, who knew the sanctity of this dying Magdalen, was struck by the words. They gave her an inspiration. She thus relates what followed:

"I was then very desirous to have many houses of the order founded, and I said to her: 'My child, you will probably die soon. If, as I hope, you have the happiness of going to heaven, promise that you will ask God to let me know whether my desire to found houses for souls wishing to forsake the way of sin, is one inspired by Him.'

"'But how can you doubt it?' she replied. 'Yes, yes, my Mother; leave it to me, I will occupy myself with that before our Lord.'

"Soon after her death we were called here to found this house of Angers."

Mother Mary had received a sign. Henceforth faith was her guiding star; she lived by it, like the just man, letting God lead her where and how He would.

III.—The Growth of the Work.

The city of Angers had formerly possessed a House for Penitents, under the charge of secular ladies. During the Revolution it was used as a prison. In 1821, several pious ladies determined to restore it, and when, later on, a difficulty arose as to its government, one of these, the Countess d'Andique, proposed that Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia, whose abilities were well known to her, should found the establishment. The Bishop of Angers laid the matter before the Archbishop of Tours, who approved it, and the Mother immediately set out with four of her community to Angers, arriving in July, 1829, when the house was at once opened. It was poor as could be, the chapel a little room very unworthy its purpose. A prophetic spirit, then, must have inspired the preacher on the occasion, the renowned Father Gloriot, when he thus apostrophized it: "Little Bethlehem of Juda; from thy bosom will spring numerous branches, which shall cover the whole earth. Yes, little tribe, thou wilt one day be the queen of nations."

Of course, the small community were in absolute want. Their first meal was due to the charity of the curate of St. James' parish, in which the house was situated; and they fared generally worse than their rule required. The good Mother, however, was most concerned for the penitents, to whom she would fain have given better food. As soon as the cloister was established, which was on her thirty-third birthday, she returned to her duties at Tours, being in her second term as Superior. At the close of the term she was recalled to Angers, the Bishop showing that the letter of obedience, which his brother prelate of Tours had signed without reading it, allowed him to detain her there for an unlimited time. The child of Tours, knowing that she was leaving it forever, felt her heart die within her. Nature claimed its right to struggle with grace, and the tempter seized the favorable moment of a pardonable grief, to array his forces against her.

"I had gone to an Ursuline community, of which Madame de Lignac was Superioress," she writes; "from there I was to take the diligence. Suddenly I was struck with doubt and discouragement. It seemed to me that I should never do any good, that I should even be an impediment to the good that others could accomplish. I was on the point of returning, when I was told that an ecclesiastic, M. Pasquier, desired to speak to me. As soon as I entered the parlor, the holy man said to me with an air of inspiration: 'My Mother, you are overburdened with temptation, God has made it known to me in prayer; but woe to you if you yield! It is not humility that causes you to hesitate, but the weakness of nature. Be strong, go to Angers, and you shall see that God, by means of you, will do great works for His glory.'"

The generous heart rose at a bound. If God's glory was to be promoted, what mattered all else?

Then began for the devoted Superior an experience more bitter than death. She was censured, slandered, opposed on every side. Her consciousness of ability was imputed, not to faith, but to pride: her projects were denounced as visionary, impracticable, and (most dreaded of words just then) *revolutionary!*

The first benefactor of the foundation, Count Augustin Leroy de la Potherie, was warned against her: kind friends applauded, and at the same time deplored, his former generosity, and implored him not to be further deceived. He was deceived by themselves, but only for a short time. One interview enabled those two kindred spirits to come to an understanding. The Count assumed the expense of erecting a suitable church, and the corner-stone was laid by Bishop Montault, her unswerving advocate, in 1832. In the same year the extreme poverty of the house was relieved by two wealthy novices, its first and constant benefactress, Madame d'Andique, entering with them. Criticism was silenced, for the work was a success.

But Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia did not coincide with these prudent good people in deeming she had done enough. Done enough for God—the thought could not enter her head! She was still bent on a union, with Angers as the mother house. Her Bishop was of the same mind, other prelates joined with him in an application to Gregory XVI., and a Brief was obtained, April 3, 1835. A pretty little incident is related of this:

"How many letters are there against the Mother Superior of the Good Shepherd?"

"Thirteen, Holy Father," answered the Cardinal addressed.

"And what has she written against her accusers?"

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Truth is then on her side," answered his Holiness, and he resolved on establishing the *Généralat.*

There was no longer doubt or opposition. Everybody congratulated the Mother General; novices from all classes and all parts flocked in; convents sprang up as if by miracle. Peter had spoken.

An epidemic in the Mother House, and later at Rome, delayed for three years the foundation of a house which his Holiness had from the first desired. It was in June, 1838, that the Mother General entered the Eternal City. Her old friend, Madame d'Andique, accompanied her. The Monastery of the Holy Cross was founded, and the happy Mother returned to Angers, bearing

in her heart the paternal promise of Gregory XVI.: "My heart is satisfied, I will protect you in every thing, and will be the father of your work." The appropriate gift of the Pontiff to the Mother House was a relic of St. Agape (or St. Love), which he had procured from the Catacombs for the church of those who so faithfully practice the charity which is the virgin-martyr's cognomen. Six years later she was again in Rome, had "precious audiences" with the Sovereign Pontiff, and obtained "abundant benedictions" for all her daughters.

"Ah, my dear children, how much the Head of the Church loves your Congregation!" wrote the grateful Mother. His holy successor was no less kind to the daughters of the Good Shepherd. As Cardinal Archbishop he wrote to her of his "fervent gratitude" in receiving at Imola the "little flock of holy virgins, who are to undertake the mission of saving so many lost sheep. I have reason to thank God Who holds in His hands the hearts of men. It appears to me He has placed the hearts of your daughters in His own Divine Heart."

Not long after this, ascending the Chair of Peter as Pius IX., he pithily expressed his estimation of the good Mother by saying to the Bishop of Nantes who was reluctantly quitting Rome: "When the Superior General asks your services for her daughters, you must go."

IV.—The Faithful Foundress.

The Superior General of the Congregation is chosen every six years, by two members from each community. As the one holding the office is eligible for re-election, Mother Mary was regularly chosen for successive terms, until her death in 1868. The Brief of erection shows how arduous are the duties of the office. Besides the government of the house of Angers (of which she is Mother Superior), the General has "that of the other houses; —also, to found, with the consent of the diocesan Bishop, new houses, to visit those already founded, to watch carefully that all the rules are observed and order maintained everywhere; to admit novices, herself, or through the Superiors of other houses, dis-

tribute and transfer her subjects:" in this always consulting the Assistants, and each house remaining under direction of the Bishop of the diocese.

Under its first General, the Congregation soon numbered five classes under charge of the community of professed nuns and novices, namely: *penitent sinners; Magdalens*, who, in their brown habit, formed a little community; children of the *preservation classes*, removed by anxious parents or guardians from evil surroundings while still innocent; other children already affected, or exposed to temptation; and orphans. These classes are entirely distinct, and hold no intercourse.

It was this variety of good works which drew lifelong opposition and harassing persecutions on the large-minded Foundress. Father Eudes' work, in her hands, expanded till critics could no longer understand it. They thought ambition had led her astray from the vocation she had originally adopted, not knowing how careful were her instructions.

"We must hold to our vocation; otherwise we shall fall and be lost. . . . You are not departing from the end of your vocation, when you admit, with requisite permission, a class of young persons; for this has been customary from the beginning of the Congregation, and you will find in our Book of Customs a little rule written for them expressly. At the same time, you must be very sure that you are able to perform all your duties. . . . If there is only a limited number of religious, or if the locality be unsuitable, you should confine yourselves to the class of penitents." Thus she frequently wrote.

The truly maternal heart embraced and care for all. In the thirty-three years of her Generalship, she founded one hundred and ten monasteries. Asia and Africa, no less than Europe and America, could show proofs of that "Faith which can do all things," according to her continual reminder to timid or afflicted souls. The Mother House of Angers, with its 300 nuns of various nations, 80 Magdalen Sisters, 200 penitents, and 500 children of the three distinct classes, could not exhaust her zeal, which took in the wants and details of the most distant houses.

Gay at recreation and "childish," as she expressed it, with the novices; a model of contemplative prayer and an adept at every task; up to her seventy-second year her *charity and zeal* made her ready for all demands, as well as untiring in original works. Then her sorrowing daughters saw the buoyant spirit and active frame was drooping. Still she would not give up. A few months for labor still remained.

Passion Sunday, March 28, she was as usual punctual at recreation. "How bright Mother is to-day!" was the remark. But returned to her room the brave heart made its plaint: "O my Jesus, I have seen my children for the last time! Thy will be done!" Four weeks she was left to edify and console them by the tender love that omitted nothing—from reminding them when the bell sounded for *duty*, to ordering something extra for the collation of Holy Thursday evening, "because of the watch that night."

On Friday, April 24, while bidding farewell to Sisters who were departing to distant missions, the end came. "Farewell, farewell, my children! Farewell, Institute!" and sinking into a quiet agony of three hours, the true disciple of the Sacred Heart went home—self-forgotten to the last.

THE DEAD CHRIST RISEN.

At Passiontide,
While the altar mourns and the cross is veiled,
Wail for the sin through the world so wide;
The light of the sun from the earth has failed,
Since the Christ of God has died!

At Eastertide,
Lift high the cross o'er Earth's gloomy prison,
Sing Alleluia through the world so wide:
For bright shines the sun since the Christ is risen,
And God is glorified.

MINK.

By Joseph E. Barnaby.

This tale keeps tune to a jangling bell that rings a country-bred, citified man to a tramp in Philadelphia.

V.

WILL MELLON'S employer in the city was, in theory, the William Penn Pennington China Tea Importing Company, the Company being invariably written out in full on all bills and drafts and other business documents. In practice, neither he nor any one else ever saw any member of the firm other than Mr. Montgomery Morris.

The latter had been first the confidential clerk, and afterward the son-in-law of the original W. P. Pennington, whose business he had inherited with his daughter. That was far back in the century, and the whole carrying trade from abroad, as well as the number and location of the myriads of tea-drinking mouths at home, had long since materially changed. It was even whispered that the Importing Company itself was now nothing more than a branch of some giant "combine" of the metropolis.

For all that it still held to its name, it kept its great dingy warehouse on one of the oldest streets down by the docks, and, along with its highly respectable General Office on a main thoroughfare of the newer town, was the Wholesale and Retail Store of the William Penn Pennington China Tea Importing Company. Everything about it spoke staidly but surely of Philadelphia capital. What more could the staunchest advocate of Philadelphia commerce demand?

Mr. Montgomery Morris married the entire Company when he became the husband of Miss Rachel Pennington, the only child and heir of its founder. This was evidently the reason why no one ever saw any other member of the firm. It once happened, at an afternoon tea in the old Pennington mansion, that old Mrs. Gouverneur, whose blood was as blue as Philadelphia could possibly boast—a trifle faded, in fact—abruptly asked Mrs.

Morris: "My dear, is it your husband or his partner that picks out this very delicious tea?"

But the charming hostess, in her very sweetest tones, replied: "If by 'partner' you mean me, Mrs. Gouverneur, I assure you I had nothing to do with buying it. But I will tell my husband how much you like it."

After this it was taken for granted that Mr. Montgomery Morris and the Company were one and the same.

He had something of a liking for Catholic clerks, especially if they came from the country and kept well to their religion. Not that he had any liking for the latter—oh dear, no! He was a leading Presbyterian, he superintended a Sunday-school of his own, and, perhaps in memory of the late Mr. Pennington who was of Quaker blood, he was never seen at his business without a tall, white, and broad-brimmed cylinder hat on his head.

In his deliberate drawling way, he confided his views on the subject to his wife. "The Catholic religion isn't much as a religion—not much personal experiencing of religion, such as we Calvinists believe in. But the doctrine of restitution is really wholesome. Just as long as a Catholic is benighted enough to go on his knees to a priest and tell all about his stealing and cheating, the priest will make him restore—and that's wholesome, I say, in business. I wish I could find some way to make the younger generation of our own sort of folks do the same."

"Pshaw, Montgomery," answered his spouse, "you say that because the woman who cleaned house for us brought back your winter trousers which she had taken off for her old man. Don't you trust to young clerks, Catholics or not, being like old women."

"No, no, Rachel," replied the other meekly: "I don't think I'm going to trust them too much just yet. But all the same I say the doctrine's wholesome—in business."

Mr. Montgomery Morris had his eyes wide open to all the possibilities of his business. Natural patriotism led the local trade to supply the mouths of Pennsylvania with Philadelphia tea. Just now he was looking to the Southwest—Kansas, and

Texas, and the like—which the advance of railroads was bringing every day into better position as a market for his teas.

"Why," he said, "should these people depend on the middlemen of St. Louis, when they can be reached immediately by the direct China Tea Importers of Philadelphia?"

Why, indeed? And he set about extending his service of travelling salesmen—commercial travellers, the English call them in their heavy way, they are "drummers" in the sententious American speech—for the relief of tea-thirsty Kansas.

If he had a practical hobby in his business, it was drummers. He could boast of having been one of the first of the race. Under the late Mr. Pennington he had introduced their teas largely through the South, then flourishing under the reign of King Cotton and slaves. Since that time the system has grown amazingly. It is quite unlike what is called abroad commercial travelling. In fact, our westward course of empire finds the drummer marching on through distances that would terrify the European imagination. And it was in distance that Mr. Morris rejoiced. Applying therefore his theory of the wholesomeness of restitution to his practical hobby, he set about fitting Will Mellon for the new field. He called him one day, after setting his broad-brimmed white hat more squarely over his brows, and looking out shrewdly at the young man, he said: "Well, sir, can you tell teas now by the taste? That's what I expect of our country young men who've never ruined their senses with tobacco."

Mellon assented, somewhat amused. He had been employing his leisure moments in cultivating what is a strange enough knack in the trade, tea-tasting, and he had acquired no little expertness in it. It requires indeed a certain abstinence from spices and narcotics that blunt the sense; perhaps, too, a certain country-bred vivacity, to begin with. The young man had even had dreams of being sent out to China as a professional tea-taster, although, to tell the truth, he had never had reasonable grounds for believing that the Importing Company had a man employed in China. The idea now came back to him suddenly, and he looked up with such a show of interest as to surprise his grave employer.

The latter smiled—the smile drawing his lips into a line parallel with his eyebrows and hat-brim—and went on: "A great deal of our trade depends on our suiting the taste the country-folks have in tea. I think their taste goes all the way back to the Revolution. We were very successful in my day in keeping up to it. Now, I want you to go up to Waterbrook, and get around among the grocers at the cross-roads, and see what they handle in the way of teas, and find out the tastes of the people, and find out too how to sell our goods. When you come back from up the valley you'll have experience, and then I may have something more important for you."

Will was glad to get back to the old scenes again, and he was well fitted for his work. Montgomery Morris was shrewd enough to foresee that the great number of New England and Middle State emigrants to the Southwest would preserve the tastes of their old homes. If he was to supply them with teas, he must be able to give them what they liked.

Aunt Mary was overjoyed at seeing her nephew, though she found him considerably changed. Her faith in the greater priestliness of Philadelphia business life, over what she had called bog-trotting along the Ridge, was considerably shaken. But Will went gladly with her to look at the old farm, in which he still had an interest. To her great delight, he even consented to make a pilgrimage to the butternut tree on the hill. She found his stay in the city was not quite driving his religion out of his head. He had become a prominent debater in the Temperance Society of the parish where he lived, and if he had not been sent on this trip he was likely to have been an officer in it. So altogether she was considerably comforted.

At the end of his time Will Mellon came back, bringing with him a larger number of orders than the great China Tea Importing Company had for a long time received from its own State. This confirmed Mr. Montgomery Morris in his idea of the fitness of the young man for the special field he had laid out for him. After another trial trip through some of the southern districts—"just to let him know how people felt about the war"—he gave

him notice to prepare for the great excursion to the Southwest. For this it was necessary to put considerable responsibility on him. It was a new venture, and one a long distance away. The representative of a company like his own, if it was to compete with these upstart companies of the West, must be empowered to act on certain occasions in the name of the firm.

Pleased as Mr. Montgomery Morris was with the Catholic doctrine of restitution, he was far too shrewd to venture anything without a civil safeguard being added to the religious obligation. Accordingly, before his new-made drummer of the Southwestern trans-Mississippi region, as he pompously called him, set out for his field, he had a document signed in plain black and white, making several provisions for the future. The young man was to have a limited power, when in need of money, of collecting debts due to the firm, and this would be offset from his own salary on his return. But there was added in the document—and as he read it Mr. Morris's white broad-brimmed hat and his eyebrows and mouth took on again their parallel lines—any overdrawing of money was to be counted on the snug little farm on which the young man was known to possess a mortgage.

"The doctrine of restitution," said Mr. Morris, "is very wholesome, but there is no knowing how the faith of these young men may be shaken, so far away from home."

VI.

In early autumn Will Mellon, with a light heart and a parcel of samples, everyone of which he could taste and the taste of everyone of which he could describe, which second gift is not less important than the first in one of his trade, was off for Kansas and Texas. His expenses were allowed him by the firm, on a generous footing. His salary had been notably increased, and was to be drawn on his return. He did not give much thought to the document he had signed giving a claim, for all undue or overdrawn expenses, on his salary and the little farm he had inherited.

For a part of the way he had a companion, sent out on a like

mission with himself. This was a young man of medium height, black hair that was always smooth and shiny, and eyes blacker and shinier and smoother yet in expression, if possible, and a general look of persuasiveness. He had been an active drummer for the Company for some years, and was known as "Buffalo Beans." He avowed himself a graduate of the Buffalo High School; but he did not know where the nickname of "Beans" had come from. Perhaps, he said, because he "knew beans." He acknowledged to Will that he was a Catholic in a sort of way. "You see," he said, "I never went on as far as my first Communion. I was a half-orphan, and didn't have anyone to look after me. But I always call myself a Catholic."

Will Mellon suspected that he properly had no sense of religion whatever, but took to him in this way simply to get on the right side of him, as was his habit in regard to all persons. It was this made him so valuable as a commercial traveller. There were strange stories told about his goings on, once he was far enough away from the sight and hearing of Mr. Morris. But he always returned from his expeditions with a good array of orders, and though he drew his expenses up to the limit yet he never overran it. It was said too he had some hidden influence over the proprietor of the business. He was certainly high up in his graces, and was to do in the northern region across the Mississippi what Will Mellon was to do in the Southwest.

At St. Louis the two companions separated on the best of terms. Buffalo Beans, given a fair chance, usually ended by fascinating and winning over to himself any character less strong than his own. He had made an agreement with Will that they should inform each other of their various successes, "and if," as he said with a knowing air, "either of us gets into a tight pull, the other'll chip in with his own allowance to help him out."

The success in the Southwest was greater than even the sanguine Montgomery Morris had expected. Orders for his teas came pouring in upon him from places he had never heard of before. He was struck with the great number of

Jewish names that appeared on the frontier; and when, after a month or two, the ready money did not follow the orders as closely as in the more settled parts of the country, he wrote on to Will with some alarm, and suggested the propriety of a round among his customers, something in the collecting line. About this time also Will began receiving letters from Buffalo Beans. The latter, if he could be believed, had made a sad mess of the whole trip, and he was afraid to return to Philadelphia with his hands empty.

Just as Mellon was passing through one of the most flourishing new towns of Northern Texas, where heavy amounts of money were waiting the order of his employer, there came into his hotel one day Buffalo Beans himself. There was a general air of prolonged dissipation about him, which would have excited Mellon's suspicion, had he not been so completely under the influence of the other and so surprised at his sudden appearance. Buffalo soon explained his predicament and his demands. His explanation must have had something pathetic in it, for it gave Will a very serious look. It wound up with asking nothing less than that he should be helped out of his difficulty by Will's drawing to the full extent of his credit in the town.

The young man hesitated long before going to this extreme, but the other implored, assured him that otherwise he was ruined, that there had been a misfortune, that he was sure to be able to collect orders on his own salary, that there would be only a trifling loss in the end and all would be made right before he should return home. At last Mellon gave in, and collected his employer's bills in the little city to the amount of several hundreds of dollars beyond what his own salary would cover. He had in his mind at the time the document he had signed, conveying his little farm as surety, but he said to himself: "A man who has put me forward so fast as Mr. Morris will surely give me time to pay up a debt of mere friendship like this." Then he tried to shake off his feelings of uneasiness. "Buffalo Beans will pay me himself. He has

only got into a tight fix, such as he is always running into. Why, haven't I known Morris himself to forgive him things almost as bad as this before?"

Unfortunately, Buffalo Beans had committed himself beyond extrication. Unfortunately, too, Will Mellon was not aware of the hard, unbending character of his employer. As for Buffalo Beans, who had more worldly experience and a surer insight into the motives of men, he was quite aware of the consequences. As he pleasantly said to himself, he was simply feathering his nest before he took flight, meaning of course to take flight, nest and all. But he had reckoned without his host.

VII.

Mr. Montgomery Morris was not a man to put any great confidence in others, without having some countercheck. He had already got wind of the irregular proceedings of his agent for the Northwestern trans-Mississippi region, as he called it, and in point of fact his detectives were already on the track. Before Buffalo Beans left the town where he had succeeded in entrapping his fellow-drummer into his power, he was arrested, and after the usual formalities was brought back, tried, and thrown into the penitentiary as an embezzler.

Will's anxiety was great, and he at once wrote a full account of his own part in the matter to his employer. He was somewhat relieved from the fact that he was not himself summoned to appear in the case. He concluded that, as Buffalo Beans could not have done away with the money he had procured from him, it would be placed to his own account and no demand would be made on himself. He was greatly mistaken.

Broad-brimmed Mr. Montgomery Morris had other business maxims than that concerning the wholesomeness of restitution. One was, never to trust a second time any clerk who had either grievously sinned against him or grievously blundered in his service. And Will Mellon was in the latter predicament. When the time came for settling up his accounts he found, to his dismay, that the entire debt he had collected in favor of his friend

had been charged up against him. It so far exceeded his entire salary as to sweep away all that he might be able to realize from the sale of the mortgage he still held on his father's farm. He was now back in Philadelphia, and it was in the office of the employer who had heretofore been so kind to him that the disclosure was made. Fruitless anger and despair took hold of him, so that he could not even interrupt the plausible moral which Mr. Morris was drawing, especially for his benefit.

Of course, his employer did not allude to the fact that the debt had been doubly paid, first by what he was receiving from the unfortunate Mellon, and already, before that, by the funds recovered from Buffalo Beans. In the system of strict morality he had made out for himself, he quieted all scruple by asserting that the money found on Buffalo Beans was to go, not where it came from, but to satisfy the latter's embezzlement of debts in other towns, for which the money had disappeared. The immaculate shirt-front was as unruffled, the parallel lines of hat-brim and eyes and mouth were as righteously straight as ever while he pointed out to Mellon the measures he had taken against him, and gave him a word of pharisaical advice about choosing his companions for the future. He then calmly dismissed him from his service.

This was a new and still more unexpected blow for the young man. In his dismay he could barely gasp out a demand for some letter of recommendation, that he might find employment elsewhere. At this Mr. Montgomery Morris's astonishment was very vividly betrayed. With a severity he had never before shown, he asked the unfortunate young man how he could expect him—a reliable member of the community—to furnish with a letter of recommendation a young man who had escaped the penitentiary merely through the fact that he had received from his hard-working father some little property of his own.

"I consider," he said, "that I am dealing very leniently with you, in letting you off without publishing your disgrace."

Then in a cool tone he bade the young man good morning, and turned with undisturbed face to his business. It is possible, so strange are the workings of a man's mind, that his own self-

righteousness really persuaded him that he had done no injustice. The reader who, now the facts are presented to him in this rapid way, can see clearly every sequence, will be more apt to judge that he was in reality no better than one of the legal sharks who prey on members of the community, not quick enough to escape their clutches. Something of this was in the mind of Will Mellon, as he came forth with crushed heart from the interview. Yet he was so accustomed to rely on the judgment of others, his misfortune was so traceable to his own blind act of friendship, that he perhaps did not see the real injustice done him.

He now found himself in the midst of a great city, where no one was under obligation to him, for Buffalo Beans was safe in prison, and no one had longer any practical interest in him. He wandered about for some days, knocking at the doors of the great offices where he thought he might find occupation, but in vain. His money was nearly gone, and he had already pawned some of his effects to pay his board bill. He was on the point of resolving to make application to his good aunt—whose scant funds he knew were little more than able to support herself—when he heard that, under the blow of the disclosure of his condition officiously made to her by his former employer, she had first been taken violently ill, and then had died. This was the message brought him from the priest at Waterbrook.

His misery now seemed complete. The young man had never been strong, and when tone is gone from the mind it is very easy for the body to sink into lassitude, soon becoming a prey to any disease. The winter had come on, and at last he was obliged to take up his quarters in a cheap lodging-house. From one step of poverty he went down to another. His clothes were worn, he was untidy, there was no longer a possibility of his receiving any employment for which his education fitted him. It is an easy thing to become a tramp; it is difficult to raise oneself up from that condition.

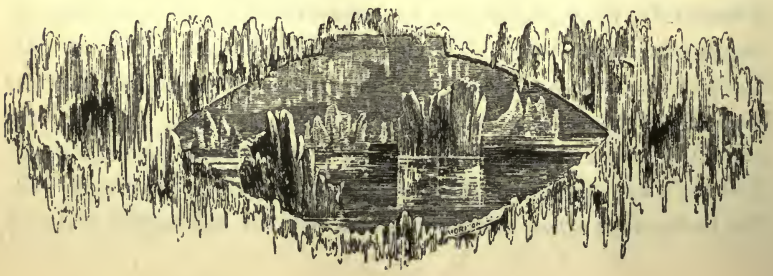
As he now was he had no resource but to hawk about through the town any little articles he could obtain on short credit. On his lucky days a few cents would be left for his night's lodging,

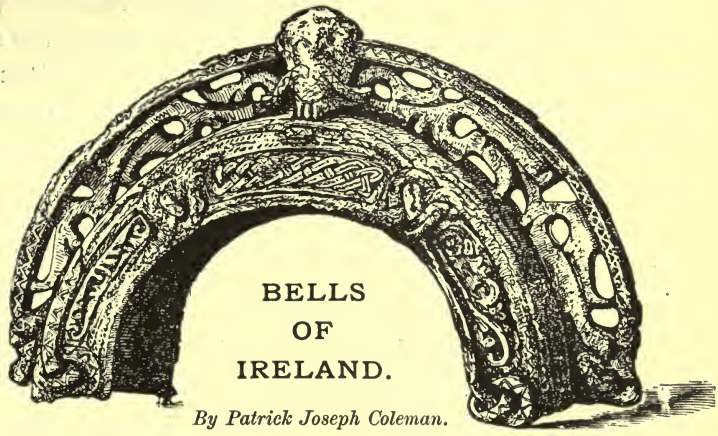
and for his meals. At his lodging place there were regularly twenty men camped on rude cots in the same room. He came across phases of life of which he had not dreamed in his former career. Some had been higher than himself. He almost despaired when he thought that few were now lower. As the winter passed, his insufficient clothing and his poor nourishment, often limited to a single meal a day, began to tell upon him, and the seeds of consumption soon appeared.

He had always kept up his remembrance of his old horse, and in the days of his prosperity had looked out for the car on the Ridge to which Mink was attached. Even now that his resources were beyond the possibility of riding in so luxurious a conveyance as the street car, he still looked eagerly for it, and the driver who had befriended him already more than once now and then found the means of helping him on his way. At one time he would have felt humiliated by this. He would not have dreamed of being reduced to a position where a car driver should be his social superior, or that he would be willing to receive a few cents of assistance from him. But there is nothing grows so easily on a man as the tramp spirit, through and through, once the tone of his mind is gone and he sees no possibility of rising. So it was in the few months which, long as they seemed to Will Mellon, have taken us so little time to narrate.

The third period of his life now began—much more uncommon than the two we have narrated, much more surprising, ending in something incomprehensible to the world, but of which faith has a clear insight.

(*To be concluded.*)





BELLS OF IRELAND.

By Patrick Joseph Coleman.

When will the swan her death-note singing
Sleep with wings in darkness furled;
When will Heaven its sweet bell ringing
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Like an echo down from ante-Christian days comes the burden of the sweetest of the early legends of Ireland. It may be that the story of the Children of Lir is a fanciful theme of the Christian bards. But it emphasizes one fact of those days of faith, the veneration of the Irish for bells—bells as an emblem of faith, of the revelation of things higher than the things of the Druids, of a God above the Sun-god of ancient Erin, the knowledge of Whose superexcellence came to them with the sound of the Mass-bell of Saint Patrick.

Somewhere in these legends, brought from the East by the first colonists of Ireland, was floating a prophetic tradition. It dimly figured forth a power to supersede, a beauty to transfigure, the power and beauty which, with all its mysticism and barbarity, breathed through the Druidic religion. There was a yearning in the nation for something yet unrealized. Because she desired she recognized; and recognizing, Ireland loved the faith she had yearned for.

Christianity came to her, as each New Year does now, with the ringing of bells. What then more natural than that some bard should embody this yearning in song and weave it in some sweet legend connecting the past with the present? Deliverance was to come from Christ, the message of faith was to be the token of that deliverance; that which accompanied the message—the ringing of bells—was to be the sign of faith.

So the Children of Lir, types of the soul humiliated by the superstition of the Druids, were represented as having been changed by the spell of a witch, typical of paganism, into three swans. They were to wander through the waters of Erin until, at length, the spell should be broken and they should be delivered from their pain at the ringing of the first Christian bell in Ireland. Sweetly the legend paints the three birds, wearied with long years of wandering, chilled by the rains and winds of many a winter, coming forth on the sea-shore, under the hand of Saint Patrick, old and decrepit and hoary, not as they had been transfigured long ago—a girl and boys in roseate childhood.

Apart from its ideal and poetic beauty, the legend serves its purpose to elucidate the chronicles which attribute to the early Irish Church a national reverence for bells.

Into Wales, Scotland and England, France and Low Germany, thence on to the valleys of Switzerland and Italy, poured the monks of Erin. Many of them bishops, all clerics, they bore with them the bells which had come down to them from Saint Patrick.

On the Continent there is still record of the existence of four of these relics. One, the bell of Saint Gall, is preserved in Switzerland; one in France, that of Saint Godeberte in Noyon; one at Stival in Brittany; one in the museum of Cologne, which of old belonged to Cumbert, the first bishop of that town. Four are known to exist in Scotland, two in England, and six in Wales; but whether these latter—from the Caledonian and ancient British churches—are native copies of the bells introduced by the Irish monks, or the genuine work of Irish craftsmen, is uncertain. The contention is matter of little moment, however, as they are all of the Irish school of design.

Dr. Anderson, writing of those preserved in Scotland, says: "As all those in Scotland, whose associations have been preserved, are attributed to Irish Saints, we naturally turn to Ireland in search of the parent group. There we find the type is well known and examples both in iron and bronze are abundant. The exact number of those that are still extant in Ireland is not easily ascertained, but they can be enumerated up to between fifty and sixty."

Though the majority of these are hand-bells, there is no reason for supposing that others than hand-bells were unknown. In his work on the *Round Towers of Ireland*, Dr. Petrie, one of the greatest authorities on Irish archæology, explicitly says that "it is perfectly certain that bells of a size much too large for altar-bells were abundantly distributed by Saint Patrick in Ireland, as appears from his oldest lives."

That the Round Towers of Ireland were neither sun-temples of the Druids nor sepulchres of kings, but that they date from post-Christian days is of late a received theory. Of Christian erection, they were the prototype of the belfry. Like our Angelus bell, thrice in the day, at morning, noon, and night, over the fields of Erin rang out the remembrance of the Word made Flesh. Later on, when the terrible prows of the Norse pirates appeared off the coasts, a note of warning, it may be, or a carillon of joy at some victory won, was added to the matin call to Holy Mass. No hand-bell sufficed for this; the battle-tocsin that broke from the pillar towers, the peal of jubilee, and the dirge of the warriors borne to rest on their shields were rung by bells of massy

bronze. Certain it is that the art of bell-founding was known in the West at the time of Charlemagne. That art came from Ireland through the constant influx of Irish missionaries, who were not alone the apostles, but the scholars, the professors, the mathematicians, the jurists and scribes, the sweet singers and artists of Europe.

The art of the bell-founder is essentially a Christian art. Saint Patrick introduced it into Ireland in A. D. 432. Besides clerics and ecclesiastics there were in his train, "in his family," as the old writers lovingly term it, three smiths "expert at shaping," MacCecht, Laebhan, and Fortchern. The special office of these smiths is explicitly laid down in the Tripartite Life, "*that the smiths should make the bells*, and that the braziers should make the patens and the menisters and the altar chalices."

To the churches he founded on his mission through Ireland Saint Patrick left a chalice and a bell. The use of the latter is disputed; but, being hand-bells, it is reasonable to assume that they were rung at the elevation of the Mass. They were used too in processions, at the passing away of clerics, and in monasteries as well to summon the monks to matins and vespers as to call the faithful to Mass.

There is no doubt that many copies of these were subsequently made. Skill in sacred craftsmanship was an honored gift of the early Irish Saints. For instance, Saint Assicus, first bishop of Elphin in Roscommon, was a "deft worker" in bronze, and Saint Movee of Kilmovee near Ballaghaderrin in the County of Mayo was so skilled in the arts that legends, common alike to the British and Irish churches, point to him as the real Merlin of Welsh myths. Indeed the better bells of bronze which have reached us were cast in the tenth century. This we gather from one of a very superior finish—the bronze bell of Cumasach, son of Ailill, who was steward in the monastery of Armagh and whose death in the year 908 is recorded in the annals of Ulster.

To this period too belong "the second bell of Columb of Ros Glandae in Roscommon, now in the Petrie Museum; the Bell of Gartan in Donegal, in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy;

that of Kilshanny, County Clare, in the same museum; and two fine examples which show that these bells were occasionally ornamented, the Bell of Cashel, now in the museum of the Earl of Dunraven, and that of Bangor in the County of Down, on the face of which a cross is incised, and round the base a band of Irish ornament runs, which is very similar in both cases. These fine bronze bells vary in size from 14 in. high by 9 in. wide at base to 5 in. high by 3 in. at base, while the old iron bells measure on an average from 6 in. high by 4½ in. wide to 11 in. by 8 in. wide."[1]

These interesting relics handed on from generation to generation were treasured with religious jealousy. They were named after their original possessors, the founder or head of some church or abbey, and thus to many of them now preserved in Ireland a distinct and peculiar history attaches.

Saint Patrick's bell also accounts for the natural phenomenon of the absence of all noxious reptiles from Ireland. Jocelyn, indeed, a Cistercian monk of the twelfth century, writes of this with that fiction-loving fancy which has since characterized most English writers on Ireland.

Ireland, he chronicled, beyond all the nations of the earth, was plagued with reptiles, magicians, and demons since its first inhabitation. Saint Patrick, after much prayer and fast, elevating in his hand his crosier—the Staff of Jesus—*ringing his bell*, and aided by Angels, drove them before him to Croagh Patrick, whence he cast them into the sea over that steep known as *Lug-na-Demon*—the Devil's Gulf. It is said further that the demons, thus expelled, passed northward through the waters to the southwest coast of Donegal, where they emerged and resided at *Sheann-gleann*—the old Vale—until Saint Columkille arose, a century later, and drove them thence.

Through fourteen hundred years the bell of St. Patrick, at the sound of which, tradition says, the demons of sin and superstition fled from Ireland forever, has been treasured with fond veneration as a national heirloom.

[1] Miss Stokes, *Early Christian Art in Ireland*, page 64.

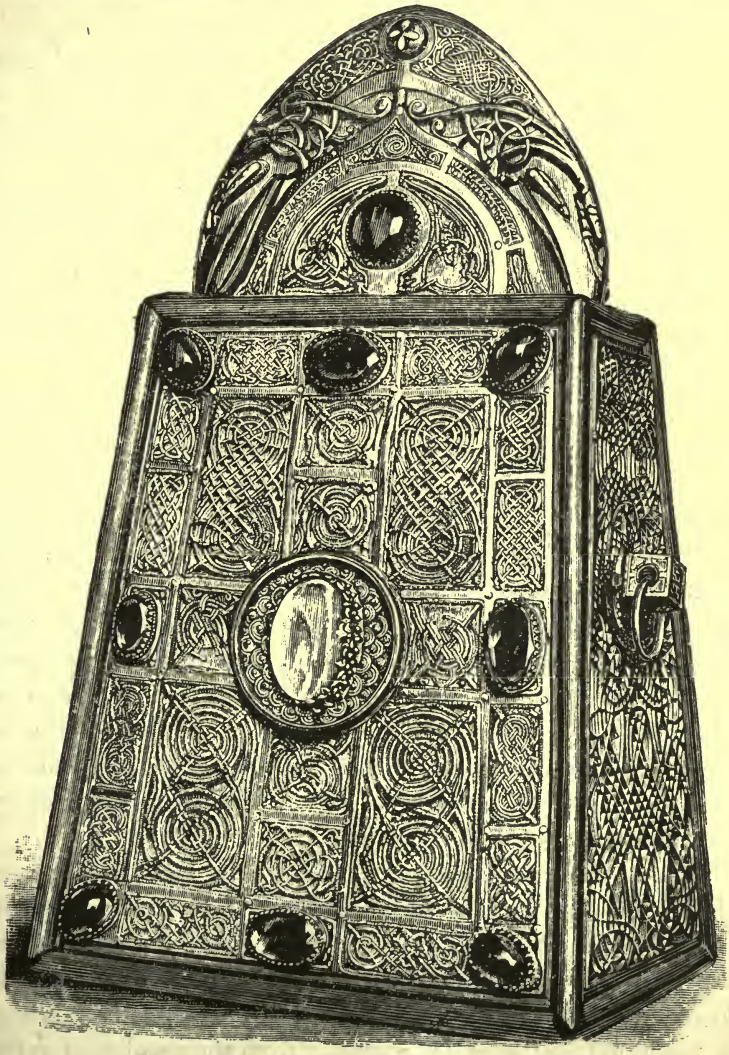
Thus speaks Miss Stokes of it, in her late interesting work on *Early Christian Art in Ireland.*

"The iron Bell of St. Patrick is at once the most authentic and the oldest Irish relic of Christian metal-work that has descended to us. It possesses the singular merit of having an unbroken history through fourteen hundred years. This bell is quadrilateral, and is formed of two plates of sheet iron, which are bent over so as to meet, and are fastened together by large-headed iron rivets. The corners are rounded by a gentle inclination of the parts which join. One of the plates constitutes the face, the crown, and upper third of the back, as well as the adjacent portion of each side, being doubled over at the top, and descending to meet the smaller plate, which overlaps it at the junction. Subsequently to the securing the joints by rivets, the iron frame was consolidated by the fusion of bronze into the joints and over the surface, giving to the whole a metallic solidity, which very much enhanced its resonance, as well as contributed to its preservation. The inside also was coated with bronze, though more irregularly than the outside, owing to the unevenness of the surface; and the coating seems to have been effected by the dipping of the iron shell into a vessel of the fused metallic compound, a process which has been employed to a recent date in the manufacture of the Wiltshire sheep-bells. The handle is of iron, let in by projecting spikes to perforations on the ridge of the bell, and further secured on the outside by bronze attachments of its straps."

ANCIENT IRISH BELL.

About the year 1091, when Donell MacAulay filled the see of Armagh, the MacBeolans of Galway, who for so many centuries have been the custodians of the bell, caused a shrine of great value to be constructed for it. This remarkable reliquary

has never been lost sight of. Its custody was committed to one special family, who from generation to generation jealously treasured this privilege as their most sacred heirloom. In most



SHRINE OF ST. PATRICK'S BELL.

cases it proved to them "a source of considerable emolument; and in after ages, when its profits ceased to accrue, long associations so bound it up with the affection of the keeper's family that

they almost held their existence upon the tenure of its safe custody." "The shrine is made of brass, on which the ornamented parts are fastened down with rivets. The front is adorned with silver-gilt plates and knot-work in golden filigree. The silver work is partly covered with scrolls, some in alto-relievo and some in bas-relief. It is also decorated with gems and crystal, and on the sides are animal forms elongated and twisted into interlaced scrolls." [2]

The bell is now in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, together with its shrine. The people of Ireland have treasured it well. It is to them an *ancile*, a sacred pledge, to be cherished and guarded jealously—a pledge of the eternal presence in their midst of that other gift left them by Saint Patrick, their indestructible Catholic faith.

The possession of this interesting relic in the family of the MacBeolans through an unbroken heredity of fourteen hundred years, though peculiar, is not unique. Other Irish families have a similar history. The MacGuirks of Tyrone were hereditary keepers of the bell of Termon MacGuirk now in the Dungannon Museum, which descended from Columba the founder of the church; the McEnhills kept the iron bell of Drumragh near Omagh, the Magoverans that of St. Mogue in Templeport, County Cavan, the O'Rorkes that of Fenagh, which was afterward removed to Mohill in County Leitrim, the Breslins that of Conell of Iniscail now in the British Museum, and the Keanes of Clare, the Cloigh Oir or Golden Bell of Saint Senan in Scattery Island at the mouth of the Shannon.

About the tenth century, when the bells had become worn or damaged, the custom of enshrining them was instituted. Neither wealth nor workmanship was spared to make them worthy of their purpose. Foremost amongst the riches of gold and silver that drew the Danes to Ireland, were these bell-shrines. "It would appear," says Dr. Petrie, "from the number of references to shrines in the Irish annals, that previously to the irruptions of the Northmen in the eighth and ninth centuries, there

[2] Miss Stokes, page 66.

were few, if any, of the distinguished churches in Ireland, which had not costly shrines."

It is owing to these invaders that we possess no *fine* specimens of early Irish art of a date anterior to the tenth century. But we still have six of these shrines—"beautiful reliquaries" Miss Stokes styles them.

The shrine of Saint Patrick's Bell (that of Armagh) referred to above ranks first, both from the beauty of its workmanship and its engrossing history. The author of *Early Christian Art in Ireland* pronounces it a "fine example of goldsmith's work." The others are the shrine of St. Mura's Bell at Fahan in Donegal, that of the bell of Conell Cael in Glen-Columbkill, County Donegal, that of St. Mogue or Moedoc from Templeport in Cavan, the Cloigh Oir or Golden Bell of St. Senanus in Scattery Island, and the Barnaan Cualawn or shrine of the Bell of St. Culanus in Tipperary.

What neither Dane and Norman nor English Reformer had done with the sword, poverty compelled Connell MacMichael O'Breslen, a peasant but the hereditary chief of the O'Breslens, to do in 1835—to *sell* the shrine of the Bell of Conell Cael, patron of the church of Innishkeel, County Donegal. In a black-letter inscription on this, the names of Mahon, O'Meehan, and Breslen are still legible, though the greater part of the legend is effaced.

It is hard to assign definite dates to these shrines, but from a chance inscription on a beautifully finished fragment, which reads, "Pray for Maelbrigde, through whom it was made," we can approximately fix the period of its construction. The death of this Maelbrigde, who was Bishop of Connor and Abbot of Muckamore and Ahoghill, is recorded in the annals of Ulster in the year 954.

It may not even now be impossible to pick up some of these bell-shrines in Scandinavia. The vikings of Norway and Denmark carried them away, and, as there is no mention of their preservation in European museums, they are either irretrievably lost or have come down as heirlooms in the families of the Norse sea-kings.

Many of the old iron bells of the period of Saint Patrick were *bearnan*, that is "gapped" or "broken." The Four Masters mention the Bearnan Ciaran (the gapped bell of Ciaran) and the Bearnan Ailbe; and the chronicles of the eleventh and twelfth centuries mention the gapped bells of St. Kevin and St. Fechin, the Bearnan Brigde and Bearnan Cualaun. The Bell of Saint Patrick in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy is broken, and an interesting legend accounts for it thus.

When the Saint was praying on Croagh Patrick, evil spirits in the shape of foul birds, assailed him grievously. Then he rang his bell, and as the ringing became louder the power and numbers of the fiends lessened; but they continued their assaults until at length, in holy anger, the Saint threw his bell, which was broken by the shock. Such was the virtue attributed by the people to this bell that its sound is recorded as the power which banished all noxious reptiles from the Isle of Saints. This is no superstition, but a popularly-expressed idea of the potency over evil of the things hallowed of God and sanctified in His service.

Nor has this peculiar Irish love of bells lost any of its fervor in latter days. Local traditions in many parts of Ireland tell of the chimes that lie at the bottom of lakes or rivers. When they rifled the abbeys and plundered the altar; when, like Baltassar of old, they profaned the sacred vessels of the Lord in their carousals, the Reformers of Elizabeth and Cromwell could not carry away the bells. The power of God was about them. In some instances to save them from sacrilegious hands, the monks cast them into the lakes, in others the baffled soldiery thus were rid of them; and on wild nights, when the wind is high, the peasant crosses himself as he hears their melodious music floating over the waters.

Because to the Irish the bell was the voice of God, the tongue of their faith, reminding them three times a day of the glories of their religion; because it inspired them with a spirit of resistance that not fire nor sword nor penal code could quell, the ringing of bells was banned by statute in Ireland throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There was no Mass-bell, no

Angelus, no tocsin, and no knell. But their faith, like their nationality, lived on—

Fed on oppression and flowering in wrong;

until in better days, and once again the Mass-bell and the Angelus rings out at morning, noon, and night from convent and chapel.

A PAIR OF GRACES.

I.—The Conversion of an Actress.

NO matter how dense and dark the clouds of unbelief that envelop the mind may be, the soul will always be still God's child. At any moment she may claim the recognition and the love of her heavenly Father, by an uplifting of the mind to Him and a prayer for grace to know and do His holy will. This consoling truth is beautifully illustrated by this true story of the conversion of an actress, which occurred a few years ago.

The humble instrument of God in effecting her conversion was a priest—the rector of a parish in the suburbs of a large city.

One evening in the autumn of the year 188– a Protestant gentleman called at the pastoral residence of Father W—— and introduced himself to the priest as the superintendent of the Home for Superannuated Actors, which is within the limits of Father W——'s parish.

"The object of my visit," said the gentleman, "is a peculiar one, as you will see when I make it known. One of the inmates of the Home—a lady—is dangerously ill, so the attending physician says. But what concerns me deeply is, that she is dying without any Christian belief. And moreover, she expressly

charged me not to call in any minister of religion to attend her in her dying moments. Now I do not like to see any soul leave this world in that way, and therefore I thought it my duty to have something done for her spiritual welfare, if possible. The reason I call on you, is because I heard her mention the word Purgatory the other day, and I thought that she might have been a Catholic. I simply make this statement to you; you can take it for what it is worth and decide whether you ought to call to see her or not. I know it is a very delicate matter to visit a person who does not wish to see any clergyman."

This was, indeed, a strange sick-call, the strangest that Father W—— had ever been called to attend. After a moment's reflection, the priest said: "Well, the ground on which you base your supposition of this lady's being a Catholic is a very slender one. But she might have been baptized in the Catholic Church, and in after years abandoned the practice of her religion. I will call to see her, and let me assure you, I am much edified at the charity which you display in behalf of this poor soul."

"But, Father, you must be prepared to be insulted as an intruder, when you call to see her."

"Oh, never mind that! I am always prepared for anything of that kind," replied the priest.

"Well, then, if you will call at the Home to-morrow morning, I will meet you in the parlor and conduct you to her room. I will introduce you to her as Mr. W—— who was visiting the institution, and hearing that this lady was very sick, desired to offer her a word of sympathy."

This arrangement was carried out to the letter on the following morning. When the superintendent accompanied by Father W—— knocked at the door of the sick-room, a faint voice was heard saying—"Come in!" The next moment, the priest was standing at the bedside of the sick lady, and was introduced to her as Mr. W——. The superintendent having withdrawn, he was alone with the soul of which he came in quest. He noticed that, from the moment he entered the room, the dark lustrous eyes of the sick lady were searchingly bent upon him. In a low and

gentle voice, he sympathized with her in her sickness, and all the while those dark eyes were fixed upon him as though piercing him through and through. He continued to speak in the same strain, hoping to divert her attention from himself and wishing that something would turn up to enable him to introduce the object of his visit.

Finally he said: "You must be very lonely here."

"Yes," she answered, and then she began weeping.

This is my opportunity, said the priest mentally. "Well," he said, "you can have only one true consolation now, and that is the consolation that comes from religion."

Fixing a still more penetrating look upon him, she said in a deep and most emphatic tone: "*I thought that was coming!*"

"Yes, and to be candid with you," he said, "I am a Catholic priest. I heard that you were very sick, and I have come to ask you one or two questions. Are you a Catholic?"

"No."

"Were you baptized in the Catholic Church?"

"No, I was baptized in the Church of England. But I do not believe in that church or in any creed."

The priest saw at once the kind of a person he had to deal with, and he decided in a moment what course to pursue.

"Do not imagine," he said, "that I came here to force religion upon you. Since you are not a Catholic, my duty in visiting you is accomplished. I wish you good morning."

As he turned to go, she reached her hand to him and said: "Will you call again?"

"Certainly, if you desire it," he said as he withdrew.

In a day or two after this interview Father W—— called again to see her. This time she received him very courteously. After making some inquiries about her health, he broached the subject of religion again; but he found her in the same state of mind as before. In stating her objections to believe in any form of religion, she said amongst other things, "I do not believe in dogmas." Then she quoted a portion of Pope's *Universal Prayer* to bear her out in this.

While she recited the words of the poet, Father W—— was charmed with her beautiful elocution. The dying actress was displaying her elocutionary powers for the last time, and under very solemn circumstances indeed. After reciting the lines of poetry, she said, "These are my sentiments, and you know, Pope was a Catholic."

"Well," said Father W——, "it is true Pope was a Catholic, but the assertions of an individual Catholic are not always the utterances of the Catholic Church. Now you say that you do not believe in dogmas. I think that you would not say that if you knew what dogma is. Dogma is truth defined. Does it not become the wisdom of God to define His truths by means of an infallible teacher? How else could we know what to believe? We should be in a sea of doubt, not knowing truth from error. Tell me, have you any knowledge of the Catholic religion?"

"Oh yes! I know something about it; in my younger years I read some Catholic books."

"Now let me tell you what this religion is," said the priest. He then gave her a brief summary of the Catholic faith, and in concluding said, "Please bear in mind, that you cannot by mere reasoning enter the Church. Faith is a gift of God. You must pray for this grace. Now, if you promise to say a prayer for light to know the true faith, I shall be satisfied. This is all I ask of you now. Will you do it?"

"Yes," she said, "I will do that much."

"Very well; that is all I ask you to do," said the priest, as he kindly bade her adieu.

Late at night about two weeks following, the door-bell of Father W——'s residence was rung. It was a sick-call. The messenger said that Father W—— was wanted at the Actors' Home by the sick lady whom he had called to see a week or two ago. Taking with him the holy oils and baptismal water, Father W—— made no delay in going to the institution.

When he entered the room of the dying actress, he saw that her face was lit up with an expression of joy, tears were streaming from her eyes, and throwing up her hands she said: "O Father, I believe everything that the Catholic Church teaches."

The feelings of the priest can better be imagined than described. Here was a wonderful manifestation of the mercy of God. Here was a soul which the loving Heart of Jesus was drawing to Itself. The very room seemed to be transformed into a sacred spot, for God's angels were hovering there, ready to bear aloft to heaven the gladdening news which was to make the whole court of heaven rejoice over this one sinner returning to God.

Seating himself at her bedside the priest said, "Well, I am so glad to see this change effected in you. God has indeed given you the gift of faith."

"Oh yes, Father, I thought over what you said to me at your last visit."

"That was not the sole cause of your conversion," he said. "Did you say the prayer which I requested you to say?"

"Yes."

"Well, your conversion is to be attributed to that. You asked for light to know the truth, and God gave it to you."

Then as no time was to be lost the priest baptized her conditionally, heard her confession, anointed her and gave her the last blessing. Before administering the Sacraments he explained each one to her, and as she was very intelligent she perfectly understood their meaning. In leaving her the priest said he would come early the next morning and give her Holy Communion—her first Communion and Viaticum. She thanked him, and he left her now, in peace, in happiness, in the state of grace.

The next morning, full of faith and pious affections, she received Holy Communion from the hands ot Father W——, who helped her to make her acts of thanksgiving to the God of love Who was now reposing in her soul. Father W—— then enrolled her in the Scapular. This pleased her very much, and during her sickness she had great devotion to our Blessed Lady. She lingered for some weeks, hovering between life and death, and suffering excruciating pain. Father W—— was often at her bedside, comforting her in her suffering and instructing her more fully in the truths of religion.

Shortly before her death, she called the superintendent to

her room and asked him to give her some medicine from a certain bottle to which she pointed. After tasting it she said, "That is very bitter. Won't you taste it, please?"

He tasted it and said, "Yes, that is bitter indeed."

"May I trouble you again," she said, "to give me some of the medicine in that other bottle on the table?"

He gave her some of this and she said, "That is very sweet. I would like you to taste that too."

He complied with her request and agreed with her that it was very sweet.

"Now," she said, "I have done this for a purpose. You perceive that I can distinguish between bitter and sweet, and you thus see that I am in the full possession of my reason. Now, I want to tell you that I embraced the Catholic faith from pure conviction, with my mind perfectly clear, and my faculty of reason unimpaired. Let no one say that I knew not what I was doing when I became a Catholic. Oh, if you could experience my happiness, my peace of soul, you would know that I possess the truth."

At length death's summons came and the soul of the converted actress was with her God.

II.—How our Lady turned the Key of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

By Eleanor C. Donnelly.

I can never forget the touching story told us by a Promoter one pleasant evening, last August.

We were all gathered upon the moonlit porch of our little seaside cottage. It was after Vespers at St. Nicholas's, and young Agnes Carroll had walked home with us through shining streets full of the breath of the sea. Sweet Agnes Carroll! her pure white muslin dress, simple sailor-hat trimmed with white ribbons, and the bunch of water-lilies in her corsage, seemed to make her blonde beauty more virginal and angelic than ever. She was the centre of our group; and, as the moonlight shone into her clear blue eyes, and tenderly touched her golden hair

and rosy smiling mouth, it revealed an odd little cross among the lilies on her breast.

Mr. Jolyne asked: "What sort of a cross is that, Miss Agnes?"

"A Promoter's cross," she replied with a merry little smile.

Mr. Jolyne, you must know, was a very worldly sort of young Catholic, good enough in his way, but surprisingly ignorant of devotional ways and practices.

"A Promoter—of what?" he questioned, quite at a loss.

"Of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus," said our sweet Agnes, her lovely face glowing with enthusiasm; and then she began to talk of the League, of its aims, of its past, present, and future work, until our hearts, like those of the disciples going to Emmaus, burned within us with a fire kindled in the very furnace of the Divine Heart Itself.

"In our store," pursued Agnes—she was employed as saleswoman in one of the great dry-goods emporiums—"I long felt attracted to a young girl in the same department with myself. She was always well-dressed, and she seemed to go into a good deal of gay society; but, for all that, there was a settled look of unhappiness in her face, and she was often absent and depressed in manner. I said to myself: 'That girl needs help from the Sacred Heart of Jesus!' But I bided my time. At last, it came.

"I stood near her one day, and our work was over for the nonce.

"I whispered to her gently: 'I am sure you are a Catholic, and yet, I hear, you never go to confession!'

"She blushed brightly, but did not seem to be offended: 'I have not been to the Sacraments for a year,' she said.

"'O Margaret!' I returned, still under my breath: 'why don't you pray to the Sacred Heart?'

"She turned her head abruptly away: 'What has the Sacred Heart to do with the like of *me?*' she answered over her shoulder. 'I can not pray—I can not do anything for God!'

"I put my arm around her and pleaded: 'Oh, you could

do so much, here, in this very place! Every time you take down a piece of goods from the shelf, and put it up again, you could say: '*All for Thee, O Sacred Heart of Jesus! All for Thy honor and glory!*' And thus, all day long, you would be making the most beautiful acts of praise and homage to the Heart of our beloved Lord!'

"She did not answer me, but, as she walked away, it seemed to me that her eyes were full of tears. That evening, I recommended her case to the prayers of the League.

"The next morning, I was standing alone at the counter, free for a few moments from the rush of customers, when Margaret drew close to me. Blushing more deeply than she had done the day before, she said in a low voice:

"'I told you a lie yesterday, Agnes. I said it was a year since I had been to the Sacraments—it is *seven years!*'

"I was a good deal shocked, but much touched, at the same time, by her courage and humility.

"This was one step in the right direction.

"'Pray to the Sacred Heart of Jesus,' was all I said: 'Ask It to help you, Margaret!'

"She shook her head, despairingly, I thought; and went away to wait on a customer.

"Matters remained unchanged for some weeks. I recommended poor Margaret again and again to the prayers of the Associates. I kept on offering holy Communions and Masses for her, but she held aloof, and the look of unhappiness and depression deepened on her face.

"Finally, one blessed day, an inspiration came to me. 'The Key of the Sacred Heart'—thought I—'is in the hands of our beloved Mother Mary. If I appeal to her in this case, she will obtain the necessary grace for my poor Margaret!'

"That very day, at lunch-time, I gave the poor girl a little medal of our Blessed Lady.

"'Recite every day the little prayer upon this medal,' I said to her: '*O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee!*' And then,' I added, 'you will come with me to St. Joseph's next Thursday evening, and go to confession!'

"'I can not!' she murmured in a voice choked with emotion. 'I will wear the medal and say the prayer, but I *can not* go to confession!'

"I did not press the matter further. I had placed it all in our Blessed Mother's hands, and I felt sure she would soon win this estranged soul to the Sacred Heart of her Divine Son.

"On Thursday morning, Margaret came to me in the cloak-room, where I was taking off my wrap.

"She was very pale, but her eyes shone calm and clear as stars.

"'I am going with you to confession, this evening, Agnes!' she said.

"Then she suddenly burst into tears, and hid her face in her hands.

"We were alone together.

"'What is it, dear?' I questioned.

"'O Agnes!' she sobbed, 'how good God has been to me! Last night, I went to bed determined not to go to confession. I felt hardened and desperate. Oh, you do not know all—you do not know all!'—and her poor face became suffused.

"'Never mind, dear,' I said softly. 'Go on.'

"'I fell asleep,' she continued with difficulty. 'It must have been late in the night, when I awoke suddenly. A strange light was before me, and in it, I seemed to see that picture of the Sacred Heart you showed me once, with the Blessed Margaret Mary (you remember, you said *she* was my patroness), kneeling before It.

"'I looked at It, still hesitating and despairing, when a sweet Voice said quite distinctly to me: '*Our Lord Jesus Christ died to save sinners—You are a sinner,—He died to save you!*' O Agnes! my very heart seemed to melt within me with burning sorrow for the past! Everything appeared to me in such a new and beautiful light. I felt as if I could hardly wait till Thursday evening to go to confession!' . . .

"That evening found us both at Father Q——'s confessional.

"Just before it came Margaret's turn to go in, she turned to me with a look of anguish, and whispered:

"'How can I ever tell the priest I have been away for seven years!'

"It was the last assault of the Enemy.

"'Ask the Sacred Heart and our Blessed Mother to give you strength!' I whispered in return; and presently she entered the box with a resolute but deadly-pale face. . . .

"Oh, how happy and radiant she looked when she came out! Her face seemed absolutely transfigured. All the way home, she kept saying at intervals, with a joyful little sob:

"'Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for this grace! Thanks to our Blessed Lady for that good confession!' . . .

"Since that night, Margaret has gone to the Sacraments every fortnight. She is a changed and happy girl—a source of edification to all around her."

Agnes ceased her little story. We all remained silent, too much moved for words. The roar of the ocean could be heard in the distance, like the diapason of a grand organ. Over the tree-tops, the spire of St. Nicholas's sparkled like silver in the moonlight, an argent wand pointing out the resting-place of the Heart That never wearies of our wants or slumbers in our service.

There were tears in Mr. Jolyne's eyes; and, as he got up and walked away with a new expression on his face and doubtless many new emotions in his awakened soul, one of our party nodded toward Agnes, and quoted in a low voice, meant for my ear alone:

Oh, make of me a little torch
Of purest charity,
To kindle in indifferent hearts
The tenderest love of Thee.

THE PROMISES OF THE SACRED HEART.

THE FOURTH PROMISE: *I will be their secure refuge during life, and above all in death.*

A REFUGE is a place of shelter to which one may flee from threatening evil. All through the life of man he needs to seek refuge from the evil that follows on his own acts, or that comes to him from others.

In a shaded sick-room there was once a poor soul whose reason had been upset by great sorrow. In the agony of mind that weighed constantly upon her she could only turn her head wearily from side to side, asking piteously over and over again: "Whither shall I flee?" So in the life of man, sin has upset its reasonableness, and when he looks out to the next world fear comes over him, and he can only ask: "Whither shall I flee for refuge?"

It is at once the beauty and the homeliness of the Catholic religion that it brings the heart of man into close communication with refuges in the world to come. That strange need of the soul, which pushes people outside into all the vagaries of "Spiritualism," is satisfied here by that truth which brings us into communication with Saints and Angels, with the Blessed Mother, and with our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, Who is none other than God become Man, in order that we might know Him and have recourse to Him. So, just as the Blessed Virgin is styled "the Refuge of Sinners," whose prayers shall draw down grace to bring us from our sins, the Sacred Heart of our Lord and Its graces of devotion are promised to us as a secure refuge during life, and above all at that time of greatest need—in death.

Our first refuge in It is to be taken from ourselves and the evil consequences of our own actions. It is not alone that our sins have merited God's wrath, or the withdrawal of His grace from us. This is a very serious consequence, and we need His Sacred Heart to shelter us from it; but there are other consequences of our own actions which go on after we have lamented them hundreds of times over, and even after we are no more.

It is like the pebble cast from the beach into the sea. There is a ripple, and then another, and yet another, widening out as vast as the ocean itself and ceasing only upon its far-off shores. So the consequences of our own evil actions, in the lives of others, will cease only on the shores of eternity. This is the natural law, and it is only by some interposition from above that we can make this progressive activity of evil to cease.

From such evil consequences the devotion to the Sacred Heart promises us a shelter and a sure refuge. We are to lament our evil actions, but our lamentation must not be as of those who have no hope. We must, in the practice of reparation, which is the spirit of true devotion to the Sacred Heart, see that we are sheltered from the evil following on after our own works.

There is another class of evil consequences of sin that threaten us at all times. Even the good souls, too few to save Sodom, shared in a measure in God's vengeance, when it was poured out on the wicked city. In like manner the whole Church suffers from the evil lives of some of her members. This is not only in the immediate effect of their evil example, but also in the withdrawal of God's graces, or at least in the absence of the graces which their holiness would have drawn down upon the world. On the other hand, St. Lutgarde, in the time when a wicked German emperor was devastating the whole Church, knew that our Lord had placed upon her shoulders the duty of making reparation, and of sustaining by her prayers the welfare of His people.

It is so with every human soul. The devotion to the Sacred Heart gives it the means of aiding the entire Church of God, and of warding off evil from ourselves and our brethren.

All the commendations given to this devotion by the Sovereign Pontiffs allude to this, namely, that herein is found a remedy against the bitter evils of our times. Thus, in the fervent words of encouragement which Leo XIII., shortly after his accession to the government of the Church on the earth, gave to the League of the Sacred Heart, he justifies his praise by this reason: "This work must of necessity help on the spread of the devotion to the

Sacred Heart, and thus confirm faith and charity; and hence it cannot but be a means of salvation to the Christian people, and help to hasten the day of mercy."

But, apart from the shelter we need from the consequences of sin in ourselves and in the whole Church, there is the ever-present need of refuge from the tribulations and trials that are sure to make up the life of man here below.

As has been often explained, what the Sacred Heart promises us is not merely deliverance from pains and sickness, from temptations and sorrow. The promise has always regard to the life of grace, and not merely to the life of this world. The life of this world may be smoothed and softened, and affliction may lose its sting; but the promise is for the next world—that affliction and trial shall not endanger us in that which is our chief concern, the life of the soul.

In practice, this may mean that we shall escape sickness and sorrow altogether, or it may mean, as is more likely to be the case, that we shall have strength and goodwill to bear sickness and sorrow with the patience that lays up for us treasures in Heaven, and that our trials and temptations shall not completely beat us down into the dust.

The dearest part of the Promise is undoubtedly that which concerns the dread hour of death. This is also the matter of another promise, which will be treated in due course. But here we are told that souls devout to the Sacred Heart shall find in that Heart of love a secure refuge at the moment of their death.

This must mean, first of all, that their death shall not be unprovided for. This was the prayer of one of the great Saints, who was willing to die suddenly, but not without provision for that great journey which it is given to no man to make a second time. But besides the time and the means needed for the *viaticum* on the way, it is necessary that souls should have firmness and balance of self, at that great moment, to use the time and means given. The firmness requires a clear insight from faith, to know what is coming in the next world; and the balance a strong hope, which does not shrink from that new and strange

existence; and, added to these, a flame of charity that, as the body sinks into the chill of death, burns brighter and warmer with the love of the approaching Judge. This is the grace of graces, since it is the last and crown of all, and it is promised to the devotion to the Sacred Heart.

It is well to point out that this is a most natural consequence of such devotion. For it is in the Sacred Heart of our Lord, Who is God and yet Man—human like ourselves—that we draw near to God's infinite love for us, make the acquaintance of it and know it, and have it ever present to our minds. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the soul making ready to leave the body on this new and strange journey should lean on the bosom of the Friend Who has been the stay of our trials and tribulations during life.

This is repeated again and again in the words of the holy seer through whom the devotion to the Sacred Heart has been chiefly manifested to the world. "This Divine Heart is a fortress and secure refuge for those who will take shelter therein, in order to shield themselves from God's justice when His anger streams forth upon sinners with their sins, because of the great number committed in our day, that provoke His just anger." [1]

It is the chill hour of night. But at the door there is One knocking, and calling. It is the voice of the beloved: *Open to me, My sister, My love, My undefiled; for My head is full of dew, and My locks of the drops of the night.*[2] He too has been through the chill darkness of death, and He is waiting to lead the soul from its cold and darkness into the triumph and warm light of eternal life and love.

[1] To Mother de Saumaise, April, 1687. [2] Canticles, v. 2.

The Reader.

We turn aside from our usual practice, to recommend by name one recently gone from us, as well as the welfare of the works he has left behind him. Patrick Valentine Hickey, the founder and editor-in-chief from the beginning of the *Catholic Review* (New York and Brooklyn), the *Vatican Library* of cheap standard Catholic publications, the *Illustrated Catholic American*, and the *Catholic American* (a dollar weekly newspaper), died at his home in Brooklyn just as our last number was issuing from the press. He is deserving of the good prayers of our readers from the many kindnesses shown our different works, especially at the beginning of the work of *Our Lady of Martyrs*, now nearly five years since.

But the works he had undertaken, and in the face of great difficulties carried on with success, are also deserving of our best prayers. He was the means of founding what is perhaps the most representative of our Catholic newspapers in this country. The editor of one of the largest Protestant weeklies has assured us that it has always been so regarded in his office. We think too it may be said to have had, beyond any other, the confidence of the Catholic clergy of the country. There were special reasons for this. Of the two or three other prominent Catholic weekly periodicals, the influence has been largely due to the personal character of the editor, or to the national character of the publication. It was Mr. Hickey's desire to found an impersonal organ of Catholic opinion and feeling, which, however, should represent safely the enlightened views of those in whose names it was published. It has not generally been known how much or how little of the editorials of his paper was due to his own pen, but the fact of his previous theological education, and the general sobriety of tone in his columns, have given it a position which may truly be called representative. It would be a disaster if the work, which has just reached an assured basis, should not be continued in the same spirit and with like success. There was a devotional air about all his publications which must have betokened the interior principle of his own life. We need not say that this was in sympathy with our work, and once again we recommend himself and the continuance of his works to the prayers of our readers.

In accordance with our promise we take up the question of books suitable for distribution as prizes at the Commencement or School Exhibition season, now rapidly approaching. Every Catholic bookseller is looking eagerly for the orders sure to be given on this occasion, from Colleges and Brothers' schools and Sisters' convents. It should seem that this is the leading opportunity of the year for the spreading of Catholic literature. It would be too much to say that it is taken in this spirit; but perhaps a few words may help those who would gladly make it realize this idea. It is evident that the young should be introduced to reading matter likely to be of value to them through the course of their lives, especially at this season which is named *Commencement* because it is the commencement of life, or at least of a new stage of the studies fitting for life.

First are the two volumes already published of the giant *History of the Catholic Church in the United States*, by Dr. John Gilmary Shea. They can be had together or separately, and they are bound and paged for this purpose. The twenty dollar subscription to the whole series might well take the place of a medal of equal value; but the separate volumes, with the immense amount of home matter found in them and not found elsewhere, and the wealth of reproductions of quaint and beautiful engravings, with the facsimiles of signatures of nearly every Catholic whose tread on American ground has been worthy of a place in history, would alone make them cheap at the price for which they are sold.[1]

It is something that should come home to the consciences of the purveyors of Catholic literature that, unless volumes of this kind are sold, their further production becomes impossible. These volumes have been the earnest work of a long lifetime. We have seen on our Commencement tables the volumes, following a parallel course of American history, of outside writers like Parkman, issued with much less completeness and richness of adornment, and of course without the Catholic intelligence that a Catholic reader requires in such writings. It would be a pity and a shame if our own educators should neglect volumes that are a lasting glory to the Church in our country.

The *Life and Letter of Colonel Garesché*, which we have mentioned at such length in our numbers of the first two months

[1] $5.00 a volume (Dr. John Gilmary Shea, Elizabeth, N. J., or any Catholic bookseller).

of this year as to make it easy to judge of its importance, also forms a handsome and valuable gift.[2]

Another handsome prize, to which we have adverted in previous years, is the bound volume or series of volumes of the Catholic family periodical called the *Ave Maria.* This is not only an ornament for the home, but it is a fountain of good reading, fitted to cultivate the taste of our people for the reading they most need.

***

Another set of books may seem surprising for recommendation on this occasion; but we do not see why volumes that would be an ornament to the library of any educated man should be debarred from the prize table of young men starting out on their careers in life. We have seen before now on Commencement tables the more than doubtful works of Professor Tyndall and other non-Catholic scientific writers. What better gift could there be, for the young man whose intelligence has just been awakened to the great questions of the day by the course of studies he is now completing, than the neatly bound and competently written series of *Manuals of Catholic Philosophy*, just issued in England and this country by Fathers of the Society of Jesus connected with Stonyhurst College.[3] The volume before us by Father Rickaby treats of the *First Principles of Knowledge.* It goes carefully and with great brilliancy of treatment over questions which have been treated much less perfectly by Dr. McCosh, the recent President of Princeton College in this country. The latter has won fame, and it is not impossible that some of our more ambitious institutions, without overmuch consideration of the correctness of his doctrine, may give out his volumes at the coming Commencements. Why should these volumes of our own choicest students be neglected?

***

Here is another volume of which we have already spoken in a previous number, and which is adapted, as it says on its title page, "for the instruction and amusement of young readers." It is the *Drops of Honey*, by Father *Zelus Animarum* (Zeal-for-Souls), a very excellent writer for the young, a member of a

[2] $2.50, large octavo with plates (Louis Garesché, P. O. Box 550, Washington, D. C.); of this work only 500 copies were issued.

[3] Benziger Brothers, New York.

religious order in our Western States.[4] These little stories take up some common object of interest, and from it draw, without any wearisome moralizing, an excellent lesson. We do not think them inferior to the best of the kind from outside, and it is a happy beginning of such literature among ourselves. It was high time that it should come, and now let it be supported.

We would also put forward the claims of pious publications, for the purpose of prize-giving. A handsome book of prayers, such as the *Manual of the Sacred Heart*, of the Redemptorist Father Krebs, published in many forms and styles, would certainly be acceptable to many students, and would be a treasure of great use afterward.[5]

We have also on our table, neatly bound and printed, a volume of "devotional exercises for private use," from the community of Carmelite Nuns in Wells, Somerset, England, called *The Voice of the Sacred Heart.* The high character of its contents and its neat and finished exterior make it suitable for presentation.

At the moment of going to press, the death is announced, on the 13th of March, of the Rev. Theodore Thiry, S. J., of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York. From the year 1866 until the present, he has been the Director of the chief agency in the United States of the work of the Holy Childhood. During the week before his death, the last report (the twenty-third under his direction) was issued. The work has thriven in these years, the last showing a sum-total of over $12,000. This is well known to our readers as one of the most pathetic of the good works of the Church. It has been the means of redeeming many thousands of Chinese children, for whom it was instituted.

Let us pray that the good work to which the deceased Father so valiantly gave his time and energy may follow him before the throne of God—*in pace!*

[4] Rev. A. M. Grussi, C.PP.S., Beloit, Kansas.
[5] Fr. Pustet & Co., New York.

General Intention

FOR APRIL, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

THE VICTIMS OF THE LOVE OF RICHES.

IT is wonderful how many and various meanings have been attached to the words *Riches* and *Wealth*. To be *rich* was originally to be *regal*, that is, to have the state of a ruler; and *wealth* was simply a state where all was *well*, or in abundance, with ample means for the supply of wants.

In uncivilized nations the signs of riches vary from bright-colored sea-shells to trinkets received from the Europeans as presents. In civilized countries of old standing, wealth is apt to be measured in lands. But, more and more as the world goes on, wealth and riches come to be nothing else than gold or some form of money that gives power, and that obtains amply the means of supplying wants.

I.

In itself, money must be the most indifferent of all things, scarcely having more moral character attached to it than does the yellow ore not yet dug from the bowels of the earth. But the moral value of money comes from the use to which it is applied. And since it is a means to supply our wants, money may be useful or dangerous to its possessor according to the wants to which the latter has given entrance into his soul.

When the Greek philosopher went through the market of the great city he marvelled at the many things he did not want. But when the luxurious man, the man who centres his heart in the desire after power or pleasure, goes forth to use his money, it becomes to him simply an instrument of everything that is sinful. It is not wonderful, then, that the Apostle should see in *the desire of money the root of all evils*;[1] for money supplies evil

[1] I. Timothy, vi. 10.

wants. And again *lucre* both he and St. Peter call *filthy*,[2] because it panders to the soiled heart of man.

The victims of the love of riches are, therefore, all those who follow after riches as the means of evil power, or of supplying the evil wants of their depraved hearts; and as our year has so far been devoted to prayer in behalf of God's rights in the world, and for the salvation of the victims of pride and of sensuality, so this month our attention is drawn to the victims of the love of riches.

It is certain, however, that sometimes the end for which riches were originally loved is quite forgotten, and it is the mere shape, the ringing sound, and the close possession of money for which the heart labors. This is properly the passion of avarice, but it is rarer than sins of pride and sensuality, and its victims are fewer; whereas, the love of riches as the means of power is widespread as the evil passions of man which riches can satisfy. Hence all those for whom we have hitherto prayed have also been victims of the love of riches.

Such victims are of two kinds: they are those who gain the riches which they love, and those who love riches with their whole heart, but never succeed in obtaining possession of them. It is difficult to say which are the more unhappy.

The former, with the possessions they use to such ill purpose, heap up for themselves guilt and sin, or, at the very best, totally neglect to provide for themselves the riches of the world to come.

The latter, longing and never gaining in this world, already begin here their time of torment. They are filled with envy and discontent; and when, as at the present day, the desire of riches is increased among so many and satisfied in favor of so few, we find ourselves entering on a state of society where all is envy and brute force. This is, properly, a part of the spirit of *revolution*. The poor have no longer the rich possessions of the world to come, which they might merit by their very poverty. They are satisfied only by what they can see or enjoy with their senses in

[2] I. Tim., iii. 8, Titus, i. 7, 11; I. St. Peter, v. 2.

this world; and too often this is beyond their reach. Hence constant discontent and rebellion against the present order of things, which they are powerless to change.

II.

It is evident that the salvation of the victims of the love of riches is to come to them by putting other wants into their hearts. When they shall love only the riches of the world to come, then they will begin to follow our Lord's precept and to *lay up to themselves treasures in heaven.*[3]

This is the kind of money-making possible to all, even to the poorest and most unfortunate. It needs only the exercise of a man's will. Every Christian in a state of grace merits such treasure, by every act which he performs guided by faith. Such actions are—patience with his condition, or with the sufferings which come to him from his neighbor, self-denial for the love of Christ Who suffered all things, refraining from even light occasions of sin through fear of offending God, each act of prayer or devotion, even every act which is offered up to God with the good intention of pleasing the Sacred Heart.

The motive of faith is required, because it is not merely natural actions with their natural goodness, such as even a pagan could perform, which merit in the next world. Naturally good actions have their natural reward here. But actions based on faith are supernatural, because they require that the will shall act in a Christian and supernatural way; and when they are performed in a state of grace they merit by God's promise. In this way a man who in the morning has set out with only a certain credit, so to speak, in the bank of heaven, at nightfall, if he has performed but a single act of Christian virtue, is richer than when he went forth to his day's labor.

But it is not a single act, it is the whole life of a man that may be thus consecrated. To make this plain and easy to the simplest understanding is one of the objects of the *League of the Sacred Heart*, with its practice of *Intentions* and the

[3] St. Matthew, vi. 20.

Treasury of Good Works. Over and above the fruit of merit which thus comes to the individual, that general spirit of Christianity which softens the hardships of this world and makes content the great number of the burdened in life, is a direct result from it. The spirit of revolution is not known, even under the gravest wrongs, when the suffering people is truly Christian and Catholic. What is more to our purpose, the spirit of revolution, with all its talk about the redress of wrongs, has so far only plunged the world into greater misery than ever.

On the contrary, it is the spirit of Christ that has softened and civilized the world, and brought into it whatever social happiness we enjoy.

For this reason our monthly Intention is to be considered, not only as a need of our own souls in particular, but as a great need of the Church at large; and as such it is recommended by our Holy Father. This may be seen from present examples. During this year what may be called the Freemason element is making unheard-of efforts to give splendor to the centennial celebration of the great French Revolution. Many persons of influence who in their hearts deplore this glorification of evil, many governments even, which discern their own ruin in its evil principles, will still take part in the World's Exposition organized in its honor. And their only reason for such cowardly complaisance toward the powers of evil is—the necessities of their commerce and manufactures, the love of riches above the love of truth and right.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular, that the victims of the love of riches may feel in their hearts a great want after the things of God, so as to turn all their desires to the riches of the Sacred Heart. *Amen.*

FROM THE LENTEN PASTORAL LETTER

OF THE

Right Reverend Bishop of Leavenworth, Kansas.

[Section 6th.] League of the Sacred Heart.

In conclusion, we desire for all our Diocese the blessing of the Sacred Heart. This devotion was reserved to the latter period of time, when the faith would grow faint and charity grow cold, to revive the faith in the hearts of the Faithful and increase the love of God among mankind, to strengthen the weak, confirm the strong, bring back the erring and establish a missionary spirit among the laity and make true its motto—*Thy Kingdom Come.* In the early ages of the Church every heresy that rose up against the Church, attacked the Person of the Saviour; some denied He was God, others denied that He was man; in our own days the hatred of the old serpent rises to its highest degree by denying His very existence. Some cannot believe He was God, or became Man; some want to perfect His teaching. During this confusion of ideas, the souls of thousands are lost; faith is altogether discarded; our modern heresy wants a national morality; a Christianity without Christ, Christian morals without Christian faith, Christian virtues without a basis to stand on; we have therefore sentimentality instead of faith, hope, and charity based on the Person of Jesus Christ. We are all aware of the dreadful consequences of such a state; our daily papers furnish us with them.

Now to stay the tide of impending evils, to call men to Him more powerfully than ever, to unite them by the love of His Heart, Jesus revealed to the world the treasures of His Divine Heart in human form, "Behold the Heart that has loved man so much." Man may resist the pleadings of justice and reason, he may impugn a known truth, because it is distasteful to him, but who will refuse the pleadings of a loving heart, and especially the pleadings of the Sacred Heart of Jesus? Who would not wish to gather around that furnace of Divine love to rekindle it in himself, which gives peace and happiness for time and

eternity? All this is brought about by the League of the Sacred Heart. Our Reverend clergy were all of one mind in regard to the League at the last Diocesan Synod, wherefore we were glad to declare the League of the Sacred Heart as the special work of devotion in the Diocese, and we desire that it be established in every church, at least at which the priests reside, and we hope to find it in good working order when we visit the Diocese this year. For its establishment it is necessary to get a Diploma and a few other things to be obtained of Rev. R. S. DEWEY, S. J., 114 S. Third Street, Philadelphia. The sanction of the Bishop has already been granted in the Diocesan Statutes. Let there be no church at which a priest resides without being blessed with the establishment of the League of the Sacred Heart.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. AMEN.

✠ LOUIS MARY, O. S. B.,
Bishop of Leavenworth.

BISHOP'S RESIDENCE,
LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Jan. 23, 1889.

This pastoral is to be read to the people from the altar at the parish Masses after its receipt, and such explanation of it is to be given as may be needed.

THE LEAGUE AT A PASSIONIST MONASTERY.

St. Michael's Monastery, West Hoboken, N. J.

I think it will be a matter of justice to you, and of edification to the readers of the MESSENGER, to give an account of what the Holy League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, is doing in this local Centre.

The League of the Sacred Heart was formally established in the Monastery Centre, February 21st, 1886. About four months later, June 8th of the same year, the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart was canonically erected in St. Michael's (Monastery) Church, West Hoboken, N. J. The League and the

Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart, although distinct, have always gone hand in hand in this Centre, so that whoever joined the League, joined also the Archconfraternity.

For some time previous to the introduction of these devotions, the objects and workings of the same were frequently explained at the monthly meetings of the Rosary Society of this parish. The Rosary Society contained about one hundred members. On the appointed day, a formal Reception of the members of the Rosary Society into the League of the Sacred Heart was held. A discourse was delivered by the Rev. Lawrence Moeslein, C. P., in which he described the beauty and grandeur of the League, the simplicity of the means it adopts for practising and cherishing devotion to the Sacred Heart, and strongly inculcated the duty of fulfilling daily the conditions of the League. After the discourse, vested in surplice and stole, he proceeded to bless the Badges, which together with the Certificates of Admission, were placed on the Altar. He then distributed the Badges and Certificates, with the formula of the Handbook, to each of the members of the Rosary Society present, who had faithfully promised to comply with the conditions of the League and Archconfraternity. Their names had been recorded in the respective Registers.

The Rev. Father explained to the new Associates the office and work of Promoters of the League, and called upon such of them as would willingly and faithfully perform the duties of a Promoter. Eleven Associates responded to the call, and were accepted. After some months of trial, the Diploma and Cross of Promoters were distributed to those who had proved faithful. The distribution of Diplomas and Crosses to Promoters was made three times since the establishment of the League in this Centre. The first distribution took place on the 5th of June, 1887, when four Associates received the Diploma and Cross. The second distribution was had on the 1st Sunday of last year, 1888, when eleven Associates received the Diploma and Cross. The third distribution was held on the 1st Sunday of this year, 1889, when eight Associates received the Diploma and Cross. During the

course of last year the Diploma and Cross had also been given to one of the newly ordained Priests, and one of the Students of this (Passionist) Order. According to this statement, there are twenty-five regular Promoters of the League in this Centre. The ceremony of giving the Diploma and Cross to the deserving Promoters was made each time as solemn as possible. The Rev. Father, vested in surplice and stole, addressed the new Promoters on the great honor about to be conferred upon them, and urged them to continue all their lives the great work they were doing in spreading devotion to the Sacred Heart by means of the League. The new Promoters then kneeled before the Altar, and recited together the Act of Consecration in the Handbook. The Rev. Director blessed the Crosses which were placed on the Altar together with the Diplomas. He then distributed them to the Promoters. After this he declared them regular Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart, and as such entitled to the twenty-six Plenary Indulgences each year.

The Associates practising the 2d Degree have a meeting on the 1st Sunday of each month. The President, or Vice-President, opens the meeting with the prayers of the Handbook. The Secretary reads the minutes of the previous meeting. The Rev. Director reads the General Intention from the PILGRIM, and the particular Intentions sent in by the Promoters and found in the Intention Box which is kept in the Church near the large monthly Calendar of the League; as also the Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart—making remarks on the same. The beads of the Five Wounds and Seven Dolors are recited for all the Intentions read. The President then says the Prayers of the League and Archconfraternity; *i. e.*, Morning Offering; a Rosary decade with aspiration; one Pater, Ave, Credo, and aspiration; which are responded to by the Associates. Finally the Rev. Director gives his blessing and thus brings the meeting to a close.

The Promoters meet on the last Sunday of each month, and transact all the business of the League. The President or Vice-President opens the meeting with prayer. The Secretary then

reads the minutes of the last meeting of the Promoters, calls the roll, and keeps an exact account of all that is done. The Promoters give in the names of new Associates, and an account of their work during the past month, receive *Rosary Tickets*, MESSENGERS, Intention Blanks, Promoters' Lists, Certificates and Badges, Handbooks, &c., &c. After this, new business is attended to, if there be any; the Rev. Director makes some remarks; and with prayers by the President and the blessing of the Rev. Director the meeting comes to a close.

There are about five thousand Associates belonging to this Centre, of whom about three hundred have promised the 2d Degree; one hundred belong to the 3d Degree. About 250 PILGRIMS and 4 MESSENGERS are received each month.

At the death of an Associate of the 2d Degree a low Mass of Requiem is said, and the Associates receive Holy Communion. On the 1st Sunday of each month a Mass is said for the Associates of the 2d Degree. At the death of a Promoter a high Mass of Requiem is sung, and each Associate is to receive Communion five times for the repose of the soul of the Promoter.

We have devotions to the Sacred Heart on the First Friday of each month, when a discourse is preached, the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart is made, and Benediction given with the Most Holy Sacrament.

[A Passionist Monastery, as is well known to all who have made acquaintance with the frequented churches of the children of St. Paul of the Cross, is a real place of pilgrimage. Hence the devotions centring in it will differ in some points from those of an ordinary parish. This accounts for the comparatively small number of Associates organized into bands of the 2d Degree, with Promoters at their head. It also explains what is not usually recommended—the admission of all Associates alike into the Archconfraternity. The latter is a true sodality, existing separately in each church, and having its Indulgences from a Primary under the Secular Priests of St. Paul in Rome. It demands more frequent Communions and other practices of devotion than the greater number of our Associates would regularly observe.—EDITOR.]

THE LEAGUE'S FIRST PRINCIPLES.

1. *What is the first thing to be explained to those who seek admission into the League?*

That the League of the Sacred Heart is not a mere "joining or enrolling society." On the contrary, it is a work which each member, when admitted, promises to do, in union with the other members. This is why it is called a *League.* Unless each of the *Associates*, as they are properly called, performs what he has promised, he will receive neither Indulgence nor privilege, nor benefit of any kind, from merely being enrolled.

2. *What is the work to be done?*

More or less, according to the willingness of those who ask to be Associates. This is why we speak of the *Three Degrees.*

3. *Is there one essential work* (or Degree) *which all must promise and faithfully perform, if they are to benefit by the League?*

Yes, the First Degree, or *Morning Offering*, as explained on the Certificate of Admission, is the essential condition of all participation in the benefits of the League. It is so simple and elementary that even a non-practical Catholic can perform it. It has also been declared by Pius IX. to be so connected with essential Christian devotion as not to come under the prohibition, sometimes made in religious communities, against adding new practices to their rule. In this, therefore, the extremes of Catholic life can meet and league together.

4. *What possible benefit can a non-practical Catholic obtain from joining the League and being faithful to the practice of its First Degree?*

Besides the benefit of his prayer, which is always something, however little, he has a right to a share in the prayers and good works of all the other members of the League. As this includes nearly all the religious orders and congregations of the Church, and many millions of fervent Christians, the benefit is evidently great, if there is any virtue in united prayer. Of course, such an Associate is not in a fit state to gain Indulgences.

Apostleship Notices.

New Approbation.—The Right Reverend Bishop of Harrisburg has graciously renewed the approbation of his predecessor for the propagation of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in his diocese.

Recent Aggregations.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (from February 15 to March 15, 1889).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before that of parish or community aggregated.)

Alton, Illinois: Immaculate Conception Church, Carlinville; Our Lady of Seven Sorrows Church, Vandalia.

Baltimore, Maryland: St. Monica's Church, Baltimore.

Boston, Massachusetts: St. Columbkill's Church, Brighton; St. Augustine's Church, Boston; St. Francis de Sales' Church, Charlestown.

Brooklyn, New York: St. Joseph's Academy (Sisters of St. Joseph), Flushing.

Cleveland, Ohio: Immaculate Conception Church, Six-mile Woods; St. Joseph's School (Sisters of the Humility of Mary), Alliance.

Denver, Colorado: College of the Sacred Heart, Denver.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: Sacred Heart Church, Williamstown.

Hartford, Connecticut: St. Joseph's Church, Versailles; St. Joseph's Convent (Sisters of Mercy), Lakeville.

Leavenworth, Kansas: St. Martin's Church, Piqua; Holy Angels' Church, Garnett.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Convent of the Good Shepherd, Milwaukee.

Nesqually, Washington: Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Spokane Falls.

New Orleans, Louisiana: Convent of the Good Shepherd, and Immaculate Conception Church, New Orleans.

New York City, New York: Convent of Mercy, New York.

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania: St. Patrick's Church, Alpsville.

St. Louis, Missouri: St. Leo's Church, St. Louis.

San Francisco, California: Convent of Notre Dame, Alameda.

SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Diplomas of affiliation received from the Roman *Prima Primaria*, have been transmitted to the following:

Baltimore, Maryland: Church of St. Gregory the Great, Baltimore; St. Mary's Church, Hagerstown.

Belleville, Illinois: Holy Cross Church, Wakefield.

Chicago, Illinois: St. Nicholas' Church (2), Aurora.

Cincinnati, Ohio: Immaculate Conception Church, Kenton; St. Michael's Church, Ripley.

Kansas City and St. Joseph: Convent of the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph.

Louisville, Kentucky: St. Benedict's Church (2), Beech Grove.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Church of the Holy Name, Sheboygan.

New Orleans, Louisiana: Ursuline Convent, New Orleans.

Omaha, Nebraska: Convent of the Sacred Heart, Omaha.

Peoria, Illinois: St. Joseph's Church, La Salle; Sts. Peter and Paul's Church (2), Nauvoo.

Vincennes, Indiana: St. Paul's Church, Green Castle.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

NAUVOO, ILL., Jan. 4.

The League of the Sacred Heart is now established in our congregation, and on the First Fridays we have about a hundred communicants, which is an increase and a great one.

M. O.

Ellicott City, Md., Jan. 19.

In scattered country parishes it is almost impossible to keep up societies and sodalities. Owing to great distances and bad roads the people cannot meet together at stated times. The Holy League is the only good and practical association of a pious nature adapted to my people. J. T.

Fordham, N. Y., Feb. 16.

The plan of having families specially consecrated to the Sacred Heart will doubtless add fuel to the great fire. I know at once two dozen families who will be happy to be of the blessed number. It will give a new stimulus to the devotion here.

Yazoo City, Miss., Jan. 21.

Please send about 200 Badges of the League. We will this year try to promote the General Communion day, and get the members to wear the Badges. This Centre numbers two hundred and eight members of the different degrees. S. E.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 *days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions recommended to the prayers of the League.*

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from February 12 to March 12, 1889.

	NO. OF TIMES.		NO. OF TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity	183,003	11. Masses Heard	141,640
2. Beads	178,726	12. Mortifications	167,535
3. Stations of the Cross . .	39,360	13. Works of Charity . . .	43,035
4. Holy Communions . . .	59,994	14. Works of Zeal	44,866
5. Spiritual Communions .	238,459	15. Prayers	3,715,432
6. Examens of Conscience .	107,824	16. Charitable Conversation	49,433
7. Hours of Labor . .	266,471	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	30,373
8. Hours of Silence	198,389	18. Self-conquest	89,498
9. Pious Reading	93,640	19. Visits to B. Sacrament .	106,247
10. Masses Celebrated . . .	653	20. Various Good Works . .	106,296

Total . . . . . 5,860,874.

The above represents the returns from two hundred and seventy-one centres, including forty-one sent in by the Reverend Central Director for Canada. Among the spiritual offerings from Canada were 365 Masses celebrated.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, **32,055.**

——*The just cried, and the Lord heard them: and delivered them out of all their troubles* (Psalm xxxiii. 18).——

Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 13.—In accordance with a promise made I beg you will return special thanks in the MESSENGER for a husband who obtained a position the first of this month, after being out of work for more than a year.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 17.—I beg to return my sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for my success in obtaining a position after being idle for some months. I fully believe the favor came from the Sacred Heart.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 21.—Some time ago I put an intention in the box for the reformation of a young man who drank daily and cursed shockingly. He seemed to be unable to say a word without cursing, and had not gone to his religious duties for twenty years. All is changed now, thanks to the Sacred Heart, and last Sunday he was the first one ready to go to Mass.

Detroit, Mich., Feb. 24.—A week ago to-night I made a petition to the Sacred Heart of Jesus to restore to me the usual salary that I had been earning and which had been reduced the Saturday evening previous, placing my wife and me in a state of great pecuniary embarrassment. I also promised to publish it, if obtained, in the MESSENGER, as a thanksgiving. The petition has

been granted in a most unexpected manner, thanks to the Sacred Heart.

—— ***Ills., Feb. 25.***—Our League of the Sacred Heart has been but recently started, but I want to give especial thanks for the return of a brother to his duties. We recommended him to the League, and the Sacred Heart converted him.

—— ***Feb. 27.***—Please thank the Sacred Heart for the recovery of lost money. Some weeks ago I took with me to the store, where I am employed, all the money I had been able to save for months—all I had in the world—intending to pay my mother's funeral expenses before returning home in the evening. Imagine my feelings when, putting on my wraps and wishing to assure myself of the safety of my precious package, I found it missing! I searched, inquired, and did everything, but could discover nothing. I was simply broken-hearted, for this loss meant many months' worry and toil before I could gather enough to pay for my dear mother's burial. I appealed to the prayers of the League, and not in vain. Contrary to the strictest regulations of the store, which forbid collections for any one—sick or well—the authorities made an exception in my favor, though I had been there only a short time, and the amount lost was collected and given to me. I beg the Associates to join me in thanking the Sacred Heart for this wonderful favor to me.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 27.—I desired the maximum salary of a school teacher and recommended this last month, and obtained the increase in a most unexpected time and manner. Unasked it was granted as a compliment to "superior excellence deserving of promotion." The increase of salary is usually given at the beginning of the scholastic year in September and not in January.

An old gentleman, who has for years neglected his religion, not even attending Mass on Sunday, and who in fact seemed to have lost the faith, was at the point of death. His daughter, much concerned, asked me to pray for him. I recommended him to the League last month. I was writing out intentions when she called. He is now quite well, got up immediately and

requested to be made a member of my band, to have the Badge to wear on a business journey he intended to take, and also a mystery of the Rosary to meditate on. He has not yet approached the Sacraments to our knowledge, but we hope this on his return. His daughter, in amazement at this change, came to request me to return thanks.

Fort Lee, N. J., March 3.—I wish to present my thanks to the Sacred Heart for the benefit I have obtained through the prayers of the League and my own novena to the Sacred Heart. I had offered up nine week-day Masses that my brother, who had been idle since he returned home from school, might get a steady and rising position. On the day the seventh Mass was said, I received a letter stating that my brother had a good situation and could advance himself.

Cleveland, O., March 4.—I would herewith return my humble and sincere acknowledgment to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for what I must really term a signal delivery out of an intricacy involving loss of personal honor and endangering the interests of a community and people. Expostulations in my embarrassment proved futile; I could do nothing to appease those whom I had wronged, yet not sinned against. Amid this gloom of an overwhelming danger, I suddenly took courage in the recollection of the mercies of the Sacred Heart, as enumerated monthly in the MESSENGER. I recommended my trouble to the League, and when I called again to argue my case with those directly concerned, I was exonerated and reconciled.

Various Centres.—Special thanks are offered for a person who had not been at church for thirteen years. He was enrolled in the League last November, and has been to confession and Communion.—For immediate and wondrous favors. I can say in all truth, this dry and desolate parish is already changing.—For the success of a church debt society.—For the recovery of a sick child as soon as a scapular of the Sacred Heart was worn.—For the return of a person to the Faith after forty years.—For the conversion of a lady who had not frequented the Sacraments for twenty years.—A lax Catholic has become a weekly communicant.

oulcedame de mi-
sericor de mere de pi-
ie fontaine de ton
biens qui portastes nostre seig

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

New Series. May, 1889. Vol. IV (xxiv), No. 5.

AT LOURDES.

By Mrs. Jane Cave.

I.

LADY-DAY—when *the Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary, and she conceived of the Holy Ghost*—is the anniversary of the great apparition of our Lady at Lourdes. It was in 1858, only thirty-one years ago, and now the most difficult thing imaginable is to write from this sacred spot. It seems like writing in a church, for the place is one vast temple.

Everywhere within sight of the spire of the Basilica seems holy ground. This poor little Rue du Bourg where I am living has a vital interest for all the world. As you enter it from the Boulevard de la Grotte the first house on your right bears this inscription—*Maison paternelle de Bernadette Soubirous.* It is the home of the child to whom our Lady gave the message that has drawn the world to this far-off place. Mount the steep ascent from the Boulevard and at the summit look to the right. The valley is smiling at your feet, the river Gave rushing noisily

Copyright, 1889, by Rev. R. S. Dewey, S. J. All rights reserved.]

along. But you will look not at river or valley, for the mountains claim all your attention, and most of all the Rocks of Massabielle, on which stands the stately Basilica with its cross-crowned spire piercing the clouds.

No proof can be wanting at this day of the miracles wrought by Our Lady of Lourdes. But should there still be any doubt of the favor our Lady has shown this place, or of the miracles performed here, proof may be had in the place itself. From a poor and forgotten little jewel in the episcopal crown of the Bishop of Tarbes, it has become fit to be the altar of the world.

The noise of the world enters not into the sacred Grotto. All is solemn stillness, a leaf falling pains the sensitive heart. See, before these great rough rocks worn smooth by the lips of thousands of pilgrims, figures are kneeling. One is a priest in black robe, and all the time I recite my rosary he kneels there, his forehead pressed hard against the face of the rock, motionless, absorbed. Not far off another has his forehead on the stone floor, and yet another his lips pressed to the sacred stone. They are each alone. No one is conscious of the presence of any other human being. Our Lady looks upon them, and they speak to her in most profound humility.

How beautiful the whole place—the flowing Gave winding before the mountain-side, the illuminated Grotto with its flood of radiance rising to the feet of our Lady, as she stands in the niche where the little peasant girl first saw her. The swaying branches of a rose bush in blossom are beneath her sacred feet. You know how beautiful her image is, seen anywhere; but here she stands high up in the hollow of the gigantic rock, where lights shine in her honor from those whose life she has brightened or whose soul she has saved, where her stately white Basilica towers above high as the mountains themselves, where all around are kneeling worshippers and the solemn hush of reverent awe, the upward glance of little children reciting their Ave Marias, pious priests slowly pacing up and down rosary in hand, and prostrate pilgrims, the great and refined of the world and the rough peasants, all prayerful and recollected.

Here too is the trial, the proof that shows our Lady's power. The people here saw Bernadette, the peasant child, daily and hourly; and their faith and piety are as solid as their rocks. The people knew the little one to whom our Lady spoke; and there is but one voice, one opinion, among them all—she was an innocent child incapable of artifice and deception. How could it have been otherwise! Would the Almighty permit these millions of pilgrims to be the dupes of any human invention?

One afternoon I had an interview with the sister of Bernadette, a modest, simple peasant woman. She dwells a few steps from our door, at the corner of the Boulevard de la Grotte. The photograph of Bernadette was a good likeness at the time it was taken. She was then a pupil of the Sisters of Charity of Nevers. They have an asylum here.

BERNADETTE AS A CHILD.

There is a marble slab let into the pavement, to show where the child knelt when she beheld the wondrous vision. I have knelt on it often since I had the great blessing of coming here. You know, for you have seen the picture, that the chapel our Lady told Bernadette she desired to see built here is in reality a wonderful church—a Basilica. On its front is the beautiful medallion portrait of Pius IX.—the Pope of the Immaculate Conception. Little Bernadette had hard work to remember this name, by which our Lady had called herself; for the child did not speak French, but the patois of the country. So she kept

repeating the name over and over again, as if she *could* forget it! The Basilica is a marvel, rising up on a ledge of the mountain. It is a monument of the piety of the world; and as a memorial of gratitude it is most wonderful. The walls are covered with inscriptions in blue and gold on marble slabs, testifying the thanks of those who receive graces here. There is hardly an inch of the interior that does not bear testimony to some wonderful favor. Crutches of all forms and sizes hang by hundreds from the roof of the crypt, here that of a little child and there that of a man, here one that must have been made for one deformed, there one for a withered limb. There are thousands of them perhaps, many with straps and complicated bands of leather and wood and metal —a sermon powerful indeed.

Flags of many nations wave above the altar, the Stars and Stripes prominent among all, while countless lamps of beautiful design and workmanship burn and swing in the sacred stillness before the Tabernacle, and before the exquisite statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, now so familiar to all Christian eyes. Everywhere there are tokens of gratitude for wondrous cures, tokens of love for great graces, temporal and spiritual.

Every day there are many Masses said in the crypt beneath the church, and every afternoon Benediction and the Rosary. Between the Benediction and the Rosary one of the Fathers reads the list of requests each day. The Holy Father is prayed for, prayers are asked for bishops, priests, communities, schools, churches, hospitals, for success in examinations, for perseverance, for friends far and near. All are read and the number given.[1] Then the intentions of those present are prayed for. The list is very long, and at the end a decade of the rosary is said, by way of petition. After a hymn has been sung, Benediction is finished, and then the whole rosary is recited by all present.

Look about the place, every house is a sanctuary. The old and miserable and poor town, as it existed before Bernadette's day, is still to be seen; and all that has since been added stands

[1] The Intentions of the League of the Sacred Heart, including the particular intentions of the American Associates, are sent each month to Lourdes.

out in strong relief. Was it not our Lady's grace that gave these faithful and simple people their Lourdes of to-day, with its power to attract to itself the faithful from every land? The strong tide of the Gave now runs through a beautiful valley, its hillside covered with signs of busy life. On the spot where the chosen

THE GROTTO IN EARLY DAYS.

child knelt in awe before the wondrous vision, all was then bare and desolate. Now the Basilica crowns the rock, and on the hillsides around stand convents and schools and religious houses of many various orders, asylums and hospitals and even fine private dwellings. It is the change of the right hand of God.

II.

The town is very quiet now, but this seems to me the best time to learn something of Old Lourdes and its people. An ancient street goes up by a winding path from the Boulevard leading to the Grotto and Basilica. I mount it half-way to reach my home. This street has an entrance through heavy gates and leads into a long corridor partly open to the sky. At the end of this corridor-walk, after a few steps in the full sunshine, you reach a high wall. Looking up, above you rises the old fortress of Lourdes—the famous *Château Fort* of this "Key of the Pyrenees." Old and gray and dismantled, but still grand and imposing, it towers over our heads. Legends and traditions abound, and there are real historical facts as interesting as either.

The people love to remember that these rocks—especially the Rocks of Massabielle—have been our Lady's own these many hundred years. I have not at my fingers' ends the date or name of the famous warrior who once defended the place, but he promised, when sore beset by the enemy, to give our Lady for her own these rocks on which now stand the Basilica of Lourdes and its dependencies. The City Council consented to the gift, and the deeds were drawn up and ratified most solemnly, and were to be signed as soon as victory should be theirs. The Commandant of the Château Fort was inspired with an idea. Provisions were exhausted, nothing remained in the shape of food but one fish—a large one. When the battle was at its hottest, and the besieged at the end of their resources, he flung the fish over the fortress wall.

Thus the besiegers were convinced that reinforcements and provisions had got to the besieged by some means, and they withdrew.

So the Rocks of Massabielle became the property of Our Lady of Lourdes forever and forever; and, they say, the deeds are still to be seen. For my part, I am sure that our Lady owns *les Rochers de Massabielle.*

The old stable-like parish church is a few yards from our door. Save for the steeple you would never suspect that the

unpainted rude-looking building, its front well covered with staring advertisements of "*Chocolat* so-and-so" and an infinity of other patent articles, could be a church. But so it is, and once inside the great doors you will feel perfectly at home.

The altar does not resemble that of any other church I know. A life-sized figure of our Lord stands above the Tabernacle, beneath a wooden canopy supported by wooden posts. Nothing about the place is either graceful or symmetrical. The statue of Our Lady of Lourdes is very fair, the more so because invested with such loving devotion. There is an altar where St. Lucy, in ugly wood, stands between St. Francis and St. Anthony, her eyelids closed and in her hand a dish whereon lie the poor martyr's eyes. It is touching, but so very far from beautiful that one prays before it with closed eyes.

BERNADETTE AS SISTER MARIE-BERNARD.

Yet withal, the solemn hush, the gloom, the Perpetual Adoration which is always going on in it, and its heart-breaking image of the Holy Face which is at all times the object of tenderest devotion, indeed tend to make the old parish church of Lourdes—the church of Bernadette, till she became Sister Marie-Bernard—a place of prayer and devotion.

After Benediction one day I went to the grottoes high up on the mountains. Pilgrims go there in processions often. These natural grottoes are most wonderful. Their size and form seem really shaped by God's hand into temples for Himself.

In the first mountain cavern or grotto there is the statue of Magdalen in the desert. You can see her in this place as she must have been in her chosen grotto of La Sainte Baume, near Marseilles.

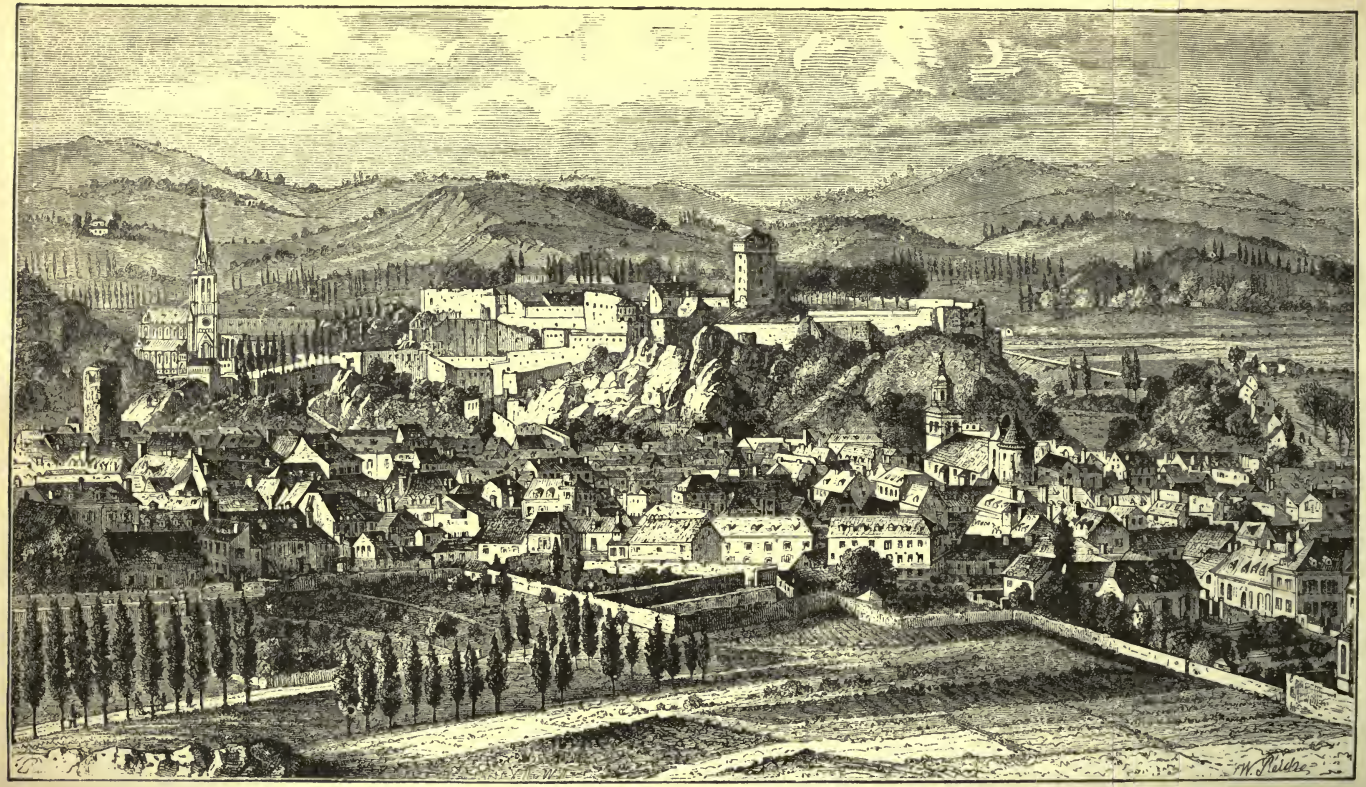
The rocks rise irregularly, high above her; the wild majesty of the spot and her desolate position are very touching to contemplate. The earthen floor has been smoothed for the convenience of pilgrims, but the rough jagged rocks are as nature fashioned them.

In the second grotto is our Blessed Lady, Mother of Sorrows, holding her Divine Son on her knees. The statue stands on an altar that is sometimes used. The size of the grotto allows many hundreds to congregate within it, while a natural pulpit—a massive level rock at the entrance, with a natural column of rock rising in its centre—affords opportunity for hundreds of others to hear the voice of the preacher, who stands upon it.

It is very hard to write, or indeed to do anything but pray, around this place. We have so many Masses and devotions, at the Parish, at the Basilica, everywhere. There is Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, Rosary, and prayers for intentions every afternoon at two. Then comes a visit to the Grotto, and sometimes to the Calvary. All the crosses are not yet in place, and I have thus far only been able to mount as high as the first one. It stands apparently on a level with the old castle of Lourdes, which it faces. The view from the heights is very fine, the grandly irregular hills, the pleasant valleys, with here and there a village church spire, and just beneath us the fairest sight of all—the Basilica, the new Church of the Holy Rosary, the viaducts, the winding river, the crowned statue of our Lady, and lastly the many beautiful houses that have sprung up since little Bernadette saw the wondrous vision.

III.

All along the Boulevard as far as the railway station, on both sides of the way, are shops filled with objects of piety in marble, silver, ivory, and gold. Not only there, but in all the lanes and



LOURDES (*after a Photograph*).

streets leading to the Grotto, on the right hand and to the left, there is still the same display of *souvenirs* of Our Lady of Lourdes, in every shape that Christian art can wish. Even far up the hill near the parish church the shops continue still; and all this because the demand is to the full as great as the supply, each pilgrim seeking for those he has left at home, as well as for himself, some memento of this holy place.

At this season these pious and faithful people are seen as they are. Let those who come here remember this, and remember, too, that if in the seasons of great pilgrimages they have been shocked by what seemed the greed of gold, it was not always the people of Lourdes who were to blame. Strangers too come here to barter their wares. Strangers build fine houses to lodge the pilgrims, strangers serve the pilgrims both rich and poor, and, only too often, strangers put themselves forward and usurp the rightful place of the people of Lourdes by making themselves officiously useful to others less at home in the place than themselves. Their motives may no doubt be good and pure, but they are doing the work of those who really feel that it is their own by divine right. Again, the season of pilgrimages is the only time when the very poor can earn anything, for there is no business of any kind done here, no trade, no industry. It is a sanctuary, and the good work of serving those who visit it should be left to those who are of the holy place.

An eight years' residence here and hourly communication with the people have proved them to be truly pious, faithful, and kindly. "Rough as their rocks in some ways, perhaps," say my friends, "they are just as firm in their friendship."

Ever since my arrival there has been before me the quiet orderly life of the people, undisturbed by excitement of any kind. The advent of the Duke of Norfolk as well as his departure created nothing more than a casual remark. He comes and goes without secrecy and without display. He patronizes the wayside vendors of objects of piety as did the late Duchess, and interests himself in individuals kindly and generously, they say. His little son was in the crypt one morning at early Mass, when I

happened to be there. The people are accustomed to see him carried in and out very quietly, and do not intrude upon him or his attendants.

Every one is free to worship according to the dictates of his heart, and no surprise is manifested, however different from the usual forms the manner of worship may be. A few weeks ago a well known financier of Paris walked barefooted and bareheaded from his hotel, across the bridge that spans the Gave and up the road to the Grotto, pushing before him a little carriage in which was reclining his invalid daughter. But not one curious or idle observer followed or appeared to take notice of him. Those who may have been forced to pass him by bowed their heads in reverent sympathy. When the same gentleman knelt, with a chosen band of poor men and the orphans of the asylum of Bernadette's *Dames de Nevers*, who gathered around by invitation to pray with him for his suffering child, he had not alone their prayers, but those of all assembled there in the sacred Grotto. He himself prayed aloud asking that God's will might be done, and that, if health were refused, his daughter might obtain the greater grace—the salvation of her soul.

BERNADETTE IN DEATH.

Even at this quiet season scenes like the above excite no remark. People come continually to prostrate themselves in silent prayer and adoration, priests kneel for a long time with

their foreheads pressed against the rock of the Grotto, already worn smooth and shining by the touch of pilgrims' lips. This is the beauty, the charm of devotion in Catholic lands; no worshipper is conscious of another's presence, each one in the crowd is alone with God.

I cannot say anything of the beautiful scenery that has not been said, and that is not well known to all the world from the views of Lourdes, spread broadcast by the thousands of pilgrims who have knelt here. Of itself the face of the mountain, with its Grotto and niche wherein is the famous statue, is too beautiful not to have been reproduced everywhere. It does not need the brilliancy of some great festival to enhance its beauty; yet I must say that Lourdes with crowds of pilgrims and Lourdes left to itself are different places.

IV.

Our Lady's own feast—the Immaculate Conception—was a feast indeed. Although no foreign pilgrimage arrived, the place was full, the church and crypt and Grotto were crowded, and the Communions, both at the Basilica and the parish church, counted many thousands. The Bishop of the diocese came, with his suite, to say Mass in person, and the Archbishop of San Francisco arrived in time for Benediction. The rosary, the *entire* rosary, was publicly recited during the day and evening—at High Mass the Joyful mysteries, at Benediction the Sorrowful mysteries, and in the evening at the Grotto, just before the Procession, the Glorious mysteries.

The illuminations were very beautiful and appropriate. The grounds surrounding the Basilica and Grotto were encircled by a waving line of blue and white lamps, with electric lights. Above at intervals waved banners of white and gold—the colors of our Lady and the Holy See. A large star of light holding in its centre the monogram M was placed high above the sacred Grotto, while within the Grotto itself there were countless lights that sent a flood of radiance out on the worshippers who filled to overflowing the marble platform that separates it from the Gave.

Although no organized pilgrimage came for the occasion the town seemed full. Yet I was assured that the dense mass I beheld was only the people of Lourdes, the suite of the Bishop, and the people of the neighboring villages.

The illumination was not confined to the Basilica grounds. On the mountain-side the different religious houses had also made preparations to solemnize this great day worthily. The Carmelite Convent was surmounted by a beautiful star of light, and lines of light ran along the whole length of the building. The Orphan Asylum, the Dominican Convent, and other buildings were also beautifully illuminated. All the hotels in the place, and their number is hardly to be counted, were brilliantly decorated with lamps, everywhere only brilliant white light in the deep darkness, with one exception. That was a house standing well up on the hillside between the town and the *Pont Neuf*. Some lover of the Sacred Heart dwells there, I fancy; for this house was all a vivid red, and the effect was striking as well as in great contrast with all the other lights.

The procession was formed about half-past five. Immediately after the rosary had been recited by all, the choir of the Grotto, led by the clergy, formed at its head. All present joined in the sweet solemn hymns to our Lady. The evening was intensely dark. No moon was visible until we passed from the shades of the Basilica and the aqueduct, and turned into the square before the church. Then it shone out a silver bow in the dark sky.

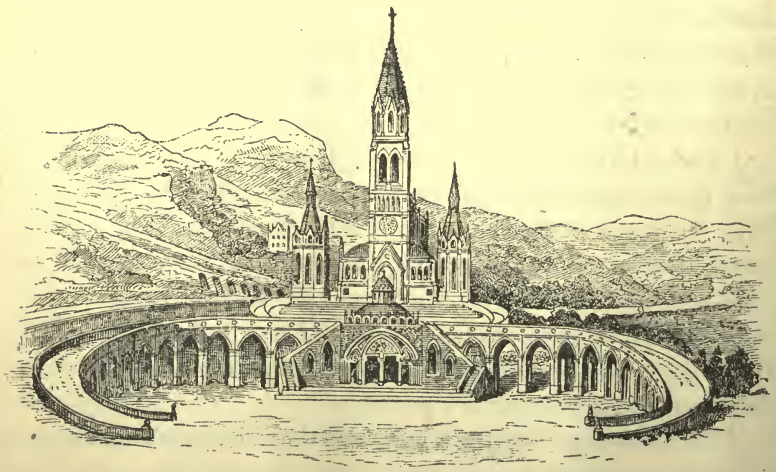
Around the crowned statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, and then before the Basilica, which was all one mass of tender silver light, there was a halt for prayer and chant; never did music sound sweeter. Notwithstanding the torches, there seemed no light save that in which were set our Lady's statue, the façade of the beautiful church, and the benign face of the Pope of the Immaculate Conception over its portal, and the line of waving light that marked the river's course.

The kneeling crowd was still, and the voice of the priest was distinctly heard as he led the prayer, all kneeling before the

temple built at the express desire of our Blessed Mother. It was a very solemn moment, and the hymns of praise and prayer were never sweeter than at that hour. One of the prayers at this moment was for the Archbishop of San Francisco and his diocese, another for the intentions of all present.

Then we returned, all still singing, to the Grotto, where a final prayer was said. I had been at the Basilica and Grotto six hours, and it had seemed like one. Returning to the Rue du Bourg, I saw that every house in the place was brightly lighted up. It was indeed a public and general holiday, and though not of obligation here in France all had done their very utmost to sanctify it for the love of our Blessed Lady.

Before the days of little Bernadette the rosary beads were a thing almost to be ashamed of in this region. Since then, since the day when Our Lady of Lourdes appeared in the niche of the Rocks of Massabielle, "wearing a chaplet of diamond beads threaded on golden wire," how many chaplets have been spread all over the earth from this one sanctuary! The rock is worn with the contact of beads against it, and to wear a rosary in public now is an honor. The new Church of the Rosary is a recognition of what lies at the heart of the wonderful mysteries enacted here.



BASILICA AT LOURDES
WITH THE CHURCH OF THE ROSARY AND TERRACE BENEATH IT.

THE EASTER PEACE.

By Helen Grace Smith.

WE see Thy goodness, Lord, to-day before us
In the pure skies;
Forever in the clear blue smiling o'er us
The vision lies.

We marvel as we see; our hearts grow tender
And humble now:
Before the mystery, the untold splendor,
Our spirits bow.

O God! we lift our feeble human voices
And sing to Thee;
Our being, thrilled exultingly, rejoices
In harmony.

We sing! we sing! and thus repeat the story
Told long ago,
Of God made Man, and triumphing in glory
O'er sin and woe:

Of Him Who changed our grieving into gladness,
Came from above,
Redeemed us, pitied, bore for us our sadness,
All through His love.

Fair things of earth lift up to Him pure faces;
And from their tomb,
A type of Him Who rose, in all sweet places
The flowers bloom.

With them our hearts arise, like them expanding
In the glad day;
We too their silent lesson understanding
Will silent pray.

A VALIANT WOMAN.

MRS. SARAH PETER,

Born in Chillicothe, Ohio, 1800, died in Cincinnati, 1877.[1]

By M. L. Meany.

I.

MRS. Sarah Peter was one of the favorites alike of nature, of fortune, and of grace. She nobly bore the position of leader during her long and well-spent life, and seems destined to be a guiding light to her sex through coming generations. She was truly a typical American; and, after her conversion to the Catholic Faith, was equally a representative *Romanist* (using the word in a real and most glorious signification).

This valiant woman was descended from a line of illustrious ancestors. In the year 1797 her parents removed from their native Virginia to the then 'wild West,' settling in the town of Chillicothe, Ohio. There Sarah was born in 1800. All circumstances combined to mould her character in the varied, even contradictory, traits she exhibited through life. Thomas Worthington, her father, was a pioneer of strong constitution, indomitable will, and powerful intellect, who in after times became distinguished as Governor of his adopted State and Senator at Washington. Her mother was one of those refined women who feel keenly the monotony and loneliness, both mental and spiritual, of existence among the uncultivated crowd. Of the rough and scanty livelihood which is the lot of most pioneers they knew nothing, for their former slaves had gladly accompanied them, and whatever comforts abundant means could provide at a frontier town they enjoyed.

A boarder at an excellent school in Kentucky, the child was recalled home when her mother's health seemed declining; afterward she was sent to one of Maryland's far-famed schools, passing the vacations among her aristocratic connections in Old Virginia. She was espoused at the age of sixteen to a son of the Honorable

[1] Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Sarah Peter. By Margaret Rives King. In two volumes. Robert Clarke and Co., Cincinnati, 1889.

Rufus King of New York. Such were Sarah Worthington's early experiences.

She was married on the 15th of May, 1816, at Adena, the beautiful home of Governor Worthington; and, according to the patriarchal habits of those days, went immediately to housekeeping in Chillicothe—her husband, Mr. Edward King, establishing himself there in the legal profession. During fifteen years that they resided in Chillicothe, Sarah gave birth to five children, of whom two died in their infancy.

One incident is given as characteristic. The fever, always the bane of new settlements, broke out during her husband's absence, and the young mother promptly took her children to the hilly timberland, where there was no fear of miasma or contagion, and had trees cut down and a log-house built, in which she established herself and little ones until the return of Mr. King.

During all these years, Chillicothe had prospered and become a centre of intellectual life. The ladies contributed their full share in this work, and had daily meetings for reading and conversation, in which Mrs. King was prominent. To aid the suffering and struggling was a favorite enterprise; nor was religion, as they understood it, neglected.

Sarah had gone through a variety of systems. Her parents had been Episcopalians in their native State, but finding that denomination unknown in Chillicothe, made choice, the one of Presbyterianism, the other of Methodism. Soon after the daughter's marriage an Episcopal parish was organized, of which Mr. and Mrs. King became zealous members, the latter being as devoted to church work as to all duties.

In 1831, they removed to Cincinnati, at that time the undisputed "Queen City of the West." For five years Mrs. King was the acknowledged leader of its hospitalities and gay coteries, equally with its efforts of philanthropy and plans of culture. Her elegant home, her varied accomplishments and mental acquirements, were always at the service of her fellow-creatures, and seemed as inexhaustible as her time, which she contrived to make sufficient for all demands.

The youngest of her three remaining children, a bright boy of five, died during this time. On February 6th, 1836, she was called to mourn the death of her husband, General King, one of Ohio's most worthy adopted sons. With Mrs. King, grief was never allowed, any more than joy, to interfere with duty.

Her two sons were then at Harvard College, Cambridge, and she removed thither to be near them in the dangerous season of college life, her house becoming the home of two of her nephews and her youngest brother; for hospitality was one of the laws of her life. Mr. Rufus King, her eldest son, on leaving college determined to settle in Cincinnati, where he was married in May, 1843, to the gifted lady from whose "Memoirs" these various incidents are taken, and who, in her own touching words, "was at once taken to the loving heart of the young husband's mother, and for years was the happy daughter and congenial friend of this noble lady."

The second son, Thomas Worthington King, settling in Philadelphia, his mother made her home chiefly in that city, where she was married in October, 1844, to the British Consul. Mr. Peter and his wife were truly congenial spirits. The record of the succeeding seven years must be passed over. Then sorrow came. Her son, Thomas Worthington King, died. All her life seemed changed. She took his widow and three little boys to her home, determined to devote herself to them; but her health required a change, and a year's sojourn in new scenes was decided on.

With the poor young widow and the children and their nurse, Mrs. Peter set out, her husband's official duties not allowing him to leave. The year ended with a tour through the Holy Land, which Mrs. Peter ever after regarded as ordered by Providence for purposes then unknown to her.

II.

A really conscientious lover of the Bible can never, reasonably, live out of the Catholic Faith. Like her Divine Spouse, the Church may say: *Search the Scriptures: the same are they that give testimony of Me* (St. John, v. 39).

On entering the old region with which the Bible had familiarized her, Mrs. Peter's disappointment is recorded thus:

"I find Egypt more barbaric than I expected. We had heard so much of the vigor of Mahomet Ali, that I thought to have seen some approaches toward European civilization among the people; but there seems to be none at all. I find they are but little advanced beyond our Indians. It is true they practise many of the ruder species of handicraft, and even gold embroidery on their saddles, but their dress is miserable, and they are filthy to a disgusting degree. On Sunday morning I went to a Coptic church. I have now seen several—all have compartments: viz., interior or holy place for the officiating priests, a court for the men, divided by a screen, and aisles for the women —a place which is further back, and also shut off by another screen of open wood-work. The patriarch of the Copts was present; the services had but little resemblance to Christian worship, and I do not suppose it is much, if at all, better than Mahometan."

Ashdod, venerable to her as the place to which the Ark of the Covenant was taken after Eli's death, she finds "sunk into a mere mud-walled Arab village. I had no idea of the fertility and beauty of the region, nor of the much better character of the population than that I had left in Egypt; the contrast is striking. Still the Mussulman is in the ascendant here as there, and the 'better half' of creation are in the most degraded condition you can conceive."

And again: "I say nothing of all the feelings excited by these objects, to which from infancy we have attached a feeling of holy interest. . . . On the spot on the Mount of Olives, which tradition assigned as the place of our Lord's Ascension, a chapel was built in early times, and within it is shown an impression made by His feet on the stone where He last trod. All is now in the possession of the Turks, who exhibit it to Christians!"

Already this American lover of Scripture felt the noble indignation of the Crusaders. She witnessed the annual pageant of an immense body of pilgrims entering Jerusalem under the

escort of the governor and his troops, which she thought a "pretty sight"; went to all the "traditionary places" dear to Christian tourists; "witnessed an Armenian funeral"; went to the washing of the feet by the Greek Bishop in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and on Good Friday was there nearly all day, and seems not to have been impressed by any of these things. The hour of grace had not come.

"At seven in the evening, the crucifixion was to be commemorated in the Latin chapel, which stands a little apart. . . . A crucifix, nearly as large as life, was borne by a priest, who was followed by others having incense. . . . All except the patriarch (*and myself!*) stood to hear the first of the series of sermons prepared for this occasion. . . . The sermon being concluded (in Italian), we moved on to the next station on the corridor. Here we listened to another sermon (in German); at the next station one in Greek; at the next, one in English; and then mounting the stairs to the Calvary, one in French was delivered. After the sermon, the body was removed from the cross, and laid in a white sheet, while the cross continued to retain its place. We then descended the stairs, all movement being impeded by the crowd, and reached the stone on which the body (traditionally) was prepared for burial. Here a sermon in Arabic was delivered, and the body was anointed by the hands of the patriarch, and then we all moved to the sepulchre, within which it was conveyed by the patriarch and his assisting priests. This done, a closing sermon was delivered in Spanish. You will wish to know what I thought of all this, and I cordially avow that all feelings of repugnance had vanished, and for the moment I was as good a Catholic as the best. The service was conducted with a soberness and apparently true sympathy that disarmed criticism, and the historic realities which surrounded us were enough to warm the most philosophical of stoics."

This decisive "moment" occurred on April 11th, 1852.

On her return home she often recalled such reminiscences of her visit to the Holy Land, and was firmly of opinion that had she first seen the Catholic Church in that land she would at once

have become a member of it, because she there for the first time had a glimpse of its interior workings. But though her heart was gained at that moment, three years were to elapse before she was received into the Church. Meantime patience was to do its perfect work through sorrow and bereavement, and in circumstances apparently tending in any direction but Romeward.

Returning to Philadelphia in the autumn of 1852, Mrs. Peter, with her usual energy, resumed her former life of domestic and philanthropic duties. But only a few months had passed ere all life was changed for her. The death of Mr. Peter, on February 6th, 1853, overthrew all her plans of unpretending usefulness, and she removed to Cincinnati, partly from the natural desire to be near her son's family, but also with the purpose of introducing into that city facilities for art-culture and refining influences.

With her greatly increased wealth the noble-hearted lady felt that much was required of her; and putting aside her grief, she gave herself to the task, no less onerous than enviable, of promoting art, science, and literature in every form, unconsciously showing herself a born leader in all.

When in the summer of 1854 she determined to make another visit to Europe, to which an unseen Hand seemed always beckoning her, the Ladies' Art Academy, of which Mrs. Peter was President, requested her "to lend the advantage of her cultivated taste in the selection of such copies, casts from fine statuary, engravings, etc., as her judgment and experience should suggest, —the sum of $500 being appropriated by the Academy to this purpose."

Mrs. Peter joyfully undertook the pleasant task, and as she was also making selections to adorn her own beautiful home in Cincinnati, she was brought into intercourse with cultivated people of all classes in her researches. Meantime in Cincinnati, "financial troubles" had swept away the funds of the Art Academy, and in November she had to choose between cancelling the contracts she had made in its name with various artists, or advancing money herself, trusting to future repayment. Vulgar

money cares were a new experience to Mrs. Peter. She chose the latter alternative, by her son's advice; but her sensitive spirit shrank from such complications. "I felt half-sick about it the first day," she writes to her son's wife, "but this week has been full of *festas* in the church, and I have been glad to seek and find forgetfulness in witnessing these remarkable scenes."

III.

The Hand was leading her on! Among these *festas* was the celebration in honor of the Immaculate Conception, then just decreed a dogma of faith. Mrs. Peter's description of it, with the reflections to which it gave rise, although long, will not bear abridgment: it is a unique tribute from one who was still outside the pale of the Church.

"The ceremony which attended the reading of the Decretal for the Virgin, by the Pope himself, at St. Peter's, attended by fifty-five cardinals, and more than two hundred foreign bishops, was the most imposing that I have ever seen. It is estimated that more than fifty thousand people were present. All the dresses of the procession were new, of white silk, satin, or damask; and for the cardinals, cloth of silver, all bordered and embroidered with gold, in honor of the Virgin. The vast church was packed in every part. The old bronze statue of St. Peter was robed in crimson damask, bordered with gold, a tiara on his head loaded with precious stones of enormous size, a large blazing diamond on his finger, and richly jewelled slippers.

. . . "The Pope performed High Mass, surrounded by the magnificent array of the princes of the Church from every land in Christendom, and read the Decretal while the guns of St. Angelo boomed in the distance to inform the faithful outsiders of the promulgation within. The day closed with the magnificent illumination of St. Peter's, a miniature of which you have seen among my curiosities. The reality exceeds all imitations; and, with our confined knowledge of these things, I could not have imagined so marvellous an exhibition.

"Besides this, the old Capitol blazed forth at a great

distance, high in the air, for it is on the summit of Capitoline Hill, and the old Ara Cœli, close by, where Gibbon meditated the writing of his history, was in a brilliant flame of light, which extended all along the old Roman Forum, and was reflected back from the Arch of Titus and the Coliseum. The whole city was illuminated by the finest devices, and at several of the great palaces, Doria, Colonna, Orsini, etc., wax candles of immense size were placed along the principal windows outside. There was no wind, and the lights burned uninterruptedly. At every corner where the picture or bust of the Virgin had a place, unnumbered candles and mottoes were placed around her, and arches, illuminated, crossed the streets, with similar devices. Carriages thronged the streets, and moved slowly among solid masses of delighted populace, from whom not an impolite gesture nor unseemly word was heard. In their picturesque costumes, they seemed to enjoy as much as we did, and to regard us without hatred or envy. I have neither seen nor heard of a drunken man in Rome.

"Since the close of the Council of Trent, three hundred years ago, such a scene has not been witnessed in the Eternal City.

"I am satisfied, the more I examine the state of things here, that English and Puritans have united to calumniate the Romans. So few English speak Italian, that they have no means of learning for themselves; and, thus prepared, the English writers undertake to tell the world of Italian vices. Money-making, it is true, is not the great object of life; but the soil is rich, and large provision is made for the poor, and in no class does eating or drinking occupy much time or care. They are indifferent to the Englishman's chief delight; but they are often highly learned, for institutions of learning and science abound, and libraries, too—and even the populace possess a sort of high breeding. As one passes, they often offer a polite salutation, which the ignorant frequently mistake for impudence. My servant never goes out in the evening without putting his head in at the door to ask if anything more is wanted and to wish the '*felessesima notte*'."

Soon afterward she writes that "there is not a tithe of the

poverty and misery the English prate about," and expresses her intention to "look closer into the Romish Church than hitherto." One result of this looking shows what she thought of the so-called "Mariolatry" that shocks so many lookers-on in Rome:

"Rome is still delighting in the new honors conferred upon their Blessed Mother, the Virgin, in the late Bull, which I recommend you to read. There is something very beautiful in their love of the Virgin, whose goodness they fancy is inexhaustible, and who listens to the prayer of her lowliest child. They do not worship her, but they pray God to receive her intercession. There is no shop so poor or mean but that it contains a pretty effigy or painting or colored print of the common object of their affections; and truly I can not see that it does anybody any harm, while for these poor people it is an unfailing source of consolation."

Even the preparations going on for the carnival have no terrors for this large-minded gentlewoman. She opines that there would be a revolt should the Pope abolish this saturnalia, and "all he can do is to retrench some of the wildest parts of it"; and is so far gone astray as to "wish we could have equally innocent diversion for our people at home."

IV.

Then came the "final step," which, as her gentle biographer intimates, might easily have been foreseen, "and yet those most intimately acquainted with her life and mode of thought were unprepared" for the revelation made under date of March 11th, 1855. It was as surprising to them, as had been to herself that first glimpse of the inner life of the Faith, of which she speaks in this letter:

"I often thought of it, and the profound faith and Christian love I witnessed among the acquaintances I there made, and of their undoubting trust, their martyr-like devotion to their Church. But I had been brought up an Anglican, if not a Protestant, and, taking precisely the view that Unitarians take of us, I wondered that people of such high intellects and extensive information

could bend their minds to superstitious usages, worthy only of children, and I was thankful that a higher light shone into my soul. Yet, after months spent in Popish countries, accustomed every day to seeing people who, without talking about it, lived by faith, and not by sight, when again I looked upon England and America it seemed as if faith had departed.

"All this I had often talked of at Philadelphia, yet saw no cause to go further. Arriving here, I duly placed myself under the pastoral care of the rector of the English congregation (a sensible man, but very English and unapproachable), and paid my dues. Soon after, from your letters, I saw that the object which brought me here was, for the present, at an end, and not wishing to waste my time altogether, and weary of the nonsense around me, I began to think of looking a little nearer into the working of the Romish church.

"In society I met with some of the good old bishops, whose fervent piety (so far as human eye could see) had greatly interested me on our stormy passage from Marseilles here. They were all exceedingly kind and plain in their replies to my questions, instructing me also where to go for further information. I soon found, as I believe every candid mind must find, that a mist of error surrounded me, that I had mistaken tinsel for gold; that, like other Protestants, I had boldly pronounced judgment upon things of which I was either wholly ignorant, or deceived by false information.

"Do not imagine, my beloved child, for a moment, that I have been swayed about by any one. Nobody seems to have supposed me so spiritually engaged as to think of taking either measure or persuasion for my conversion. Yet here, where daily I touch the dust made holy by the blessed army of martyrs, whose faith, so far as the earliest records attest (and, providentially, they are abundant both in books and stones to a degree I never dreamed of), is still maintained in all its fervor and purity by their successors at this moment—here, if anywhere, a pious soul may hope for the blessing of God on sincere and fervent prayers for guidance into the way of His truth."

Archbishop Hughes, who was still in Rome, obtained for Mrs. Peter the privilege of making the spiritual retreat preparatory to her abjuration of Protestantism at the house of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart—the celebrated Convent of Trinità dei Monti.

In another letter to her son she gives a glowing picture of the surrounding scenery, yet proclaims that "the highest order of beauty, however, is within"—giving an animated description of the nuns and their mode of life. "Truly it is a gratification," she adds, "to any one favoring the idea of 'woman's rights' to see how great a part these ladies have to perform, and accomplish their work so well."

This abrupt transition to her own lifelong desires for the elevation of her sex shows at once the strength and versatility of her mind, though a superficial critic might deem it a proof of frivolity or self-seeking. She was conscious that it would seem out of place, even to the beloved recipient of her letter, for she thus proceeds:

"Do not imagine, my dear child, I am under any sort of excitement. You who know that in matters of moment I am not wanting in steadiness may feel assured that I feel the strength of the ground upon which I stand. I have for years been restless and unhappy on finding that the views held and taught by our church could not satisfy me, and my unhappiness arose from my own self-accusations, because I was not satisfied. Many others, I doubt not, live and die with the same habitual self-condemnation, yet never suspect the cause; and now as I come nearer to the clear light of truth, I wonder that I should have been so near, and yet never discovered it. I dare say you will feel no little surprise to hear all these things, and wonder how I should now know about subjects hitherto unknown to me; but I have had excellent opportunities to learn, and fearful internal difficulties to overcome, before I could separate my better judgment from the mass of error which overlaid it. I say nothing of the struggles in my conscience; my horrible fears of being misguided by illusions, but

which seem gradually to be dissipated by the light of a clearer faith."

The reception into the "one Fold under one Shepherd" was made privately in the church of the Trinità dei Monti on the last Sunday of March, two distinguished prelates, Bedini (who had been in America and was afterward Cardinal) and Talbot, officiating, assisted by the Abbé Mermillod (now the celebrated Bishop of Geneva), under whose guidance she had made her spiritual retreat. Having quoted the foregoing vivid description of the convert's soul-struggles, let us see what peace and childlike repose of mind followed:

"My kind friends at the Trinità dei Monti have consented to receive me as a boarder."

Thus she writes home on April 23d, and with a vivid word-picture of the glorious view from her windows, continues: "When I was last here the spring was just budding forth. Now it is in its full glory and freshness. It delights me to see so many familiar flowers so far away from home. The lilacs here are just as large and well-to-do, and the tulips as flaunting and fine, and the lilies of the valley as pretty and modest in their white and green, and the johnny-jump-ups as flaming and saucy, and the violets as sweet, and the mignonettes as dainty as they used to be at Adena. Nor must the forth-putting snow-balls be forgotten, only they are not so much admired here, and don't hold their pert heads so high; but I am glad to see them, and think of those I first saw, some forty years ago, when a school-girl at Winchester, Virginia. I can not imagine what it is that carries me so far back, but this spring reminds me more of that which I passed there than any that I remember; and yet, except these flowers, there is not a single point of association. It is true, my health is excellent, and my spirits, I suppose, derive some additional exuberance from this cause; and then, never have I known a spot so congenial to me as this dear old Rome, where every want finds itself supplied. And such society! If I were always to live here, I fear the dread of death would grow upon me, for there is so much to enjoy."

V.

A non-Catholic would imagine this dear convert upon returning home plunging immediately into great works of usefulness, and, with a neophyte's zeal, tormenting all her friends about religion. But the Faith she had embraced tolerates no such vagaries. She had even less to say on spiritual subjects than in the days when philanthropy and culture seemed to absorb her; and the works of Christian charity, which she now humbly hoped to accomplish through other hands than her own, required much quiet and prayerful thought. This present time was, therefore, in contrast with her past and future an idle interval, though steadily devoted to the well-being of her kinsfolk, the accomplishment in a private way of all the works her hand found to do, and to establishing, in her adopted city, the Convent of the Good Shepherd, whence colonies of nuns have gone forth to other towns of Ohio. The church of this convent is rich in relics which its venerated foundress, as the religious love to call her, obtained from Pius IX., when other friends, even bishops, had failed; and in a side-chapel a marble memorial altar, crowned with a lovely image of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, attests her faith and her love for the beauty of the House of God.

In 1857, she made her third visit to Rome. Thirsting to do more than her own means, always so gladly offered, could accomplish, she was now a *beggar for beggars*, on St. Augustine's model. This was certainly the greatest sacrifice she could make, since it involved not only the pain a sensitive and independent spirit must ever experience in such work, but also the renouncing of her art-pilgrimages and all the delights of travelling and sight-seeing. From Rome she writes on July 15th:

"Instead of having more time to look about, as I fancied, or to write, I find that I have positively no time at all at my disposal, for my occupation as a *mendicant* obliges me to 'keep my eyes about me,' and look for chances to 'do a little business,' as keenly as the veriest Yankee that you ever heard of."

She had already written of her success in obtaining recommendations and material aid in "this blessed city"—her favorite

appellation for Rome. "The Pope is still at Bologna, where he is to pass the summer, and in his travels he is giving such generous '*largess*' to the people, that I shall be careful not to ask him for anything at an untimely moment. The Propaganda, of which my good friend, Monseigneur Bedini, is secretary, have given me a strong letter of recommendation, with their great seal affixed; and if there is money to be had, I shall get my share of it. I have not only the support of the Propaganda, but of the Father General of the Jesuits, and three or four eminent cardinals." Mrs. Peter went to Bologna, where "our blessed *Papa* (of which Pope is a corruption) received me in the kindest manner possible, . . . gave me a letter approving my design, adding, in the kindest manner, a very handsome gift in gold napoleons. . . . Monsignor Talbot gave me a letter to the Nuncio in Florence, who is a most agreeable person, and as the Grand Duke is at the baths of Lucca, I came here 'a-fishing' among people of fortune, who are bathing, and having done 'a good business' in Florence, I propose visiting the baths of Lucca with the same disinterested intention."

The child of genius had become a business "Yankee," picked up slang phrases, and delighted in quotations—all for God. "Having designs upon the purse of the Grand Duke and others," she "hopes for the sake of our poor" not to be "disappointed." Nor was she. Returning home in the following summer, 1858, she was prepared to enrich her beloved country with some of those wonderful institutions with which Catholic lands abound. From Ireland eleven Sisters of Mercy followed her. Afterward came the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Sisters of St. Francis, the Poor Clares, etc. It might be useful to those Americans who talk so boastfully or complainingly of money going out of our country to the pauper lands of Europe (to which money, by the way, the grumblers have never contributed) to know how much "our country" is indebted to the devout Catholics of those lands, whose purses are ever open to calls for legitimate objects.

Nor was material aid the only or even the chief benefit Mrs. Peter's "quest" (*begging tour*) obtained. She, more than any

other traveller, was instrumental in raising the fame of young America throughout all the conservative old nations which regarded it with natural distrust. It brought her, as she often remarks, into intimacy with all ranks, from the princes of the Church and the royal families of storied renown to the moneyed aristocracy and keen-eyed toilers, and with all she became a fashion or a pet, winning admiration for the young Republic whence she came. She could hold her own with their noblest, and fraternize with the least. A business woman now, she yet never allowed her mental tastes or spiritual longings to be lowered. Her hasty pen-pictures of people and places are as vivid as sun paintings: and the inimitable description of Kinsale, drawn with more leisurely tenderness, is as fine a work as any production of the old masters. It makes one regret that she did not see more of Ireland; justice would then be done to the 'old sod.' And every subject is glorified by the artless display of true Catholic feelings that flit like rainbow tints through all; though, as she says, "I say less of the Church than I would, for reasons that you will understand; but it is infinite happiness for me to find myself in so elevated and congenial an atmosphere."

During the great civil war, Mrs. Peter and her "Sisters" did their full share of hospital work, "knowing no North, no South," but seeing only suffering humanity in all. The fine old lady, of course, incurred the suspicion of disloyalty, but there were noble men of arms to take her part.

In 1867 she made a flying visit to her beloved Rome. She could not be absent from the ceremonies of Pio Nono's jubilee year, of which the non-Catholic little family at home received glowing descriptions. How touching is this Ascension Day thought: "The Holy Father, after Mass, gave the usual pontifical blessing, '*urbi et orbi*,' from the grand window over the vast portal. It was just half-past twelve o'clock, and, as the time between us is six and a half hours, I fancied you would just be getting up, and I offered earnest petitions that the beautiful prayers of the visible Head of the Church for all conditions of men, and the tender and earnest blessings he besought for

all, might reach even beyond the Atlantic, and light upon your head."

In 1874 she was once more in Rome—her fifth and last visit. The Holy Father was a prisoner now, and the ardent convert wished to be numbered among those pilgrims whose unswerving loyalty would personify the Catholic feeling of the ends of the earth. Her former tours had been on business or with invalid friends; but this was a visit of consolation to the illustrious Prisoner of the Vatican. How his great fatherly heart loved the enthusiastic American is shown in Mrs. King's graphic anecdotes, one of which must be given here:

"On another occasion an incident occurred, testifying to the beautiful simple-heartedness and tenderness of this holy man. As the 'faithful' were receiving the blessing of the Holy Father, Mrs. Peter entered somewhat late and a little agitated, and, in kneeling, dropped her staff which fell beyond the rail, startling his Holiness who himself raised the staff, and, handing it to the venerable lady, said: 'Signora Peter, you have done what all Europe has failed to do. You have stopped me in my career.'"

With the Holy Father's compliment there is no need to prolong our theme, tempting as it is. Three years later, February 6th, 1877, this truly valiant woman passed sweetly, without pain or warning, from earth. It was the loving child's going home to its Father's House. Well did Archbishop Purcell, himself a martyr to works of charity, say over the venerable dead: "I would rather myself pray to her than for her!"

Who shall find a valiant woman? . . .
She is like the merchant's ship, she bringeth her bread from afar;
She hath tasted and seen that her traffic is good:
She hath opened her hand to the needy;
She hath not eaten her bread idle:
Give her of the fruit of her hands:
And let her works praise her in the gates (Proverbs, xxxi.).

MINK.

By Joseph E. Barnaby.

The tale is told to a passing-bell from a street-car horse for a hero dead on the Ridge in Philadelphia.

VIII.

IT had been a day such as comes to our northern latitudes, when the dying blasts of winter and the first strong balminess of spring alternately blow and breathe through the air in the shifty turning of April.

Lent was not yet over, but Will Mellon needed no reminder of the season's fast. He had been lingering all day by the unsightly market booths that stretch away eastward when you are half-way up the Ridge. He walked late into the night along the damp pavement, holding out his trinkets to the passers-by. But his voice was too husky for him to force his wares on their attention, and he had no liveliness of gait or motion to overtake them. They one and all brushed by on their way to warm homes after the day's labor or the evening's pleasure.

At last, he gave up any further attempt, and turned wearily down the now almost deserted street, chilled through with the raw mists of the night.

At a brilliantly-lighted corner there was a gaunt squalid creature, with a dirty black cape drawn closely round her head and shoulders, crouched down behind a rickety hand-organ, out of which she had been grinding doleful sounds as long as the tide of life passed by her. Will had often seen her at this favorite post, which she haunted on all the nights when the cold was not so strong as to threaten utterly to separate her soul from the ungainly tenement of her wretched body.

She was craning forward her head to calculate the amount of the trifling coins which the evening had thrown into her cup. She too was making ready for home, if such creatures can be said to have anything so respectable as a home. Hearing footsteps she seized again the crank of her music-box and began a wheezing

note, when she saw it was one more miserable than herself to whom she was appealing.

Will's eyes were wet and glistened in the lamplight, which brought out the sallow paleness of his emaciated countenance. The attitude of the old woman as he came toward her somehow reminded him of his Aunt Mary, crouching over the hearth with her treasured Irish cloak thrown over her head and crooning the prayers of her beads softly to herself.

The organ-grinder looked up sharply at the young man, and then held out her little tin cup to him, chinking the pennies in it with her trembling hand.

"Ye'r worse off 'n I be to-night, I guess," she said in a cracked, shrill voice, her toothless gums chattering against each other in the chill air. "We'll divvy up a little; p'raps 'twill bring me luck agin to-morrer."

Seeing he made no movement to accept her generous offer, she inserted her claw-like fingers in the cup and carefully drawing forth a few cents held them out to him impatiently.

"Don't be afeared, young man. 'F we poor-uns don't help our own selves, who's a-goin' ter?"

As Will still hesitated, she beckoned him nearer and seizing hold of his arm managed with some difficulty to raise herself upright. Then waving her skinny hand at the organ, she laughed brokenly. "I'll give ye a job then, 'f ye'r too proud to take a lift. Just tote that musical instrument round the corner here up the court where I'm a-livin', an' then you'll take it by way of pay. I'm that bad with the rheumits, it's worse on me gittin' home 'n settin' here all day."

Will took up the organ by its strap and followed the woman, who hobbled more quickly than he had given her credit for, down a side-street and abruptly round an opening between two houses. Here there was no light, and the way was reeking with mire.

The old woman called him to come on. "Don't ye be afeared now: th' ain't no robbers goin' for to stab yer round the corner. This is a respectable court, and don't yer fergit it, er else Mother Mandy wouldn't be a-livin' in it. 'T's a mighty sight better'n

yer Charity 'Sociations 'at rakes up yer hull life 'fore they gives yer nothin' to speak on 't the end of't."

The long hours of silence had sharpened the need of talking natural to her sex. Faint from hunger and weariness as Will was, he began to be interested in the rambling utterances of his companion, which were relieved at frequent intervals by a shrill cackle intended both as a laugh and an encouragement to himself.

"Yer mus'n' think," she went on, as they crept splashingly over the wet cobble-stones, guiding themselves by feeling along the dead wall beside the way; "yer mus'n' think I'm a-goin' t' the devil up here—no, not in a Christian city like this—City o' Brotherly Love 's what they call it. But I dew wish the city 'd have brotherly love enough jest to give us a light here'n the court. 'T's orful good luck I got yer to bring along my musical instrument to-night. I'd a broke every bone in my body a-creepin' over the cobbles."

By this time they had reached the end of the brick building and come to some tumble-down wooden cabins, which may once have been used for stables or outhouses when the dingy side-street had a more respectable front than at present. Out of a four-pane window a dim light was shining, and at the noise of the couple making their way forward a black woolly head started up behind it.

"Yah, yah, Mudder Mandy!" a voice called, and the head disappeared, while the low monotonous strumming of a banjo went on within.

"This is Music Court," cackled the old woman. "My house is next. Th' ain't only three, 'n' the last's a Dago—got stranded down here somehow. 'T's good as a theayter, young man, come summer; we serenades one another when it's too hot till we're tired enough to sleep 'f 'twas ten times hotter. You've heared o' the Children of the Fiery Furnace. That's just what we be in summer. My!" she went on, rattling a key in the rusty lock of a door opening flush with the path, "wouldn't that be a name fer the posters—The Children of the Fiery Furnace up Music Court!

I was bred up round the theayter. Was you, young man? I guess not, you look like a pious one. Well, t'don't make no matter, 'n' th' ain't no fiery furnace here to-night. I hev to leave my fire out 'cause 't costs so, and I'm afeared the hull court 'd git afire. I'm goin' to keep a home 's long's I can—no poorhouse fer me, 'f I can help it!"

In a few moments the dim light of an ill-smelling and smoking kerosene lamp allowed Will to look around at the home of his new friend. It was a small low bare room that had once been plastered, but the rain leaking in through a roof long innocent of repairs had caused large portions of the ceiling to fall. The long strips of lath thus laid bare were in grim harmony with the skeleton-like mistress of the house.

Mother Mandy, with the quick instincts of her class, had taken in the character of the object of her pity. She did not repeat the offer of sharing her day's gainings with him, but imperatively bade him start the fire of wood which was ready for kindling in the old rusty stove. In an amazingly short time she had a kettle of water over the blaze, and was showing Will how he should feed the fire with the thick blocks cut from a scantling where some new building was going up.

"The little fellers picks 'em up fer me, and then I plays the organ fer 'em at the door when the night 's moonshiny an' dry. I allers did like childun, though I never had any of my own"—and she was silent for a moment.—"It does do a body good to see 'em dance—makes me think of when I was young at the theayter."

She spoke in a husky voice, as if the memory of her younger days made her sad in her wretched old age. But catching the curious look of Will, who was more and more interested in the strange character whose acquaintance he had so unexpectedly made, she laughed out sharply.

"I guess you don't know much about such things, young man. Jest as well, maybe: but I was raised to it, an' I'm a-goin' to dance round consid'ble more 'fore I'll die in a poorhouse—or apply t' any of yer Charity 'Sociations."

It was clear that Mother Mandy, old and rheumatic as she was, kept her spirit of honest independence.

She had led a life that is becoming more and more common in American cities, in exact proportion with their growth and the withdrawal of religious influences from among the poor. Even now there are quarters where the priest and the policeman alone keep up some semblance of Christian civilization. Where the priest is not known or respected, the policeman finds little more than a burrowing-place of human animals, bred in the ignorance of the slums, flaunting gay rags in imitation of the respectable who stand aloof from them, plunging wildly into the gayety and vice which are all that civilization now furnishes to these unhappy souls.

Mother Mandy was among the best of her class: she would keep her independence, even at the cost of misery, rather than that a "Charity 'Sociation should rake up her hull life!"

It was a Christian instinct already working in her poor benighted heart. The motherly pity—in one who scarcely knew mother or child of her own—which she was showing to tramping consumptive Will, would, with God's blessing, bring her to know a true Christianity that has other comfort for Christ's poor than a cross-examining association and the poorhouse.

IX.

Mother Mandy was of the kind born to rule. It would have been hard to think, in case she had been married, of her not being the head of the family. She was a famous manager too. Will soon found that she kept her little house in wonderful order, considering how little there was to keep.

From a package wrapped in paper and hanging by a hook from the wall—"agin the rats," she informed him with a wink of ghastly humor—she took a part of a loaf of bread and a good-sized 'boloney.' She arranged these on an iron tray and a cracked blue platter, which she took down, with a tin tea-pot, a blue crockery cup, and a small tin basin, from a shelf handy by.

Will Mellon was weak from lack of sufficient food, and a

disease that renders the whole man languid was slowly but surely preying on his life. Then he had always given signs of a fatal easiness in yielding to the persuasions of others. He rose awkwardly and took his battered hat from the floor, as if to go away.

But Mother Mandy had fairly out-generaled him. With a shrill voice she protested that one good turn deserved another, that it was not neighborly of him to refuse to share her supper—"'pertick'rly as I don't 'spect any o' yer rich relations is a-waitin' fer ye!"

It is hard to divine the hidden motives of the human heart. The rheumatic old crone, with her horror of the poorhouse, may have seen in this young man as wretched as herself a temporary aid to keeping on in the independent way of life that had become a second nature to her. But we must also give due credit to the womanly compassion which never quite disappears from the breast of the most hardened. And, in spite of a lifetime spent where there was little more human training than in the wilds of the forest, she had retained and even cultivated certain instincts that are a natural preparation to the workings of Christian grace.

Before the evening was over, what with the steaming tea and the fragrant "boloney"—"jest the cheapest an' by long odds the fillin'est mossel a poor-un can git nowadays," she explained to Will—it was decided he should give up his daily search for pennies to pay for a night's lodging among stuffy tramps, and instead should occupy her "lean-ter." This was airy enough, for it was only a shed built of unplaned boards—a *lean-to* against Mother Mandy's single-roomed house. It had a rough floor, and a little window in which, luckily, only one of the panes was broken and this had been rudely mended with a piece of board.

"That's my carpenterin'," said the hostess proudly, "to keep the plaguy cats out. Yer can't let a cat come near a boloney, 'f ye know what's healthy fer the boloney. This is my refrigerator, don't ye see? Tollable warm in winter on account o' the lay 'f all these houses roun', an' cool in summer from bein' in the shadder all day. But yer welcome to't—ye won't spoil nothin'."

Will suffered his new friend to make all the arrangements needed for carrying out their strange partnership. He was too worn and tired to speculate whether he was rising or sinking yet lower in the social scale. He no longer had any ambition; his hopes were gone, he had nothing to lose. Even there was something to gain in not being utterly alone, in having a secure refuge against the rain and darkness of the night. So he thankfully wrapped himself round from head to foot in the coarse horse-blankets that had somehow come into Mother Mandy's possession, and stretched himself with a positive feeling of relief on the pile of shavings which her foresight had gathered together for the quick kindling of her fire. In lieu of better, this would serve him well for bed and bedding.

The rain began pattering on the sloping boards over his head. He could hear the water trickling down to the ground outside. He was wakeful and racked at intervals by a cough which he strove to suppress, for fear it should worry his charitable friend. At last he fell into that languor which is the consumptive's relief from agitation. The raindrops were still falling above him; a deep sense of peace—that he was at home again—came over him.

"I wonder if Mother Mandy's organ plays 'Home, Sweet Home'," he sighed to himself. The refrain was running through his brain—over and over again—

> Home, home—sweet—sweet home,
> Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Suddenly, as a fresh gust of the raindrops startled him and he nestled back contentedly on his rude couch, words he had heard read out in the church in happier days came to his mind. It seemed to him that the old priest of Waterbrook was even now saying them over to him at his side.

The Son of man hath not where to lay His head.

Will started up, as one does when only half-asleep in a strange place, and peered into the darkness. The reflection of the city's lamps against the sky gave him the faintest consciousness of light through the little window. He lay down again with a sigh, but he was now thoroughly awake.

One by one the religious impressions of his life came back to him. His Aunt Mary's prayers by the sick-bed where he had seen the vision of priests like stars, his father's and mother's pious desires and sacrifices that he might become a holy priest, the college chapel where he walked so proudly to Communion on Sundays with the handsome medal of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality on his breast—all came in turn before him, reproachfully, it seemed to his tortured heart. Even in the darkness he hid his face in his hands, and the tears trickled down on his hard pillow.

Only now was misfortune beginning to break and subdue finally the spirit of the young man. Since the disaster of the previous autumn, he and his religion, for the first time in the life of the Catholic-bred youth, had parted company. His old pastor at Waterbrook had taken for granted that he was guilty and had written him in pained words, whose strength he did not rightly appreciate, when he announced to Will the death of his Aunt Mary. This prevented the young man from making known his condition in the only quarter where he might have had relief. When he failed in finding employment and his clothes had become worn, he avoided his former Catholic acquaintances in the city, among whom he morbidly considered himself disgraced, and he ceased going to Mass. Little by little he was forgotten by everyone, and the change brought about in him by a few short months of misery was so great that he could with difficulty have been recognized.

If mere circumstance were all that governs this world, Will Mellon might have lived on, till the death which was making its speedy way through his sickly frame, in the wretched kennel he now so gratefully thought of as his home. There would have been little human about his life beyond its suffering, and its remembrances sadder than suffering.

But there is something divine in the affairs of the most wretched men—One Who *stands at the gate, and knocks.* Will Mellon drew from the inner pocket, where he had carefully treasured it, his medal of the Sodality with its faded blue ribbon

wrapped around it. It was tarnished and quite worthless, but he had never, at any time, been in a disposition to part with it. Now he bedewed it with his tears, he kissed it again and again, and at last sank into a heavy sleep holding it closely pressed against his heart.

X.

The next morning Mother Mandy roused Will in good time to catch the tide of business bearing its countless multitudes 'down town.' There was enough left from the 'boloney,' with bread and hot tea again—"coffee's a rich drink, tea's the poor man's comfort," remarked Mother Mandy sententiously—to warm them up for the day's work.

Will carefully fetched the old woman's "musical instrument," as she persisted in calling her hand-organ wheezy with age, to her accustomed sunny patch of wall by the corner. There he left her after giving her a promise, which she exacted with much shrill chattering and many rheumatic shakes of the head on her bent shoulders, to come "home" at night. Then he went on his way up the long Ridge again. He displayed the little store of trinkets left over from yesterday's unsuccessful hawking, but no one stopped to buy. His heart sank within him, but he knew this was not the best hour for his sales. He was too used to being without food at the middle of the day to think of how he should get his dinner. And now, if things came to the worst, there would still be something for him when night came, at Mother Mandy's.

At length he reached the church toward which he had gradually directed his steps. The children's Mass was just over and they were streaming out in orderly ranks, with here and there a black-gowned Sister, on the way to the school.

Will lingered hesitatingly for a time until the last had disappeared, and then entered the church. He had often been seen here in the smartness of his business life, and he was painfully affected as he looked around. The door into the sacristy had been left open and through it he could see the priest who had been saying Mass. A woman in deep mourning was standing

talking with him, apparently about a young boy—doubtless one of the school children—whom she held by the hand. Will knelt at the end of the altar-rail, and then as the woman and child passed out he walked forward, still hesitating but as if led on by an irresistible force, where the priest was still standing. The latter looked curiously but not unkindly at him, perhaps expecting to be asked for an alms. Instead, the trampish-looking young man begged huskily that his confession might be heard.

The priest knew from long experience that God's grace does not observe set times, least of all with men of the stamp before him; and he willingly took his place in the confessional.

When he came forth his own eyes were wet. He touched the bundle of trinkets on his new penitent's arm, and said earnestly: "At least, you will allow me to start you for the day. What are these worth?" And he picked out a pair of folding scissors, where the blades bent back to the handles and both were enclosed in a sheath, for some whimsical convenience of the vest-pocket. Without waiting for an answer he thrust a coin into the hand of Will, who was evidently deeply affected, and then, with a genuflection to the altar, passed into the sacristy again and closed the door.

Will remained kneeling for a long time at the place he had chosen by the altar-railing. From the corner at his side a statue rose above him. It was our Lord pointing to His bleeding Heart. Will Mellon's heart had long been wounded unto death. It seemed to him that Heaven was now urging him on in a new way. The hand of Him Who had not home or resting-place was beckoning him forward.

With the warm days of the early summer his strength somewhat rallied. Perhaps the freer air in his sleeping shed, and certainly the lessening of anxiety which a home—"be it ever so humble"—is sure to give, helped to this. Then the assistance which he gave more and more to Mother Mandy, who now relied on him in all her arrangements, lent a new responsibility to life and called out the remnant of his vitality. And besides this, he had ever before him the great design which the priest knew,

which he himself had offered up at the shrine of the bleeding Heart.

Behold the Heart That has so loved men!
What do men give It in return?

This was the legend around the base of the statue. Might he not still, in the little of life that was left to him, bring one wretched and ignorant human soul to know and love the Sacred Heart of God the Saviour?

The priest thought it was much that the young man should have brought his own soul back to faith and charity; but he saw that Will was not long for this world and that his heart was bent on bringing Mother Mandy as well to the practice of something so new to her as religion.

"A strange missionary," he thought within himself: "and in slums where even a priest can do nothing except for those already Catholics. Well, let him go on—he may be God's messenger. I only wish he would allow me to do more for himself."

So Will Mellon began, whenever occasion offered, to insinuate into the mind of the old and broken woman what her girlhood in a great modern city had never taught her.

With her wonted clear-sightedness Mother Mandy saw through the innocent artifices of "her young man"—the title she had bestowed on Will.

"Jest talk right ahead," she said in her usual outspoken way. "Don't make no bones about it. I'm not much on religion myself, but I knowed ye was a pious one when I took up with yer. 'T 'll do yer a heap o' good—that kind o' talk will—an' 't won't hurt me none neither." And she contentedly put back in her mouth the clay pipe which was one of her luxuries when sitting on her doorstep of a summer night.

She had been much impressed by Will's church-going habits. "Why, now I allers was a-thinkin' the churches was jest a sort er high-toned theayter fer rich folks an' the 'spectable. I do remember I heared once 'at Cath'lics let anybody in. My eye! don't I mind the time they were burnin' the Cath'lics out here

in Philadelfy? Good thing ye wan't roun' them days, young man: but go right on—I'm only a talkin' old woman, an' I'll never git my young days back fer all my talkin'!"

Sometimes the Italian next door, known only as "the Dago," and Cholly the negro from the other side—he was assistant cook in the cheapest of restaurants, where spoons, cups, and plates were alike of iron and chained to the tables for fear they should be carried off by the patrons in a moment of forgetfulness—would come to hear "Mudder Mandy's young man a-layin' down o' der law an' de Ten C'man'ments." Even the little children from the side-street, who had long been Mother Mandy's friends, would linger within hearing of the banjo and the Italian's concertina that now reinforced the original "musical instrument." This was a great help to Will, who had sung in the college choir and could still give sweetly some of the old beloved hymns when his poor throat and chest were not in too ill a condition.

They were all much pleased with a little song to the Virgin.

"I allers stuck up fer't that God must have a Mother," said Mother Mandy grimly. "'T 'd be agin human nater not ter."

"Yes," said Will, smiling at the primitive but well-meant theology; "when God took our human nature on Himself, He took a Mother also. He wouldn't have been like us and we couldn't have loved Him so easy-like, unless He had given us a Mother up in heaven."

"*Madonna mia!*" murmured the Italian with an impassioned gesture.

"Dat stan's ter reason," said Cholly pompously. "De Metodis' don' say dat, do'—but I jes' goes among 'em ter git a good holler. Who keers what dey-all b'leebes?"

"Seems as though God ought ter come roun' more, so's we could git acquainted with Him," philosophized Mother Mandy. "I got in an open lot once where yer Methodis' was a-preachin', *an'* a-goin' on, *an'* a-shoutin'. An' sez one ter me, sez he,—'Sister, yer a sinner.' I sez to him—'What business 's that o' yourn'—an' I never went to Methodis' meetin' no more, no nor to no other. P'raps 'f God come roun' 't would be easy-like, 's you

say, young man, ter find out what's right an' what ain't. Does He come to you Cath'lics?"

Will had that natural delicacy of feeling which makes the Christian shrink from bringing forth the sweetest and most sacred mysteries of religion before the unbelieving. But he thought the way was open to him; and so he answered—"Yes! God is in our churches all the time, and sometimes we receive Him into our hearts."

Then he went on to tell his wondering hearers of the Blessed Sacrament, and what It is to Catholics in life and in death.

"Dat beats de Metodis' all holler," said Cholly in open-mouthed admiration.

Mother Mandy seemed terrified. "I won't go inter a Cath'lic church," she said with emphasis. "Why, 't's most like dyin' an' bein' judged."

She had grasped what Christ indeed has taught through His Church—the need of being judged, of confession and forgiveness, before we draw near to Him the All Holy.

XI.

On the dial of Mother Mandy's organ, "Home, Sweet Home" was followed by that most American and tenderly musical of all our native songs—"The Mocking Bird." It is even said that its composer took down its "dying falls" from a whistling negro who had followed the long year round our royal American songster in among the Southern swamps. Will had set some simple words of his own to the former tune, expressing that hope of heaven which is the only balance to the disappointment and despair of this world.

Home, home—sweet—sweet home!
Be we ever so wretched, in Heaven is our home.

One fine Sunday evening—it was the last—the little band congregated about the door. Will had been growing weaker for some time, and now he was unusually down-hearted. Mother Mandy, with all her attachment to himself and her eager satisfac-

tion with the religious truths he had spoken to her, seemed as far as ever from doing anything in practice.

"I ain't a-goin' to die afore my time," she always said, with an unsuccessful attempt at a skip of her younger days.

"But I may," Will would answer sorrowfully.

"Don't ye borrer trouble from to-morrer," replied the old woman with provoking philosophy; "'tain't no use!"

Then, with a sudden turn of the crank, she set off her crazy musical instrument from the "Sweet Home" they had been singing into the light strains of "The Mocking Bird."

'Twas in the sweet Se-eptember, Se-eptember, Se-eptember!

Will was in despair, and fairly wept. All his ambitions had been vain, and now this last desire of his heart was to be frustrated. For Mother Mandy was too sincere to comfort him by any pretence of what she did not really feel.

"I was never a pious-one," she said; "'tain't no use—I guess 't wan't born in me."

Will had talked over the matter with the priest, who had become his steady friend. The latter could not but admire the ways of God, Who thus denied to one dying in the utter disappointment of all worldly hopes this poor boon of a last unworldly consolation.

"He must be dear to God, to be so tried," the priest said to himself.

Next morning the autumn frost made the streets slippery underfoot, as Will was piloting Mother Mandy to her sunny corner. A line of loaded wagons hindered for a moment their crossing over the Ridge, and in his eagerness Will did not notice the car that was approaching him from behind. As usual at that hour it was crowded to the utmost, with men and women on their way to begin the day's toil. The driver had been delayed already several times, and whipped his horses into a smart trot. He shouted loudly at the organ-grinders before him, but without reining in his horses. Why should not these tramping Dagoes look out for themselves?

Will started back, and at a glance took in his companion's

danger. The crippled Mother Mandy, paralyzed with fear, was standing helpless in the direct path of the car which could no longer be checked in its onward career. Without a moment's hesitation, stirred to something of his old activity by the excitement, he jumped to the middle of the track and with a quick thrust placed his friend safely outside. He was too late to save himself.

The momentum of the car on the slippery rails pushed on the horses, and the one nearest him—a worn and rusty black—rearing uncontrollably at last caught his hind foot between the cobbles and was pushed heavily over on the young man. Will Mellon had brief time to recognize Mink, his old playmate, and then all grew dark.

When he came to himself a crowd was gathered round, kept back by a policeman. He had been drawn up on the curbstone and became conscious that his head was supported in Mother Mandy's lap, from whose eyes the tears were falling on his forehead. Then he remembered what had happened.

"Poor Mink!" he murmured; but the dull pain as if his whole frame were dislocated caused him to ask—"Am I much hurt?" Then he was aware of the priest's face above him. "Is it so bad as that?" he said.

The other could only answer—"Yes, you must make ready—it is the end."

Will closed his eyes an instant and then murmured—"Thank God! It is better so!"

The priest briefly heard his confession—Will had been his frequent penitent, he had even been receiving daily Communion of late—and then began the last anointing. The crowd looked on with reverence, and the policeman removed his hat.

For a moment Will was unconscious again; then he opened his eyes and whispered—"Mother Mandy!"

She was too terrified to do aught except lean over him with a low moan.

But as the priest bent forward to catch his last look, he whispered again—"Remember!" After a moment's silence, he spoke for the last time, while a wan smile settled on his lips, not to fade away even in death: "I see the stars."

And with a little shudder Aunt Mary's predestined boy was dead.

In the meantime another little group was surrounding the car-driver, who was looking ruefully at his horse. As Mink fell, in his wild recoil from injuring his old master, the car came forward violently against the leg caught by the hoof in the cobbles, with such force as nearly to sever the tendons of the ankle. The horse was slowly bleeding to death, there was nothing left but for the policeman to shoot him.

In the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor there is an aged crone, bent almost double, who guards jealously a dilapidated hand-organ. When the Honorable Mayor and his friends came one New Year's day to encourage the good work of the house, they looked curiously at her and asked for a tune. Nothing loth she began turning the crank and the visitors listened, as admiringly as possible, to the refrain—

Home, home—sweet—sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no-o place like home.

The old woman trembled, doubtless from the palsy of age, when all at once, with a little whir and crackling change of its internal arrangements, the musical instrument wheezed out the air—

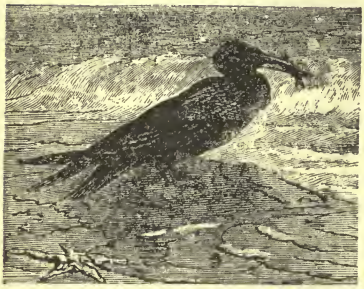
'Twas in the sweet Se-eptember, Se-eptember, Se-eptember!

The crank dropped from her hand, the tears burst from her eyes and slowly coursed down her withered cheeks as she silently bowed her head above the organ. The visitors, touched by what they understood were the memories of age, softly moved away.

The Little Sister bent over, and lifting a long gray lock that was hanging from the bowed head, reverently kissed it. She was not a member of a cross-examining Charity Association—she was only a Little Sister of the Poor. She had never asked Mother Mandy's story, but she saw her going often to Communion to receive her Lord—"like she was dyin' an' bein' judged."

MISSIONS AND MARTYRS OF THE GEORGIA COAST.

II.—A. D. 1597—1735.



FOR some years now the energies of the missionaries seem to have been directed to the Timuquans and other Indians to the south or inland, rather than to the Guales of the Sea Islands, who had risen up against their ministry.[1] However, they did not abandon their first field of labor, consecrated by the blood of their brethren. In 1606 they had already re-entered Guale and even pushed on their missions to the neighboring province of Potano, inland along the southern frontier of Georgia. Here they met with great swamps, where they were obliged to pick their way waist-deep in water. But they went ever onward, until they came to yet another province and race of Indians, the Apalaches, in the neighborhood of the present Tallahassee and the bay still known by their name. We cannot follow them, but only note by the

[1] In regard to the territory occupied by the missions, we permit ourselves to cite a private letter from Dr. Shea. It refers, not only to the Franciscan missions of the Sea Islands, but to those throughout the Florida colony. In spite of the touching modesty of his remarks, it is certain that the history of those stirring times offers little to glean apart from what is already indicated in his very complete and satisfactory first volume on *The Church in Colonial Days*.

"I am glad you are going to take up Amelia Island. Mr. ——, now in Florida, has been working at a map of Florida to identify all the old mission stations. My map of Ancient Florida set him at it, and from the sketch map sent me, he will produce a most important map. He has leisure, topographical engineer training, and is on the spot to learn where remains of old missions exist. My map, mainly conjectural of course, based on Spanish documents but with no knowledge of actual remains in Florida, has thus led to good results. Like Juan de Avila when he heard of St. Ignatius and his Society, I feel glad that somebody will do what I only dreamed of, but had not the ability to accomplish."

way that the royal order of 1610 still recognized three convents among the Sea Islands—that of St. Catharine in the present island of that name, St. Bonaventure's in what is now known as Jykill's Island, and St. Dominic on St. Simon's.

A FLORIDA SWAMP.

Thus the good tidings of Christ had reached the three great races of the upper portion of Florida and the Georgia and Carolina coasts—namely, the Yamassees, the Apalaches, and the Timuquans. Meanwhile, the civil reports from Florida contained such a succession of disasters that the high and mighty Spanish king was ready to give up all his colonies in the country, only that a qualm of conscience troubled him in regard to the Indians who had been made Christians, and their missionaries. This he sought to settle by offering to remove them all to the island of San Domingo. To the credit of Franciscan good sense be it said they protested against such a plan, and with so much success that Florida was retained and new efforts made to civilize and convert it.

During these years the Bishop in Cuba, under whose jurisdiction Florida had been placed, made a visitation to this distant part of his diocese, extending his steps even to the farthest missions, not without danger to his life. Now took place the first administration of the sacrament of Confirmation in any part of what is now the United States.

We have little more to relate for many years concerning the missions of the Sea Islands, that had passed through a period of so much distress and danger. The making of Christians seems now to have advanced chiefly to the south and west, where the Franciscans everywhere drew in new chiefs with their tribes. But the old field was not neglected. Fifty years later we find stations in most of these islands, as far north as sixty leagues from St. Augustine. This reached beyond the mouth of the Savannah River. The Christian Indians were then reckoned at 26,000 in all Florida, and their central post was the Franciscan convent of the Immaculate Conception in St. Augustine. It is perhaps impossible now to find out the proportion which belonged to the Sea Islands.

From time to time the injudicious and arbitrary rulings of the Spanish governors seriously threatened the existence of all the missions, and aroused the deep hatred of the Indians. More than once they declared they had become Christians of their own accord, won over only by the word of God and the missionaries, and they were in no wise slaves or vassals to the Spanish government.

The personal visitation of Bishop Calderon of Santiago de Cuba, in 1674, resulted in an episcopal order being given requiring a Father versed in the three languages to teach the Indians the catechism, and masters to send their servants for this purpose, on every Sunday and holy day, under penalty of excommunication. At that time we find the missions along the coast extended to the very doors of the new English settlements, and when, after many accidents, the Bishop reached their uttermost limits he must have been on the territory of what is now South Carolina. The number confirmed by him, including of course many

adults, is stated at 13,152. This probably represented nearly the whole of the native Catholic population.

At a synod held in Cuba, where regulations were made for Florida, we find the following curious declarations concerning the Indian missions. A certain game of ball, with which many superstitions were bound up in the minds of the natives, was forbidden. The Indians were to have their Mass and their instructions at the Franciscan convent to which their missionaries belonged, and not at the parish church of the Spaniards. They were not obliged to the same feasts or fasts as the whites, but everything was tempered to their condition and to what had been practised in their missions. It was forbidden that they should be brought away from their homes in the forest or along the coast, and kept in the Spanish colonies away from their families. Registers were to be kept of their baptisms, marriages, and funerals, and of their Easter communions, just as of all the other Christians; and the Franciscan Fathers who were their missionaries were to attend to them exclusively, and not to the whites. It is significant of their prosperity that a special order is given against the whites collecting money from the Indians who come to church.

At last, the English had pushed their colonies from the Chesapeake so far along the coast that they became a standing menace to Florida. Their colonists were to a man filled with the most intense bigotry and even superstition in regard to everything Catholic. Defenceless missionaries, living among Indians whom they had brought from the wild savageness of their former lives to habits of industry, could not tame in such minds the passionate hatred of Popery. As the missions were between Spaniards and English, they were the first in danger; and the Spanish governor tried to procure the removal of the Indian converts from the Sea Islands to stations nearer to St. Augustine.

The Indians, unreasoning, as is the habit of their race, and smarting under the evident wrongs they were suffering from the conflicts of the Europeans, refused; and when the governor pressed them, they rose against him and fled into the woods far inland. In 1684 the missionaries followed them, and did their

best to persuade the Yamassees of the Guale province to remain in the land of their forefathers. But they were now thoroughly distrustful and alarmed, and many allowed themselves to be seduced by the promises of the English. There were always enough malcontents tired of the Ten Commandments, to be easily persuaded to take the law into their own hands.

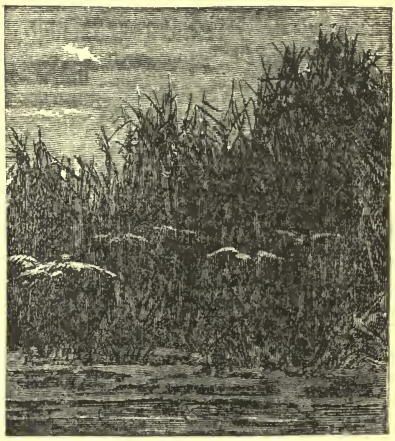
Accordingly, in 1685 the disaster of almost a century before was repeated. The dissatisfied Indians united with the pagans of the English colonies and swept down upon St. Catharine's Island, and killed as many of the faithful Christians as they could find. They burned down the church and Franciscan convent and retired loaded with the church plunder—and with Indians to sell as slaves to the settlers of Carolina!

The English colonists, by thus aiding and abetting these raids of the apostate Indians, now identified themselves with their campaign against the missions of Florida. A century and a half had passed away since they had been founded in the blood of Father Martinez. Their history had known varying fortune, but there had been times of great prosperity. Now, with the beginning of the eighteenth century, their final era was to open, to end only in their complete destruction. It is curious to remark that at this time, as is shown by documents connected with the Indian lands, the chiefs of Spanish Florida, who were under the Franciscan missionaries, were all able to write their own names and sign for themselves.

At the very end of the seventeenth century we have a curious description of these missions along the coast. Jonathan Dickenson, a Pennsylvania Quaker, had been wrecked on the coast of Florida, and being rescued by the Spaniards made his way from St. Augustine northward through the missions. In the year 1699, in the new town of Philadelphia, he published an account of his journey. He speaks of a Franciscan and an Indian chief being murdered by the Indians near where he had been wrecked, because they would not renounce the Christian faith. In one of the Sea Island missions he saw a large chapel with three bells, and he notes that the Indians came as punctually

to their devotions as the Spaniards. In one of the islands was a school for boys. In St. Catharine's Island, where a church and a convent had already been destroyed by the Carolina Indians, he found that the land had been cleared for planting for some miles. His narrative shows that these missions along the coast had civilized the Indians, reformed them of their savageness, and made them a life-saving organization from which the shipwrecked found Christian welcome and aid.

Finally the European wars gave the English Governor Moore, of South Carolina, a pretext for openly declaring hostilities against Florida. According to the method of warfare adopted at that time by all the colonies, he stirred up the pagan Indians to invade the country of the missions.



A COAST MORASS.

In the year 1702 a church was burned, and later on, when the Governor approached the Spanish colony by sea, all of the Christian Indians on the Sea Islands were withdrawn nearer to the Spanish town. Here they were surprised, their churches and convents burned, and three of the missionaries taken prisoners by the English. St. Augustine itself was burned at this time, and the central church and convent of the Franciscan Fathers destroyed.

A Protestant minister, then resident in South Carolina, could not help remonstrating, in a letter to the incumbent at "Charlestown," on one act of vandalism: "When they were at St. Augustine they burned a library of books worth about £600, wherein were a collection of the Greek and Latin Fathers, and the Holy Bible itself did not escape because it was in Latin. This outrage was done as soon as they arrived, by the order of Col. Daniel."

It was certainly a credit to the Franciscan Fathers that in this far-off colony of Florida they should have been able to gather such a library.

Governor Moore was not content with the success of this first expedition. He was especially eager to capture the Indian Christians, whom he sold as slaves. Accordingly, with a new force of English and Indians he made another inroad.

The story is too affecting to be related in too brief a manner, and it did not concern the Sea Islands. It ended by the English Governor deliberately allowing the Indians to burn, behead, and hack off the limbs of the Franciscan Father who was in charge of the mission. The lay brother was also slain. A second Franciscan Father was on this occasion shot by an apostate Indian. In his further progress Moore arrived before the Spanish fort, offering to give up for ransom the third Franciscan and some of the soldiers. The ransom could not be furnished, and they too were burned at the stake. Heroic acts of faith and prayer during torture are related of some of the Indians, who were captured by the English on this occasion.

But the Governor of South Carolina was in search, not so much of missionaries to slay, as of Indians to enslave, and of these he gathered up more than a thousand. When the Fathers returned to the ruined town, they found there the mangled body of their brother who had been shot. His remains had been cast into the fire, and his beads and partly melted crucifix were sunk in the very flesh.

These are facts taken from information legally drawn up, based on the testimony of eye witnesses. Excepting the martyrdom of the Jesuit missionaries among the Northern Iroquois Indians, we have no parallel to such scenes in the history of our country. But these butcheries of the Franciscan Fathers, as Dr. Shea well remarks, were enacted before the eyes and by the order of the Governor of a Christian colony!

From this on we find no further mention of the missions along the Atlantic coast, from the St. John's to the Savannah. They had been effectively broken up, and in 1735 only 300 native

SOUTHERN INDIAN CHIEFS, 1860.

Christians remained around the fort of St. Augustine. The Jesuits still continued the missions further south, and among the Seminoles deported by the United States to the Indian Territory in this century there were still Catholics to be found. A curious sketch of three later chiefs, made not thirty years since, will be a melancholy reminder of what might have been the fate of our South Atlantic tribes under the Church's sway.

The visitations of the recent war in what was once a region of fertile plantations is not worthy of comparison with this utter ruin of Christian missions among the native tribes, whose con-

quest by the enemies of Catholicity simply resulted in their extermination. But the Catholics who have entered into the country, which was by right theirs, should at least gather up the memories of the heroic deeds of these native Christians and of the missionaries who, before their utter destruction, had brought them the good tidings of Christ.

COMEST THOU TO ME?

The toils of the day are over, the sum of its joys complete;
And now, ere the evening closes, I come to the Master's feet;
In the chapel dimly lighted He is waiting to welcome me,
As He waited of old for a sinner by the well in Galilee.

Nay, when the sun next arises, He bids me a feast to share—
A banquet surpassing any earth's monarchs can prepare;
For the bread He offers freely is His Body all divine,
And the thirst of the soul He quenches with His Precious Blood as wine.

What wonder if, kneeling before Him and conscious of many a sin,
Yet humbly my heart preparing, since He asks to dwell therein—
What wonder if, pondering deeply His vast humility,
I cry in my self-abasement—"*Lord, comest Thou to me?*"

Thou! the great King of heaven, Whom the Seraphs bow before,
Whose bidding is done by Angels, Whom myriad Saints adore;
Thou! the God-man Who triumphed o'er sin on Calvary:
And I, poor wayward creature! Oh, comest Thou to me?

A Vision rises before me—with rapture my senses thrill,
The Face has so gracious sweetness, and the Hands are wounded still;
And a Heart with love all burning in the pierced Side I see—
My fear is dispelled and I whisper: "*Dear Jesus, come to me!*"

SR. M. D.

THE PROMISES OF THE SACRED HEART.

THE FIFTH PROMISE: *I will bestow a large blessing upon all their undertakings.*

THIS is the last Promise of the twelve which refers to temporal favors to be received by souls devout to the Sacred Heart. In all these temporal favors the larger part is still given to the spiritual grace—to what Blessed Margaret Mary calls the "treasures of love, of mercy, grace, sanctification and salvation, contained in the Sacred Heart." She elsewhere declares that wherever special honor is paid to the exterior representations of the Sacred Heart, "it shall draw down all kinds of blessings." [1]

This has been the way of God's Providence from the beginning. His promises are not only for the heaven which we do not see, but for the earth around us which we see at all times, and which is only too apt to draw all our attention to itself. He would cause us to win heaven by giving us the earth. This is true in a very real sense, for the self-control, the contentment under affliction, the great-mindedness which is the fruit of Christian devotion, give an empire greater than that of the world's conquerors. *For better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh cities.*[2]

The blessings to be given are called the "blessings of Heaven" by the holy seer—that is to say, they will change any earthy and low tendencies in what we have undertaken, and will direct them to our last end in the kingdom of Heaven. For this purpose, they will be blessings after the fashion of Heaven's gifts, that is, not merely material aid such as might be rendered us by our fellow-men. But instead there shall be the direction of the hand of Providence, *reaching from end to end mightily and ordering all things sweetly.*[3]

As this action of Providence is often misunderstood, and as its whole guidance of the affairs of the world is only the applica-

[1] Letters to Father Rolin. [2] Proverbs, xvi. 32. [3] Wisdom, viii. 1.

tion of the love of the Heart of Jesus for men, it is worth while lingering upon it.

The entire order of the world is such as God has made it. He has foreseen it in its continuance, even to the end of time, and indeed He works along with it. This our Lord Himself declared when He made answer to the Jews: *My Father worketh until now, and I work.*[4] From the beginning God has seen all the infinitely varied results from the working of the vast machinery of the universe. In fact, He has created all things that they may work out His plans of infinite wisdom, and be the instruments of His mercy to man. For the world has been made for man, and it is over man God's special Providence watches, *working until now.*

But there is no Providence other than that which works through Jesus Christ, for He is the end of creation, as was declared to St. John in the mystic vision of the Apocalypse: *Behold, He cometh with the clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and they also that pierced Him.* It is He of the pierced Heart Who is *the beginning and the end—Who is, and Who was, and Who is to come, the Almighty.*[5]

All undertakings of the Sacred Heart are for the salvation of men, not only that it may be obtained effectually in the next life, but easily and sweetly here in this. On this account, even in temporal matters, He has foreseen those difficulties which would stand in the way of the salvation of those who love Him; and He removes all obstacles far from their path. *He will overshadow thee with His shoulders; and under His wings thou shalt trust. For He hath given His Angels charge over thee: to keep thee in all thy ways. In their hands they shall bear thee up: lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.*[6]

It is true that many undertakings of the best of Christians go sadly amiss; but the success of an undertaking is not merely in its being realized as it was first thought out. Its success must be reckoned in the long run of things. At what did the will aim in its undertaking? If it aimed only at the interests of self and

[4] St. John, v. 17. [5] Apocalypse, i. 7, 8. [6] Psalm xc.

of time, then the undertaking was not at all for the love of the Sacred Heart. Even if it aimed at that which was solidly good, the disappointment of failure may bend and fashion the will to submission and heroic virtue, whereas the full tide of success might have made it self-loving and rebellious. Who shall say that the undertaking which was so wretched a failure in human eyes shall not shine forth glorious in the clear light of eternity?

We have examples of this in the lives of nearly all the Saints. The founders of the great religious orders saw their work failing before their eyes, and yet when the darkness was greatest they were already at the dawn of day. This was true of Jesus Christ Himself; He declared it when He came face to face with the death of the Cross. All the world would say that His mission was a failure, that His enemies had crushed Him from before them. But Jesus said: *The hour is come, that the Son of Man should be glorified. Amen, amen, I say to you, unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground, die, itself remaineth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.*[7]

This higher ground of consolation, however, must not be thought to exclude the real aid and comfort provided by our Lord for those who in simple faith appeal to Him. Nothing is more common in the annals of devotion to the Sacred Heart than thanksgiving for merely temporal favors, as though our Lord, Who is the Wisdom of His Father, were still *in the beginning of His ways, before He made anything—from eternity, and of old before the earth was made. I was with Him forming all things; and was delighted every day, playing before Him at all times; playing in the world; and my delight is to be with the children of men.*[8] It is this delight of the Heart of Jesus, this sympathy of God made Man with ourselves and our undertakings, that is brought home to us in all these Promises of His Sacred Heart.

[7] St. John, xii. 23. [8] Proverbs, viii.

The Reader.

We are happy to announce, in time for the coming Month of the Sacred Heart, the realization of a plan which all the friends of the Sacred Heart have long desired to see. This is nothing less than the beginning of a series of cheap, but solid and serious publications on the many and varied and momentous questions that arise in the theology of devotion.

This will constitute a *Sacred Heart Library*, which will henceforth appear as a quarterly supplement to the MESSENGER. It will be issued in handsomely printed pamphlets at a separate subscription rate, which has been put so low as to be within the reach of all who care for this serious, but very necessary and, to those who know how to appreciate it, intensely interesting kind of reading. Our success in carrying out a design that is not without its great difficulty will depend largely on the co-operation given us by our present readers. In addition to what we may rightfully expect from them we have taken care to send out specimen sheets to all the Reverend clergy and religious communities of this country and Canada.

We naturally lead off this quarterly series with the works which we have found most necessary in our own experience. The first number will comprise the first half, complete in itself, of the great work of Father Ramière, in which he has laid down for all time the doctrinal basis of the Apostleship of Prayer. His book, which in spite of its being out of print is a true classic, will be completed with the second number. It has been carefully edited and annotated for practical use, only those details which are found sufficiently in the *Handbook* having been omitted from it. It forms in reality a magnificent theological work, brought down to the intelligence of every thoughtful Christian. It will be followed by other works of equal weight, though scarcely so well known because not translated or kept in sale.

It is believed that this enterprise, like the corresponding *Petite Bibliothèque* publishing now for many years in Belgium, will be a great boon to all English-reading Catholics.

* * *

The method of Father Ramière's writings he has himself well expressed (MESSENGER, 1877, I. 504):

"The theology of St. Paul is nothing else than a lofty exposition of the union of God's spirit with the soul of the Christian. He shows us the Holy Spirit dwelling in the soul as in its temple, making it live a divine life, giving it strength to strive against the inclinations of the flesh, communicating to it a wisdom infinitely higher than the wisdom of this world. The Holy Spirit inspires the soul with the sentiments of Jesus Christ, kindling in it the flames of divine charity, praying in the soul, and teaching it to call upon God with the love of a child, depositing in it the seed of eternal life, and becoming to the soul the pledge of divine blessedness."

On various occasions, Father Ramière summed up in burning words the doctrine which he had undertaken to set forth in the present work, and which, until the hour of his death, he endeavored strenuously to bring into practice by his direction of the League of the Sacred Heart.

"The fundamental thought of the Apostleship is to blend with all our own sentiments those of Jesus Christ. They who strive to realize this in all its fulness know that, in the supernatural order far more than in the order of nature, strength comes from union, and they unite themselves closely together in order to promote more efficaciously this Apostleship, and along with it every other work which serves to God's glory.

"It is not hard to understand the priceless advantages which cannot but result from such a union, of which the love of the Heart of Jesus is the bond and the desires of that Divine Heart the rule, and its end and aim His glory, while His almighty power is its prop and stay (MESSENGER, 1862, vi.).

"The Apostleship of Prayer is, in substance, nothing else than the reproducing in ourselves of the interior life of Jesus Christ, which the venerable Olier looked upon as the very essence of the Christian and priestly life (*id.*, xvi.).

And again (1861, 71): "Some time or other, in the silence of the sanctuary, you have listened with attentive ear to the speech of the Heart of Jesus. It cannot be that you have not heard Him saying to you, from the depths of His Tabernacle, these burning words: *I am come to cast fire on the earth, and what will I but that it be kindled?* Oh, thought of sorrow! thousands, millions rather of pious Christians daily receive into their breast this Heart of infinite love, this Fire of divine charity.

Then they go forth into the world, to mingle there with Christians who are indifferent, with heretics, with unbelievers. Ought not they to spread around them these flames, and enkindle the coldest hearts with the love of their God?"

***

[*Communicated.*] In accordance with suggestions kindly made to me by the Editor, that I should make known through the pages of the MESSENGER my little work in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, I now offer the following explanations in addition to what has already appeared in the February number.

The work of procuring translations of the *Promises* was begun seven years ago. I may some day describe a few of the many difficulties experienced in pursuance of this end. Suffice it to say now that they have been continuous and frequently of the most discouraging and seemingly insurmountable nature. The effort, however, was kept up and with God's help I am now enabled to state definitely, that by May 10th of this year I shall have the Promises in the languages given in alphabetical order on the next page. Of these, 31 properly belong to Europe, 33 to Asia, 12 to Africa, 5 to Australia, and 22 to the American Continent, making 103 in all, and fairly representing the whole world. About one-third were obtained from the Archbishops and Bishops direct, or translations were made for me at their request. The rest were obtained from learned priests throughout the world.

My main object in this little work has been to supply *gratuitously* the missionaries in foreign countries with attractive Sacred Heart pictures, bearing on their reverse the Promises in the languages in which they labor. Many thousands have already been sent out, and were received everywhere with joy. Already the demand, especially from Asia and Africa, is so large that with my own humble means I can supply it but in part.

Now, as some little help toward this cause, I shall carry out the suggestions of the MESSENGER, and offer *for sale* this interesting collection of linguistic specimens, gathered under trying difficulties for—as I confidently believe—a holy cause.

Thus, 100 different languages on as many neat chromo Sacred Heart pictures, put up in a fine box, will be sent for $1.25.

No personal pecuniary profit is looked for by me in this undertaking. On the contrary, besides heavily taxing my general business for this cause, all profit accruing from the sale of these

pictures will be devoted to furthering the work yet more. Every one ordering the collection may thus feel assured that his purchase will secure one-third as many for the missionaries who are devoting life and all to extend the Kingdom of God. The end of all will be, according to a prayer approved by the Church.

May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be loved everywhere!

PHILIP A. KEMPER.

Dayton, Ohio, April 12, 1889.

LIST OF LANGUAGES.

Armenian
Arabic
Amharic
Asturian
Araucanian
Alfoer
Algonquin
Bengalee
Burman
Bicol
Breton
Bohemian
Betchuana
Basuto
Blackfoot
Chinese
Catalan
Canarese
Corean
Conkani
Croatian
Cebuano
Congo (Français)
Cree
Choctaw
Cœur d'Alène
Danish
Dutch
English
Esthonian
French
Fiote
Gaelic (Old Irish)
Greek (Ancient)
Greek (Modern)
German
Guipuzcoan
Guéze
Hebrew
Hungarian
Hawaiian
Italian
Japanese
Javanese
Indo-Portuguese
Icelandic
Ilocano
Iroquois
Kabyle
Kootenay
Latin
Loucheux
Maltese
Manx
Maori
Mantchoo (Tartary)
Malay
Malayalam
Marathi
Marquesan
Mexican (Aztec)
Montagnais
Morisco
Micmac
Nbundu
Norwegian
Nez Percés
Oriya
Otomi
Osage
Ottawa
Portuguese
Polish
Pan-ay
Pambango
Pangasinan
Pottawattomie
Russian
Ruthenian
Roumanian
Spanish
Spanish Basque
Swedish
Singhalese
Sundanese
Sikka
Slovenian
Swahili
Samoan
Servian
Sioux
Selish
Tamil
Telugu
Tagalog
Turkish
Tulu
Tigre
Totonaco
Tarasco
Tahitian
Ybanag
Zulu (Kaffir)

***

Those who desire that the MESSENGER should ever more and more fulfil the counsel of St. Paul—*always abounding in the work of the Lord* (I. Corinthians, xv. 58)—will rejoice to hear that the Agency of the Association of the Holy Childhood *for the redemption of the children of infidels*, made vacant by the death of Father Thiry of New York, has been transferred to this office.

Books Received.—From the Author, 18 Highland Ave., Roxbury, Mass.

Merry Hearts and True: A collection of Stories for young people. By Miss Mary Catherine Crowley. An excellent "Premium Book" of a kind greatly needed at this season by *Catholic* schools. [Address orders to author as above, preferably: Publisher, D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.]

From Benziger Brothers, New York.

Manuals of Catholic Philosophy [Stonyhurst College Series, by Fathers S. J., England]. *Logic.* By Father R. F. Clarke, S. J. [of London *Month*, editor of series]. The three volumes already published form a handsome prize for a graduate: subscriptions can be taken to series (6 volumes). [See "Reader" in April MESSENGER, page 303.]

The First Communicant's Manual, pp. 476. A complete prayer book for the general use of the young, issued with the *Imprimatur* of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York. Two editions, one *de luxe*—a rich present.

The Little Book of Superiors. By the Author of *Golden Sands.* Translated by Miss Ella McMahon.

Also several neat and cheap little books of meditation for every day, in maroquette binding cut flush: Father Schouppe's *Words of Jesus during Passion*, and Father R. F. Clarke's *Sacred Passion* and *Resurrection and Ascension;* and a useful leaflet ($1.00 per 100), *Prayers before and after Confession.*

The History of Confession. By the Right Rev. Bishop of Burlington, Vermont (from the French).

From the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

The Secret of Mary [paper, 32mo, 72 pp.]. By Blessed de Montfort.

From Caryl Coleman, Gorham M. F. G. Co., 889 Broadway, New York [for the Society of St. John the Evangelist, Tournay, Belgium].

The Sacred Heart according to St. Alphonsus Liguori. By Father Saint-Omer, C.SS.R. Translated by G. M. Ward. We have already, at its first appearance a few years since spoken of this very excellent little book, suitable for First Friday devotion, and, as it seems to us, by far the best *Month* of the Sacred Heart. It is enough to point out the great Saint from whose writings it has been compiled. In place of the original paper edition, it is now issued in neat binding, and should become known in religious institutions and among devout people.

General Intention

FOR MAY, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

THE CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.

I.

DURING the last few years the Jewish question has been brought prominently before the world.

In Russia there has been a decided persecution, resulting in the misery of many and exciting the sympathy of some who, perhaps, had never before given their attention to this strange problem of the separate existence and life of the Jewish race in our modern world. On the other hand, there were many who, without justifying the brutal treatment given to the poor exiles, declared that the customary relations of this people with the Christians around them rendered some local repression necessary.

Later on, what was called an anti-Semitic crusade was begun in Prussia, carried on chiefly by the more conservative and old-fashioned of the Protestant bodies. This has been generally disapproved, though many admit that the ever-increasing prominence of a race, so distinct from others and so closely bound together in its own interests, is a source of danger.

Later still, a great sensation was started up through the whole reading world by the publication of a book called "Jewish France." This work, by a nominal Catholic, was conceived in a bitter and un-Christian spirit; yet the facts and statistics it put forth as to the growing preponderance of members of this race in the whole commercial and political life of France, and even of all Europe, proved a subject of serious thought to many.

In America more vulgar and less justifiable attacks have been made, apparently on the simple score of the growing success

in business of a race adapted by nature and long training to succeed, wherever assurance and perseverance are required.

Meanwhile, Catholic writers, in the interests of the Church and Christianity, have drawn attention to the fact that members of the Jewish race have long held a leading influence in those secret societies which, most openly and most violently, oppose the Church by all the weapons of recent revolution.

All this, however, does not justify the imputing to a whole race, and much less to individuals of a race, what is largely the result of the modern spirit of infidelity acting on hatred born of the long centuries of repression, which naturally followed on the triumph of Christianity.

II.

Christians must always look upon the continued and separate existence of the Jewish race, scattered as it is throughout the whole civilized world, as a sign of the truth of prophecy set up in the face of all men. Apart from the continued existence of the Church in spite of all the changes of generations and ages, this strange and century-long existence of the Jewish race in isolation is the most striking sign of the truth of that revelation on which the Christian religion rests.

Christians are also bound, by the inspired word of God, to believe that in the latter times *the veil upon the heart* of Israel *shall be taken away*.[1] This has long been connected, in Catholic tradition, with the coming of Enoch and Elias—those wonderful sages of God's people who have not yet tasted death—in immediate preparation for the last day.

But we are not to wait for a fulfilment of prophecy, which could not be recognized until it had already become real, in order to stir up our zeal for a race that was once the people of God and must always remain dear to every Christian heart.

The last half-century, it is true, has seen many noteworthy conversions of Jews, eminent in many ways, to the Catholic faith. This is sufficient to call our attention to what may be the designs of Providence on His wandering people in our age,

[1] II. Corinthians, iii.

and to excite us to perform that duty which belongs to Apostles of Prayer, in order that the strong grace of God, so long delayed, may at last be poured out upon them.

St. Paul, Apostle of the Gentiles as he was, bore ever in his heart the fate of his people Israel. He laments that until this day *the veil, in the reading of the Old Testament, remaineth not taken away* (*because in Christ it is made void*). *But even until this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart.* And he looks forward with joy to the time *when they shall be converted to the Lord*, and *the veil shall be taken away.*[2] He will not hear of his people remaining forever in that blindness which settled down upon them after they had rejected and crucified their true Messias. *I say then: Hath God cast away His people? God forbid.* He goes on to remind the new Christians from the nations, that they are the *wild olive* which has been *ingrafted* in the Jews, and *made partaker* through them *of the root and of the fatness of the olive tree.* They too may break away and fall from the truth. The Jews, he says, *because of unbelief were broken off.* And to these new nations that were bowing their heads to the yoke of Christ, he gives the note of warning: *Be not high-minded, but fear.*

For if God hath not spared the natural branches: lest perhaps He also spare not thee.[3]

In these last centuries the world has seen whole Christian peoples falling farther and farther from the law of God. Even this present year sees the glorification of the formal apostasy of nations from the Christian religion, as represented by the French Revolution.

We are not then to turn with un-Christian zeal against the Jews, but we are to see how we stand ourselves, and we are to pray for the salvation of the remnant of God's people.

III.

This brings home to every Christian heart the great reason why, above all other peoples of the earth, the Jewish race should have our special love and zeal.

[2] II. Cor., iii. [3] Rom., xi.

Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was a Jew—the Son of David. All the names that are dearest and holiest to us are names of the children of Israel—Mary, the Mother of our Lord, Joseph and John the Baptist, and the Apostles; and all the prayers of the Church, consecrated to us by the Christian centuries, speak with the voices of Israel in the Psalms of David and the Gospel that was preached to the world by despised Jewish fishermen.

It is impossible, therefore, that a truly Christian spirit should speak with bitterness or disrespect of a race that was once the people of God, and that still remains a perpetual sign of His mercy and justice. To us the anti-Jewish agitation will be only an occasion for stirring up our zeal for the conversion of this people. This is the intention recommended to our prayers by the Vicar of Christ—the Head of Christ's Church on earth, in succession to the Jew Peter.

Whether the latter days are at hand or not, whether any wholesale conversion of the Jewish race may now be expected or not, even if great numbers and influential members of this race are leagued together in bitterest hostility to the Church of Christ, for us the question remains the same. The only answer to be given on our part is, that we shall pray for those who are of the blood of Christ and His Blessed Mother, so that at last they may know and love their true glory—the Saviour of their race and of the world.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular, that the Jews, who are of the race of Christ in Whose Sacred Heart their blood was found and from It was shed for the salvation of the whole world, may know and find in Him their own true Saviour. *Amen.*

THE APOSTLESHIP OF THE PROMOTERS.

By the Rev. Director General.

In the Holy League there must be distinguished two Apostleships, and consequently two separate companies, as it were, though closely united under the same discipline. These are the Associates and the Promoters.

The rank and file of simple Associates practise the Apostleship of Prayer by uniting their daily supplications with the unceasing pleading of the Heart of Jesus in heaven and in our Tabernacles. This is the Apostleship of *intercession* in union with the Divine Heart. The staff of Promoters, over and above this, practise the Apostleship of the Sacred Heart by spreading Its life and devotion among Christians. This is an Apostleship of *action* for the interests of the Heart of Jesus.

This is the twofold aspect of Father Ramière's great work. Whoever has not grasped this twofold point of view has not yet understood the plan of the Apostleship as a whole.

To bring out this plan in all its fulness, the founder of the League of the Sacred Heart published in succession his two great works, of which the first was entitled "Apostleship of Prayer" and the second "Apostleship of the Sacred Heart of Jesus."[1]

Of the latter the author said: "It is especially dedicated to the Promoters of the Apostleship of Prayer, who form in the League a chosen battalion animated by the single ambition of realizing in all their fulness the desires of the Heart of Jesus." The members of this chosen battalion receive, on the day of their final enlistment, the diploma and cross which give them official place in this Apostleship of the Heart of Jesus. Let us take up a little in detail the office of the Promoters of the Heart of Jesus in the Apostleship of Prayer.

To *promote* and to *organize* devotion to the Sacred Heart—

[1] The former of these works is a classic in popular theology, as well as an eloquent exposition of the principles on which the League is founded. It forms the first issue of the *Sacred Heart Library*—the new quarterly supplement of the MESSENGER, which we announce in this number. Father Ramière's other works will follow.

this, in two simple words, is the twofold end set before the Promoters of the Holy League. In performing this double office they practise the Apostleship of the Sacred Heart.

First of all, they are to *promote* round about them devotion to the Sacred Heart.

To satisfy more easily and more securely this first duty of their mission, they divide up in one way or another the people of their parish or community, and endeavor to bring into the Holy League all Christians in whose hearts there is left a little love for Jesus Christ and His Church.

According to the measure of the fervor of these Christians they put before them, all at once or one after the other, the Three Degrees of the Apostleship, always beginning with the First Degree, which is the foundation of the Apostleship of Prayer. For this Degree they can enroll in the League of the Sacred Heart all persons of good will, even those who may be very forgetful of some of their duties.

Children of early age can also be enrolled in the League of the Sacred Heart. They are quite able to practise the first two Degrees, as has been proved by the experience of a great number of schools and catechism classes. For these good little children the monthly confession may take the place of the Communion of Réparation (the Third Degree).

Secret societies nowadays bring into their ranks as many as they can, always beginning by conditions that are easy and give no offence. In this way they lead them along, as it were, in a system of machinery that never moves back. Why then should we always deserve the reproach addressed by our Divine Teacher to the children of light, that they are less prudent than the children of this world?[2] Why should we not urge even the weakest of Christians to seek for strength in the Catholic League of the Sacred Heart?

But unless we are willing that many of our enrolments should become almost at once useless, it is good—even when the

[2] *For the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light* (St. Luke, xvi. 8).

new Associates will promise nothing more than the First Degree —to accustom them to receive, as a useful remembrancer of their promise, the monthly Rosary Ticket of the League. This Ticket will help them to make their Morning Offering better, and it gives an opportunity to the Promoters of keeping up their excellent visits of charity.

Of course the Apostles of the Sacred Heart will endeavor to make the Holy League known in religious houses where it is not yet established. They should insist much upon its true character being understood. This permits it to be adopted in communities which cannot receive other good works. It is still more important for the Holy League to find an entrance into the Seminaries of the different dioceses, where it increases the spirit of zeal.

What we have said sums up a few of the means to be taken in order to promote the League of the Sacred Heart, and consequently to promote active and practical devotion to the Sacred Heart.

But, as Father Ramière said, a work made up of simple Associates only is like a body composed of separate atoms, an edifice built of separate grains of sand. Nothing would be more difficult than to move such a mass, or to raise up from dust of this kind a structure at once solid and beautiful. But once a work is organized its power increases and multiplies, from the fact of its greater unity.

Organization is for every work the chief condition of its life, of its duration, of its fruitfulness. From this point of view, also, the Apostleship of the Sacred Heart is the necessary groundwork of the Apostleship of Prayer. Thus the Promoters of the Apostleship have an official mission, not only to spread devotion to the Sacred Heart, but also to *organize* Its Holy League. It is not enough to enrol Associates; they must group them solidly together. This organization is most important, and next to indispensable to the lasting and serious success of the Apostleship of Prayer.

I. The Promoters, who are Apostles of the Sacred Heart, must group the Associates together in bands, regularly of

fifteen. This division allows of each Associate receiving every month one of the Tickets of the League. Also, it assigns a monthly Patron, given on the Ticket and having attached to it a Plenary Indulgence for the feast. The Promoters are also invited, according to the discretion of their Director, to help in obtaining subscriptions for the periodical organ of the work.

[Here in America, for many reasons, the Head Director has refrained from urging the MESSENGER on new foundations of the League, in spite of the very great difficulties he has found in the way of its successful publication. Many of the Local Directors, however, have cheerfully and of their own accord given the most generous assistance in this delicate matter. It is impossible to realize an earnest Director who does not read the large MESSENGER, and there is really no reason why the *Little* MESSENGER (*Pilgrim*), which is published at literally cost price, should not be spread everywhere through the Promoters.]

II. At the head of every band there is a Promoter, who, in case of need, may be aided by some other member that is in training to become a Promoter later on. Each month they see all members of their band, and give them the monthly Tickets, and pass about the MESSENGERS which may be subscribed for. At the time of this distribution they are to show special zeal and charity, and to give invitations to the public devotions of the League, as this too belongs to their office.

III. The grouping of Associates by fifteens is simply a matter of convenience, from the number of Rosary mysteries used on the different Tickets. But this is of no special necessity, and wherever it is more convenient the bands may be of any number. In this way the League need not upset any organization already existing among members, as in schools or associations into which it is introduced. On the contrary, it will serve as a general bond of union among them.

This organization, which secures the regularity and success of the Apostleship, is also an instrument ready to the hand of the Local Director, for the work of General Communion, or solemn Adoration, or processions, or for a pilgrimage. He can

always make use of the Promoters in order to call together those of the Associates who are willing to take part in these solemnities. This is quite apart from the monthly devotions or reunions of the League, which he must provide for the Associates in order to enjoy the special privileges granted by the Holy See.

THE FRUIT OF THE GENERAL INTENTIONS.

THE Apostleship of Prayer is worth considering from the standpoint of the General Intentions, which are proposed to the prayers of all its Associates each month. These have now been given out for more than twenty-eight years, in behalf of many Catholic interests, and they have started up in the Church many beseeching cries to the Heart of Jesus pleading, through the intercession of His Immaculate Mother. They have obtained the most wonderful favors for individual souls and even for entire peoples. We need cite but a single fact, which has been pointed out by a periodical whose title represents its office in the Church —*The Catholic Missions*—published in Lyons, France.

This weekly bulletin of the Propagation of the Faith, on the 30th of October, 1868, narrated the death of Rahoserina, the Queen of Madagascar. It insisted that the grace of baptism had been provided for this princess in a way next to miraculous. The editor added the following reflection:

"There is a coincidence that strikes us in the foregoing account. It was on the 27th of March that Rahoserina received the grace of baptism. Now, the intention proposed to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer for the month of March was precisely—the Mission of Madagascar. It was the third time within four years that the Director of the Apostleship recommended this Mission. These prayers have not been in vain. The coming to the throne of Radama II., the succession and then the baptism of Rahoserina are three facts of capital importance to the Mission of Madagascar."

The young Hova children, in 1868, had themselves entreated the prayers of the League.

"*Antananarivo.*—We write to you in order to ask your prayers for us. We were born in a country not yet Christian; at present we do not know well the things of religion and of good behavior. And now we are become the children of the Heart of Jesus and of the Blessed Virgin. Pray too for Rahoserina, Queen of Madagascar, and for all its people. We are crowding against each other at the feet of the Mother of our Lord; but do you too pray much for us. We will all together ask this of the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

One month later the Queen of Madagascar died, but not before having received the new birth of baptism.

From that day the Catholic mission has not ceased to flourish in the island of Madagascar. This island had been entrusted to the zeal of the Society of Jesus. It was just beginning to open its eyes to the light of faith, in 1862, when the Apostleship of Prayer was planted there in order to hasten the coming of the kingdom of the Sacred Heart. And thanks to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, on these shores, until then the home of idolatry, the Church has realized speedy and great victories. After only twenty years of apostleship this great African island, in 1883, had already 316 mission stations, 224 churches, 538 schoolmasters with more than 19,000 pupils, and a population of 80,000 Catholics.

Madagascar was the *first* mission which the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, in 1862, set before all the Associates of the Apostleship as their General Intention for the month.

In 1883 the Fathers and Brothers, and the Sisters, on account of the war with France, were forced into exile. But in 1886, after three years of absence, the missionaries came back to their beloved churches. They sent us this word:

"In our absence the faithful organized themselves, and, in spite of difficulties of every kind; the churches, schools, Sunday meetings, week-day prayers, baptisms, Catholic burials, the singing of the chants for Mass, for Vespers and Benediction—everything went on with order and enthusiasm. For this we cannot sufficiently thank our Lord; and once again, thanks to you and to all your Associates."

Apostleship Notices.

New Approbations.—The Right Reverend Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles has given his gracious approbation for the propagation of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in his diocese. This has also been given for the Vicariate Apostolic of Northern Minnesota, *sede vacante*, by the Administrator, the Most Reverend Archbishop of St. Paul.

Recent Aggregations.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (from March 12 to April 12, 1889).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before that of parish or community aggregated.)

Baltimore, Maryland: St. Charles Borromeo's Church, Pikesville.

Boston, Massachusetts: St. Patrick's Church, St. James' Church, Boston; St. Malachy's Church, Arlington; St. Rose's Church, Chelsea; St. John's Church, Peabody; Immaculate Conception Church, East Weymouth; St. Anthony's Church, Cohasset; Immaculate Conception Church, Malden; Church of the Most Precious Blood, Hyde Park.

Chicago, Illinois: St. Mary's Church, Chicago.

Cleveland, Ohio: Ursuline Convent, Cleveland.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: Church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Paradise; Immaculate Conception Church, New Oxford.

Helena, Montana: St. Ignatius' Church, St. Ignatius' Mission.

Manchester, New Hampshire: St. Joseph's Church, Laconia.

Monterey and Los Angeles, California: Cathedral of St. Vibiana, Los Angeles.

Newark, New Jersey: St. Aloysius' Academy (Sisters of Charity), Jersey City.

New Orleans, Louisiana: Sacred Heart Convent, Grand Coteau.

New York, New York: Sacred Heart Chapel, Randall's Island.

Northern Minnesota, Minnesota: Church of the Assumption B. V. M., Barnesville.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: Immaculate Conception Church, Mauch Chunk; St. Teresa's Convent (Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary), and St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia.

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania: St. Mary's Church (46th Street), Pittsburg.

Providence, Rhode Island: St. Joseph's Church, and Immaculate Conception Church, Pawtucket; St. Patrick's Church, Valley Falls; St. Joseph's Church, Providence.

St. Paul, Minnesota: St. Joseph's Academy, St. Paul.

Sacramento, California: St. Mary's Church, Virginia City.

San Francisco, California: St. Joseph's Church, Mission San José.

Scranton, Pennsylvania: St. Cecilia's Academy (Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary), Scranton.

Trenton, New Jersey: Star of the Sea Academy (Sisters of Charity), Long Branch.

From League Centres.

Chicago, Ill., March 15.

There were 2,600 Communions in the Holy Family Church on the First Friday of March.

F. L. W.

The Cathedral, Los Angeles, Cal., March 21, 1889.

I have had the first reception. Many hearts are lit up with the beautiful devotion to the Sacred Heart here already. At 3.30 in the afternoon of the Feast of St. Joseph, I had a reception of twenty school girls in the chapel of the Convent of the Immacu-

late Heart of Mary. Right Rev. Bishop O'Connell performed the ceremony and gave a short and touching discourse on the devotion to the Sacred Heart. The boys and girls of the schools are very enthusiastic over this devotion, and the grown people are catching fire from the children's words and example.

In the evening of the same Feast, I had a reception of fifty in the Cathedral. Right Rev. Bishop O'Connell presided at the ceremony again, and preached a beautiful sermon on the glories of the Sacred Heart. I have been holding meetings every Sunday for the last two months, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon; and at each meeting I give a short instruction on the League. It is now established amid the orange groves and vine-clad valleys of Los Angeles, and, side by side with the Immortal Cross that lit up the sword of Constantine to victory, may the glorious devotion to the Sacred Heart burn for evermore in this city of perennial sunshine.

FR. G.

THE TREASURY OF THE SACRED HEART.

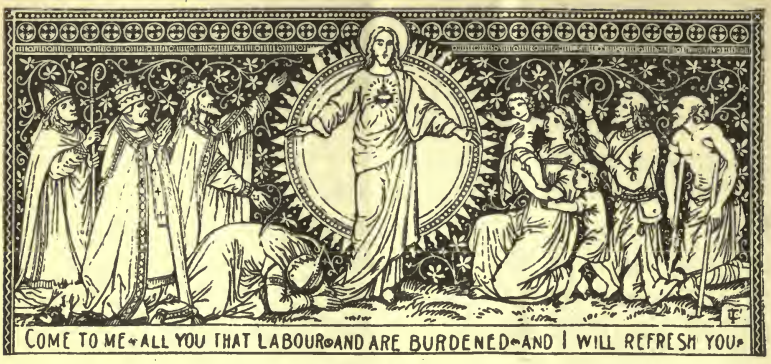
Associates can gain 100 *days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions recommended to the prayers of the League.*

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from March 12 to April 12, 1889.

	NO. OF TIMES.		NO. OF TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity	29,171	11. Masses Heard	173,139
2. Beads	248,709	12. Mortifications	780,093
3. Stations of the Cross . .	36,136	13. Works of Charity . . .	62,407
4. Holy Communions . . .	38,575	14. Works of Zeal	131,199
5. Spiritual Communions .	428,346	15. Prayers	1,457,957
6. Examens of Conscience .	68,174	16. Charitable Conversation	87,728
7. Hours of Labor . . .	365,090	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	44,721
8. Hours of Silence	207,580	18. Self-conquest	54,771
9. Pious Reading	101,286	19. Visits to B. Sacrament .	118,677
10. Masses Celebrated . . .	743	20. Various Good Works . .	177,127

Total . . . . . 4,661,629.

The above represents the returns from three hundred and fifty-seven centres.



IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, **44,932.**

——*The just cried, and the Lord heard them: and delivered them out of all their troubles* (Psalm xxxiii. 18).——

Newton, Kan., Mar. 13.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER for my brother's success in obtaining employment after very many trials and unsuccessful attempts, for over a year. We had him recommended to the League several times. He was on the verge of despair, and even threatened to take his life.

Taylorsville, Ky., Mar. 13.—We ask you to return thanks to the Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER for a very great special favor obtained. Also, for the reformation of a man living in absolute despair of salvation owing to a crooked life from the beginning. Of him we had no hopes. He hated everyone and everything on this earth. His life to him was an earthly hell. Confession he looked upon as a thing of foolish nonsense. However, at an unlooked-for hour in an interview with the priest when, as he declared afterward, he was as far away from a righteous turn as ever, at a remark made by the priest in the course of his interview, divine grace laid hold of him and he humbly submitted like another Saul to direction. He is now leading a most edifying life under the most blind obedience, and the great deep sighs and dismal forbidding brow that once marked him are no more heard nor seen.

Omaha, Neb., Mar. 17.—One of our most energetic Promoters of the League records, how men who formerly seldom approached the Holy Table and led a worldly life, since joining her bands, have become pious and monthly communicants. Another Promoter obtained the conversion of two young men, through the prayers of the League. Still another Promoter, who has anchored all his hope in the Sacred Heart, feels full of gratitude for timely assistance in pecuniary difficulties on three several occasions, the last time being a month ago, when, on returning to his store one morning, he discovered that, through the perfidy of Jews, all his goods had been carried off and sold for a song, leaving him and family penniless and financially ruined. That same day his mail contained a letter in which he was offered the charge of a most lucrative business.

A lady, who several times had her dissipated husband recommended to the prayers of the Apostleship, returns thanks for his reformation. He has lived soberly and gone to his duties since the beginning of the year. The influence of prayer has reached even a notorious character of more than doubtful virtue, who, for some time back, has given up a certain business and is now ready for baptism.

New York, Mar. 23.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a young man, who has been for several months slowly dying of an incurable disease. Kept in ignorance of the fatal nature of his illness and chiefly surrounded by those who, having lost their own faith, made no attempt to seek for him any religious aid, his conversion appeared to me almost hopeless. But the ever-merciful Heart of Jesus has heard the prayers of the League, and granted him the happiness of approaching the holy Sacraments.

I wish also to return thanks to our Lord's Divine Heart for a gentleman who, having gained a lucrative position shortly after asking the prayers of the League, feels that he owes his good fortune to the power of these prayers.

Maple Wood, O., Mar. 27.—I made a promise to return thanks to the Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER for the

recovery of a young girl from a violent attack of pneumonia. The case was considered almost hopeless, but the girl recovered and is now about and well, thanks to the prayers of the League.

Latrobe, Pa., Mar. 28.—I write to express my thanks to the Sacred Heart for the following favors obtained: Not many weeks since a Protestant child had a spasm which continued five hours. One of our lady Associates called in and, producing her Badge (with permission of its mother), applied it to the child and repeated some prayers, and the child was restored to health. Another child—a Catholic—who had a severe attack of pneumonia, was also cured by the application of the Badge.

Chicago, Ill., Mar. 28.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the cure of a cancer which the doctor's skill failed to effect, although several operations had been performed for its removal. The cancer was in the mouth, and the person was not able to communicate for several months on account of it. Now all traces of cancer have disappeared. This wonderful cure the person concerned attributes to the prayers of the Holy League.

Tacony, Pa., Mar. 31.—The conversion and happy death of a man, who had reached his seventy-fifth year but yet had not made his First Communion, is attributed to the prayers of the League. A few weeks before death even, he became very angry when his sister kindly reminded him that he ought to call in a priest. However, a few days before death he desired to see a priest, who came and was most heartily welcomed by the aged penitent. To the satisfaction and edification of his Catholic relatives, he died fortified by the last Sacraments—an event which they had almost despaired of.

Various Centres.—Special thanksgiving is made for the happy death of a father who had not approached the Sacraments for forty years. He received the Sacraments several times before dying.—For the conversion of a young man who had neglected his religion for many years.—A lady, baptized in infancy, was brought up a Protestant. Sick unto death, she refused to see a priest. She was recommended to the League and asked of her own accord to see a priest, and died an edifying death.

THE HEART OF JESUS PLEADING.

(After Painting of Gagliardi, in Roman Sanctuary.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

NEW SERIES. JUNE, 1889. VOL. IV (xxiv), No. 6.

A HIGHLAND OF FAITH.

GOING south from Munich across the Bavarian plains, you see before you the sharply clear shades mingled with streaks of light where the mountains rise against the horizon. They are the prolongation of the great Alpine range, which artists have loved and studied so well further to the west. Here they have lost much of their terrific grandeur, but there are still glorious heights and gloomy depths in among those transparent-looking shadows against the sky.

What is more to our purpose, they are inhabited by a race of hardy mountaineers who have been little touched by the world's movements for a thousand years that are past and gone. Where the mountains turn up by Bohemia the new religions of three centuries ago made headway. But here, except for the wars that at times have called off the men, but little part has been taken in the turmoil of the world below. Even more than the Tyrolese, who dwell over beyond them along the other slope of the range, they have been left in peace. Faith here flows down in clear, unbroken tide from the Middle Ages and before, just as streams

Copyright, 1889, by Rev. R. S. Dewey, S.J. All rights reserved.]

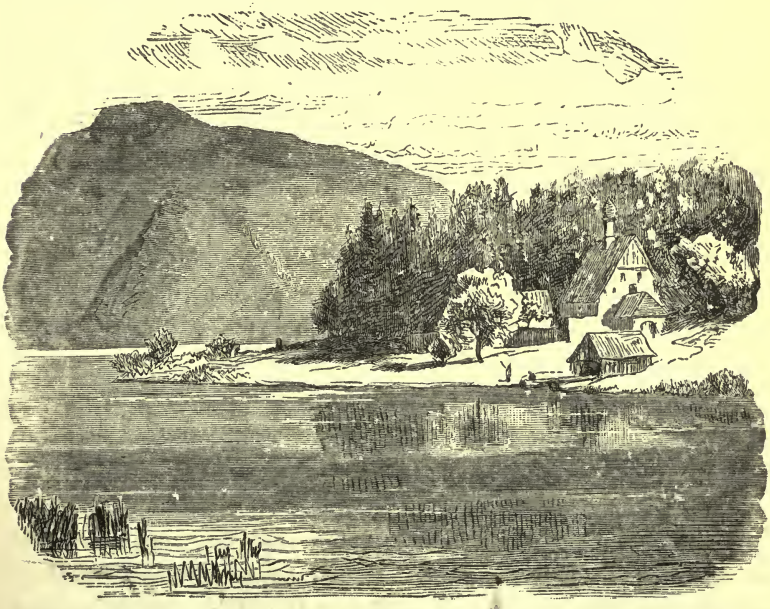
find their way down from these rocky heights, gathering here and there in clear pools and lakes like mountain reservoirs, and then peacefully flowing forth across the plain to the distant Danube. Here we might study the influence of secluded mountain life over men and their religion. Even when Charlemagne came hither centuries ago, he found the monks and solitaries here before him.

We may follow up-stream the Isar "rolling rapidly," though the poet who has made it known to us brings it ungeographically near to the battle-field of Hohenlinden. When we come to the ascent of the lofty Wetterstein—the King of all the Western Bavarian Alps—we turn aside from the stream, still rolling its pale green waters over the white crags and boulders of its bed. All round us is a wild gathering of mountain peaks sloping down through rocks to smiling meadows and golden fields of grain far below. Over against us the sun lights up the huge iron cross that crowns the highest summit—the Zugspitze. There the view extends from Switzerland far across into Austria, and from the Danube into the sunny land of Italy. Over the savage rocks lower down, the darksome pine woods climb far up toward the bare desolate peaks.

Leaving the river at the foot of the rocks and plunging through the dense forest, we come to the slumbering expanse of the Walchensee. There is a strange union of its placid surface with the deep solitude round about. The pines run down to the shore; and there is no life of man to withdraw from contemplation. Its waters are held in by a ridge of rocks like a dam. At the time of the disastrous earthquake of Lisbon in the last century, it was apprehended that the waves of this mountain lake might break through in their fury, and deluge the country below. By its banks, which must have been far more solitary then than now, some Frankish ruler in Germany founded a rude monastery. Later, but still far back in the ages, the convent here in its wild loneliness became a place of retirement for the monks of a famous Benedictine monastery—the mother of many children down where the Bavarian plain first runs up to these mysterious mountains. But, in spite of the ages, the last century has turned it from

its original destination, and it is now only a correctional school for boys. We shall hardly trace in them that influence on the mind which might well be looked for in religious solitaries.

But all round about us are still the memories of a thousand years. The words of John Ruskin—a living writer for whose conversion Catholics may well pray—have here been fulfilled: "In this mountain gloom which weighs so strongly upon the human heart that in all time hitherto, as we have seen, the hill defiles have been either avoided in terror or inhabited in penance, there is but the fulfilment of the universal law, that where the beauty



ON THE WALCHENSEE (*drawn by G. Closs*).

and wisdom of the divine working are most manifested, there also are manifested most clearly the terror of God's wrath, and inevitableness of His power. . . . And so to the end of time it will be; to the end, that cry will still be heard along the Alpine winds: *Hear, O ye mountains, the Lord's controversy.* Still, their gulfs of thawless ice, and unretarded roar of tormented waves, and deathful falls of fruitless waste, and

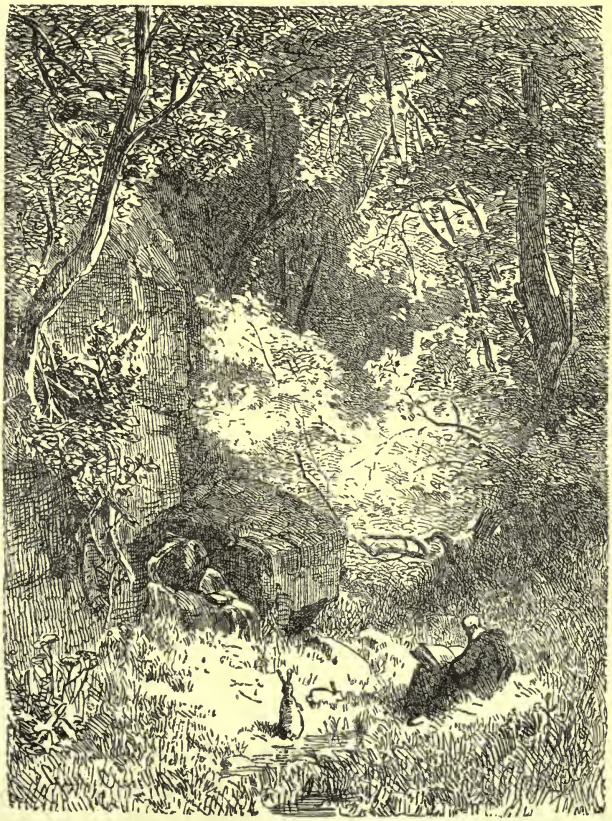
unredeemed decay, must be the image of the souls of those who have chosen the darkness, and whose cry shall be *to the mountains to fall on them, and to the hills to cover them;* and still to the end of time the clear waters of the unfailing springs, and the white pasture-lilies in their clothed multitude, and the abiding of the burning peaks in their nearness to the opened heaven, shall be the types, and the blessings, of those who have chosen light, and of whom it is written, *The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, righteousness.*"

But not all is so darksome and full of fear as these words of one who stands outside the monastery gates, would lead us to suppose. There are quiet dells here, such as our German artist has drawn, in which the hermit of old could sit and meditate in peaceful solitude, while the timid hare forgot its fear and played around his feet.

If we go far enough through these wild glades, we shall find the fulfilment of these other words: "As we pass beneath the hills which have been shaken by earthquake and torn by convulsion, we find that periods of perfect repose succeeded those of destruction. The pools of calm water lie clear beneath their fallen rocks, the water-lilies gleam, and the reeds whisper among their shadows; the village rises again over the forgotten graves, and its church tower, white through the storm-twilight, proclaims a renewed appeal to His protection in Whose hand *are all the corners of the earth, and the strength of the hills is His also.* There is no loveliness of Alpine valley that does not teach the same lesson. It is just where *the mountain falling cometh to naught, and the rock is removed out of his place*, that, in process of years, the fairest meadows bloom between the fragments, the clearest rivulets murmur from their crevices among the flowers, and the clustered cottages, each sheltered beneath some strength of mossy stone, now to be removed no more, and with their pastured flocks around them, safe from the eagle's stoop and the wolf's ravin, have written upon their fronts, in simple words, the mountaineer's faith in the ancient promise—*Neither shalt thou be afraid of destruction when it cometh.—For thou shalt be in*

league with the stones of the field; and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee."

To such villages up among these remote wilds, we are making our way, lingering around monastic solitudes only to remember, as Father Lacordaire—one of their true lovers—has told us, that the monks like the oaks are eternal. Even Mr. Ruskin has



A HIGHLAND HERMIT (*by Closs*).

had glimpses of the true monk's life, though he knows not the fulness of the solitude sought in all ages by souls chosen of God, not because they ran from the world about them, but because they were called, in their Christian faith, to seek closer intercourse with that greater world which was overhead. Scant, however,

as his praise may be, it is worthy of record as the words of one who has long been struggling up to what a thousand years ago they reached with clear and perfect knowledge: "If, in their remembrance of these things, and in their endeavor to follow in the footsteps of their Master, religious men of by-gone days, closing themselves in the hill solitudes, forgot sometimes, and sometimes feared, the duties they owed to the active world, we may perhaps pardon them more easily than we ought to pardon ourselves, if we neither seek any influence for good nor submit to it unsought, in scenes to which thus all the men whose writings we receive as inspired, together with their Lord, retired whenever they had any task or trial laid upon them needing more than their usual strength of spirit. Nor, perhaps, should we have unprofitably entered into the mind of the earlier ages, if among our thoughts, as we watch the chains of the snowy mountains rise on the horizon, we should sometimes admit the memory of the hour in which their Creator, among their solitudes, entered on His travail for the salvation of our race; and indulge the dream, that as the flaming and trembling mountains of the earth seem to be the monuments of the manifesting of His terror on Sinai, these pure and white hills, near to the heaven, and sources of all good to the earth, are the appointed memorials of that Light of His Mercy, that fell, snow-like, on the Mount of Transfiguration."

Further east in these mountain passes is another crystal lake, by whose waters the disciples of St. Benedict had also planted their home ages ago. Here in the old days when music and devotion flowed together, the charming little May hymn, or *Marienlied*, of these simple mountaineers to the Blessed Virgin was composed, expressing in almost mystic terms how they would fain keep with them the love of the Mother of their Lord, being assured that with the Mother the Divine Child would come to dwell in their hearts.

Thou art mine, and I am thine;
Thou art locked in this heart of mine,
Whereof is lost the little key:
There for ever must thou be.

Finally, the little convent grew to an abbey, and then, as time went on and these mountains became the summer haunts of fashion and worldliness from the city of Munich, the convent itself was secularized, at the beginning of our own century.

Taking a steep and tortuous road in among the pines, up through the mountains to the very frontier of the country, we come to another of these out-of-the-way villages, where our artist has found happy scenes of faith.

THE PROCESSION COMES.

This antique hamlet is quite surrounded by mountains on three sides. Beside the post-road leading across the frontier into the Tyrol, it is marked by a blue and white sign-board, on which is written Dorf Kreuth, or Kreuth-town. It has a few scattered houses with brown roofs, and the heavy stones of which they are built are seen here and there amidst the dense growth of mountain trees. Only the village inn is near by the road; and above the green slope behind it is the little church, with its picturesque tower. Beyond that again are the forests of what is called, significantly, the Black Floor.

In this church all the life of these simple people has centred for many centuries. Were it not for the church, indeed, what had they been but human animals in their mountain burrows, like the wild beasts in among the rocks? Who would care how many of them had lived their little day, and died in obscurity? This little church has been as a ladder planted on the mountain top and reaching up to the same heavens from which Jacob, far away on the Chaldean plain, saw

CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION (*by K. Raupp*).

the Angels coming down and again mounting up to the Throne of God. Here the child of the mountaineers is brought at its birth to be baptized into the great Kingdom of the brothers of Jesus Christ. Here its parents had been wedded with a rite as solemn as though they had been king and queen in some vast empire. And here all dark slavery of sin has been turned to lightsome freedom in the hallowed shade of the confessional.

Most of all, here and through all the land of the Tyrol beyond, the knowledge and love of God have centred about the Blessed Sacrament Which dwells in their midst, even as Jesus Christ dwelt amid the fields of Palestine. Into these fields He is carried forth, with all the simple splendor these rude mountaineers have at their command, in the procession of Corpus Christi. Through fields of budding grain the villagers pass in long lines. But they walk proudly, the sturdiest of their number lifting high the banners of their devotion. Behind them come youth and maiden through the narrow lane left in the midst of the growing crops; and then, under a canopy borne by the magnates of the parish, with children strewing flowers and tossing incense, walks the venerable priest—the Father of them all—bearing reverently the Sacred Host. Compared to the great processions of some crowded city, it might seem poor and tame; but no city ever had decorations like these mountains and forests springing up to meet the heavens, and no city has hearts filled with more childlike faith and trust and love for the Heavenly Father than this far-off mountain town.

It is true that, of late years, the spirit of the world must needs come even hither, soiling all along its path. It was all because a king turned his attention to the neighboring baths, where of old consumptive monks were wont to seek health and recreation. Yet even so, only the first breath of nineteenth-century worldliness has blown across these antique mountains. These sturdy peasants will long remain a relic of the past in manners and traits and honest Christian faith, like their brothers across the hills, in Ober-Ammergau, who so edify recent travellers. Perhaps another year, when the great Passion Play comes off again, we may greet once more from the iron cross on the Wetterstein all these highlands of faith.

For the present, it is hard to say what light and grace have been brought into the world by the single institution of the solemn adoration of Corpus Christi by the Church. At all times, from the days of Christ, the Blessed Sacrament was adored. It was ever the hope of the world and the centre of Christian

THE CHAPEL IN THE ROCKS (*by Closs*).

devotion, and Jesus Christ Himself has said It shall be the seed of resurrection to as many as eat His flesh and drink His blood. But for long centuries devotion did not break out in the same forms of public adoration as now. At last, in accordance with that gift of prophecy which appears in the Church when the Holy Spirit wills it, St. Juliana, from the Belgian hills, thrilled all Christendom with a festal glamour thrown about this devotion to their Lord. The great St. Thomas wrote the offices of the feast, and since that time in the Church, year after year, the Blessed Sacrament is enthroned, while the smoke of incense mounts up and lights burn away beside It, and flowers give forth their sweetest odor as they decorate Its altar. The weekly Benediction in our churches is simply the year-long continuance of this festivity. Consider how much simple splendor it has given in the remotest places to the religious life of the people. Imagine what the Church would be without this Adoration and Benediction; and we can see what Christian influence they may have in our far-away mountain town, where the Sacred Host is carried in solemn procession through the fields of growing grain.

Leaping once again over the tops of these lofty mountains eastward, we touch, for the last time, at the chapel in the rock beyond the "King's Lake." It is far up the Watzmann, which is the King of the Eastern Bavarian Alps, as the Wetterstein rules them to the West.

In some of these ravines a green spot suddenly opens out, where shepherds' huts lie scattered; or again the great walls come together, shutting out forever the warmth of the sunlight so that one may find snowbanks among them that never melt away. And yet again there is the great "Stone Sea," where a raging ocean seems to have been suddenly turned to rock during a tempest; while those who have endurance to climb may find the dismal resting-place of the "Green Lake," wherein no living creature is.

Of the chapels in these wilds, some date back beyond all history. The first Christian monks who came in hither, driven by desire for solitude or zeal for the few scattered souls among

these savage rocks, built up rude shrines in among the natural grottoes. They have served their purpose through all the centuries, and still simple hearts go to kneel before them and to seek communion with the Heaven above, which is as near to these out-of-the-world people as to those who engage in the noisy triflings of the world's cities.

We are not surprised to learn that in some of these valleys were the oldest German places of education, of course in some monastery which had grown up here and helped to civilize a world now so ungrateful. Afterward, when the Reformation was working its ravages and tearing simple souls from the rock of their faith, its influence was felt here too. But that has long since passed away, and around us, in the solitude broken only by the tinkling of cattle bells, the simple Christian faith of the shepherds is much as it was in the days of Emperor Charlemagne. May we carry back from this mountain air of faith a renewed love of the *King of Ages, immortal, invisible, the Only God.*

THE WAY OF INTERIOR PEACE.*

By Eleanor C. Donnelly.

Who hath not longed for it—the peace of God
That passeth understanding?—hath not sought
The golden portals leading to that road
With tranquil loveliness and stillness fraught?

[* Written on reading *The Way of Interior Peace*, by Father de Lehen, S. J., translated by a Religious of the Visitation B. V. M., with a preface by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons. Benziger Brothers, 1889.]

Joy, 'neath its roses, wealth, amid its gold,
And Fame, within its laurel-crown, may hide
The ever-gnawing worm. To young and old,
Cometh strange anguish in their hour of pride;
And all the beauty of the broad green earth
Is as deformity to eyes that burn
With bitter, vengeful tears. Hearts know no mirth
When cruel cares assail at every turn.

Lacking the peace of God, all else besides
Is but a dream, a snare, a baseless myth;
"Better a dish of herbs where peace presides,
Than the stalled ox, and hate and strife therewith!"
But where, oh where, beloved, shall we find
The shining key that opes the golden door
Unto this path for which we long have pined—
The blessed way to peace interior?
Here, in few pages, lo, the treasure lies!
From care, and fear, and doubt, the soul is freed
That follows these safe counsels, calm and wise,
And heeds these precious precepts. . . . Take, and read!

My peace I give to you!—the Master said:
My peace I leave to you!—O rare bequest!
Love's legacy within this casket hid,
Gives to the troubled soul delicious rest!
Suff'rings and weaknesses with patience borne,
Scruples and doubts dissolved in science broad,—
Bowing from morn till night, from night till morn,
Under the sweet, strong, saving Will of God,—
So, shall we share the bliss reserved for them
Whose perfect happiness shall never cease,
Adoring in the New Jerusalem
The Vision of God's everlasting peace!

POOR LITTLE DICK.

By Agnes Hampton.

IT was a gloomy winter evening. The early tea had been hurriedly disposed of, for mother and father were going to a lecture in the village and the children were impatient to be at their play; and as the twilight shadows were slowly darkening, Mary sat by the great, cosy fireplace, building castles in the air, or rather pictures in the fire. The children were romping in the next room at blindman's-buff, and merry peals of laughter

came now and then into the quiet sitting-room, making a lively, rippling accompaniment to the rather serious reverie in which the young girl was indulging.

Mary's mother, Mrs. Burnett, was one of those converts we so often meet, who seem to have been brought into the Church in spite of themselves, by a call not at all in accordance with their worldly convenience, but at the same time too powerful for an honest heart to resist. She had become a Catholic after her marriage, at the sacrifice of much worldly pride and a few fashionable friends; and though she had not succeeded in making a convert of her husband, who was a good easy-going man, she had won his consent to have the children reared in the faith. Zealous and generous to a fault, she was greatly beloved by her neighbors, but especially by all the poor negroes in the vicinity, who had learned to call upon her in sickness or distress; and many a wretched creature had been soothed and comforted by her ready sympathy and her unstinted Christian charity.

Mary, the oldest child of a large family, was about sixteen, quiet and thoughtful for her years; and, though a frail, delicate girl, she had inherited talent and ambition. Her greatest fault was a scorn of the humbler duties of life and a taste for dreaming of greater things in the far-away future, which, for the young, bears such boundless possibilities within its unexplored depths. Hers was a simple, unworldly nature; the love of wealth and fame, for themselves, had small share in her castle-building, and each airy edifice was reared upon the hope of being able to accomplish some great good in a great way. Gifted souls naturally soar, and when their wings are clipped and they come down to the common things of life, chained thereto by the stress of earthly ties, they pine like captive eagles for the air and sunshine of a loftier dwelling-place.

But such thoughts as these had not yet come to Mary Burnett as she sat dreaming. She was wondering what she will do after having graduated with the highest honors, she has passed over the charmed threshold of young ladyhood. Will she become a famous writer and sway the hearts of thousands with the magic

of her pen? Or a painter, like the brilliant Rosa Bonheur? But no, she would like to paint religious pictures, Angels, as the dear Fra Angelico did. Only to-day her teacher had praised a design she had sketched for a painting of the Holy Family—would it ever be finished? And there is her dear music; she can play and sing, her delicate fingers make charming runs and trills, and her voice is clear and sweet; but will she ever grasp the soul of the study, and learn all about those wonderful combinations so puzzling and so difficult, they say, for a woman to master?

Never mind, it shall be something not commonplace, something above the humdrum duties of every-day life. Suddenly she remembered how she had laughed that day when her mother had said to her smiling: "Perhaps, little daughter, our Lord wants to make a missionary of you, not a missionary to Asia or Africa, but to the poor heathens at our own doors."

A sudden rap at the door came as if in answer to this last thought, and a black, woolly head, surmounted by a gayly colored turban, was thrust in. It belonged to old Aunt Sarah, the cook. Her bright eyes looked unusually solemn, and she asked in an anxious tone:

"Missy, where's yo' ma?"

"She and Papa have gone to the lecture, and will not be home until late. Is anything wrong, Aunt Sarah?"

"Only dat chile of Melissy's. He won't live 'till mornin', and she done sent over here for old missus to come and baptize him, 'case, 'fore he was taken down he said he wanted to be a Cath'lic like you, Miss Mary."

"Who—poor little Dick—is he dying?"

"Yes, honey; I'm feered he's goin' very fast. De doctor done give him up."

"It may be too late when mother comes home. I'll go over there myself, Aunt Sarah," and hastily leaving the room, she donned hat and cloak and prepared to obey the sudden call. Stopping a moment to charge the nurse to be careful with the little ones, she returned to Aunt Sarah, who stood the picture of open-mouthed astonishment.

"La! honey, ain't you afeerd? You're too young to 'form such duties. And what will your ma say?"

"Do not fear, Auntie. Mother will be glad to have me go. Come, bring Carlo and the lantern, and we can take the cross-cut over the gullies."

Melissa's cabin was within sight of the garden-fence, and by "taking the cross-cut" as it was called, and clambering up and down a few gullies, the young girl guided by her old friend soon reached the door. It was an old-fashioned log-cabin consisting of one room, having a large open fireplace, two rickety doors, and a window, innocent of a pane of glass and closed by a rough board shutter. The door facing the road stood half-open, revealing the flickering light of a wood-fire, whose leaping, changeful flames cast weird shadows on the dark bedaubed walls. A few poor articles of furniture stood around the room, and some newspaper pictures tacked on the walls gave evidence of a feeble effort toward the decorative.

A silent group of children sat huddled in one corner of the fireplace, and the mother, a sad-eyed looking woman, stood beside the bed, holding a cup of warm tea and trying to call the attention of the dying child.

The little sufferer, a boy about eight years old, lay upon the poor ragged bed. His limbs and body were frightfully emaciated, his arms which seemed unnaturally long were stretched up in the air, and he seemed trying to grasp the shadows which played above his head. His eyes rolled wildly and his face was distorted with pain, while weak moans broke from his lips with almost every breath. Unused as she was to such scenes, the young girl was almost unnerved; but after a whispered talk with his mother, she knelt down by the side of the dying child and gently called his name, hoping that he might be conscious.

"Little Dick," said she, "God wants you to come to heaven and live with Him. Try to listen while I pray with you." In simple childish words, slowly and reverently, she prayed for the little sufferer; then motioning to Aunt Sarah to hand her a cup of water, she poured it on his head while pronouncing the

solemn words of Baptism: "Richard, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

Happy little Dick! Now he was a Catholic, a child of God. Not a glimmer of reason seemed to light his eyes, but the weary, out-stretched arms fell quietly upon his breast, the restless moaning was hushed and the agonized expression left the boy's face, to be succeeded by one of peace and joy. And thus quietly, peacefully, he rested until daybreak, when his soul passed away to heaven. Mrs. Burnett prepared the little body for burial with her own hands, for "he must be buried like a Christian" she said smiling; and the poor mother's heart was cheered by kindly deeds and comforting words.

Those of us who live in the shadow of the sanctuary, as it were, to whom the comforts and ministerings of religion are a simple matter of course, seldom feel the promptings of that spirit which is so easily learned by those who dwell in less favored localities, where Catholics are few and many of the people poor and ignorant. This was Mary Burnett's first missionary work, but it was not the last. Years have shown her the emptiness of some of her girlish dreams. She has learned that no picture painted by mortal hands may equal the beauty of a soul prepared for heaven, no poem may ever be so thrilling nor melody so grand as the song of praise from one little ransomed soul.

She has learned, too, that Christian love is the philosopher's stone which transmutes the baser things of life into pure, shining gold; and sometimes, when trials are bitter and burdens hard to bear, she thinks of the happy little soul she sent on its way rejoicing, and she feels sure that poor little Dick remembers her before the Throne of God.

Aunt Sarah, who returned to Melissa's cabin and spent the night there after seeing Mary safely home, was heard to say afterward:

"Well, I never did b'lieve in de Cath'lic 'ligion; but it was certainly 'markable how quiet and peaceable-like dat poor lamb was after Miss Mary baptized him. Dere's somethin' in it, sho's you're livin'."

AN AMERICAN PIONEER.

REV. ELISHA J. DURBIN,

Born, 1800, died, 1887, in Kentucky.[1]

By M. L. Meany.

MR. WEBB'S sketches of Kentucky's early missionaries at once delight and overwhelm the reader by the varieties of character so graphically portrayed. The very defects of these grand men (which he does not seek to hide) seem essential to the difficult enterprises in which they "knew no such word as fail;" while their virtues and successes may well deter the holiest ambition from hoping to imitate them. Their intense personality at once attracts and awes. Each one stands out from his surroundings as if belonging to another world, his greatest works seeming to be a necessary part of his character.

Amid those kings of men, one unassuming figure gradually rises to view. Shyly it wins upon our notice. We return to it again and again, wondering why it attracts, for to outward seem-

[1] *The Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky.* By Hon. Ben. J. Webb, Louisville, 1884. Thanks are also due to a sketch kindly furnished by the Franciscan Sisters, in whose convent Father Durbin did his last work and died in peace; the portrait is from *St. Joseph's Advocate*, Baltimore.

ing there was nothing notable about Father Elisha Durbin. He almost seems introduced as a foil to his distinguished compeers. But the more that character, so simple and unpretending, is studied, the clearer becomes its foundation. Even as our Lady's grandeur and excellence arise from being the *Handmaid of the Lord*, so he might style himself, in humility which is loftier than pride, the *Servant of the Sacred Heart.* His first pastoral act was to build a church in Its honor; his last, as convent chaplain, *sixty-three years later*, was to aggregate the community to the *League of the Sacred Heart.*

I.—Childhood and Seminary Life (1800-1822).

"His parents were John D. Durbin and Patience Logsden. When a boy, he was in the habit of accompanying his parents to the Church of St. Francis, in Scott county. Of the then pastor of that church, Rev. Robert Angier, O.S.D., the writer has heard him speak in terms of strong endearment."

With these few lines, the biographer was obliged to dismiss Father Durbin's early history. Persevering investigator of ancestry as he was, Mr. Webb can only add in a note: "Neither were the Durbins nor the Logsdens descended from stock that was known to be Catholic beyond a couple of generations previous to the appearance in Kentucky of the families spoken of in the text. An ancestor of one of the families—I am uncertain as to which—intermarried with one Honora O'Flynn, an Irish girl of great piety, and it was through her, no doubt, that is to be traced the faith that has distinguished one or the other of the Kentucky families referred to, both of which have for generations been consistent exponents of its teachings."[2]

This tribute to woman's influence is very gratifying, but in the young Elisha's case there was evidently a nobler and holier influence at work—that of the zealous Dominican priest whom he through life remembered with gratitude and veneration.

[2] In his frequent and edifying letters to the MESSENGER, in his latter days, Father Durbin used to sign himself quaintly—"Elisha (Catholic version) Eliseus."

ASSUMPTION UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Father Angier's pastorate at St. Francis' Church was a species of martyrdom. The Catholic colony at Woodford (called Scott at a later period) had been noted from the beginning for the insubordination of its chief founders to the devoted missionaries laboring among the scattered flock. Father Angier, who officiated in the tiny board chapel dedicated to St. Francis, from 1808 to 1817, suffered meekly from their turbulent opposition till his health gave way, and his Superiors were obliged to remove him. Had he accomplished nothing else, the training of his little penitent, Elisha, shown by the apostolic career of the latter during his long life, is sufficient testimony of the saint. It seems marvellous that a vocation to the priesthood should be developed under such circumstances. An energetic youth, buoyant in health and spirits, was not likely to be attracted to the priesthood when he beheld the constant persecution under which his beloved pastor and confessor suffered; yet we find the young Durbin leaving home, at the age of sixteen, to become a priest.

The first care of the glorious Flaget, on becoming Bishop of Bardstown, was to found an ecclesiastical Seminary.

"Without this," says his venerable co-laborer, M. David, "it was impossible for him to have a clergy sufficient for a diocese which extended to the sources of the Mississippi and the lakes of Canada. He arrived in Baltimore in July, 1810, accompanied by a subdeacon and two young laymen, the elements of his seminary, which I had been already charged with by M. Emery, the Superior General of the Sulpicians. My health then was in as bad a condition as our funds. . . . A Canadian priest had joined us; and the boat on which we descended the Ohio, became the cradle of our seminary and of the Church of Kentucky."

From this cradle the Seminary was transferred to a log cabin, whose one room served all the seminarians for lodgings, the President being indulged "in a small addition to the principal house." The Bishop lived in another log hut of one room, dignified by the appellation of "Episcopal Palace." In November of the following year (1811), the Seminary was removed to a fine plantation, bequeathed by a good Catholic. In 1817, St. Thomas' Sem-

inary contained fifteen students, of whom only two were able to pay the pittance of fifty dollars. It was, in fact, an "Industrial School" of a far higher grade than the establishments imputed to 'progress' in these latter days. M. Badin writes: "The seminarians made bricks, prepared the mortar, cut wood, etc., to build the Church of St. Thomas, the Seminary, and the Convent of Nazareth. The poverty of our infant establishments compelled them to spend their recreations in labor. Every day they devoted three hours to labor in the garden, in the fields, or in the woods. Nothing could be more frugal than their table, which was also that of the two Bishops, and in which water was their ordinary drink; nothing, at the same time, could be more simple than their dress."

Such was the condition, in temporal matters, of the Seminary, when our hero knocked for admission. The fact of his being received, when numerous applicants had to be rejected through the poverty of the institution, says enough for his unusual merit; and in lieu of the personal incidents of his course, we must, as before, infer them from the high spiritual condition of the house and the acknowledged sanctity of its superiors.

"The young seminarians," says Spalding's History, "corresponded well with the parental solicitude of their good Superior. They caught his spirit, and entered heartily into all his plans for their spiritual welfare. They united manual labor with study. They cheerfully submitted to lead a painful and laborious life, in order to fit themselves for the ministry, and to prepare themselves for the privations they were destined to endure on the missions. . . . As Superior of the Seminary, Father David was a rigid disciplinarian. Both by word and by example he enforced exact regularity in all the exercises of the house. . . . Particularly was he indefatigable in discharging the duty of instructing the young candidates for the ministry in the sublime maxims of Christian perfection. He seemed never to grow weary of this occupation. A thorough master of the interior life himself, it was his greatest delight to conduct others into the same path of holiness. . . . He sought to inspire the young seminarians

with an ardent desire of aspiring to perfection; and of doing all their actions for the honor and glory of God. . . . Though he sometimes rebuked faults with some severity, yet he had a tender and parental heart which showed itself on all occasions. For all the seminarians he cherished feelings of the most paternal affection. . . . No one ever went to him for consolation or advice in vain. As a confessor, few could surpass him in zeal, in patience, in tenderness. . . . If he rebuked the faults of others, he was free to avow his own; and more than once have we heard him publicly acknowledging his imperfections, and with tears imploring pardon of those under his control for whatever pain he might have unnecessarily caused them. . . . Those under his direction could not fail to profit by all this earnest zeal and devotedness to their welfare."

II.—The Pioneer Priest.

On the 21st of September, 1822, young Mr. Durbin was ordained priest, being the tenth of those ordained from the opening of the Seminary. The consecrating prelate was the beloved Superior, Father David, who two years before had become Coadjutor Bishop.

Father Durbin had scarcely been allowed a year's experience in the duties of the sacred ministry, when he received an appointment which proved in what esteem he was held by Bishop David. His new sphere of action included not only western and southwestern Kentucky, comprising thousands of miles, dotted here and there with Catholic settlements or isolated families, but also those counties of Indiana and Illinois that border the northern banks of the Ohio river. Whatever surprise or timidity the young priest felt at this immense pastoral charge remained a secret between himself and God. He promptly set out from his first limited sphere in St. Joseph's College and Cathedral at Bardstown, and reaching the headquarters of his new mission, near Morganfield, Union County, found there a poor log chapel, "the only structure designed for Catholic worship west of the line of Breckenridge County, and east of the Mississippi river." It

belonged to a small community of "The Sisters of Charity of Nazareth," who had established themselves, December 31, 1820, on a bit of farm land that had been donated for school purposes: the stately St. Vincent's Academy of to-day sprang from this humble seed. In St. Vincent's log chapel, then, Father Durbin said the first Mass of his pastorship. It would be interesting to know what day was thus signalized; but he was not one to sound his own trumpet, and the good Sisters attached no more importance to this than to any of the Masses with which they were at so rare intervals favored. Alas for the wealth of sacred traditions that *America ought to have treasured up!*

In less than two years after his arrival, Father Durbin found the log chapel inadequate to its congregation, and the church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was built near its site. His second church, St. Teresa's, was erected on Flint Island. The two names testify to the hidden spirit by which he was animated. For five or six years he continued to minister, alone and unaided, to his immense *parish*. The mere enumeration of his central and minor stations, given in *The Centenary*, is wearisome, yet he faithfully attended to all. Nor was a call from any of the scattered families, who were outside the stations, ever neglected: in sickness or any emergency the faithful young pastor was promptly at hand. His first assistant, Rev. Edward A. Clark, was appointed about 1830. The church of St. Ambrose in Union County, was built for the third congregation, which was thus consolidated.

As years went on, though able assistants were given him, Father Durbin's labors knew no cessation. Rather they increased, for his faithful ministry was rewarded by the continual increase of the Catholic portion of the communities under his charge. Strayed families brought back to the Sacraments, long neglected childhood now tenderly instructed, sinners and lukewarm souls warmed anew to habits of piety, and probably not a few accessions to the Faith from his silent example of the true Christian pastor—all these tended to increase as well as reward his travails. It was the triumph of holiness, unaided by the natural causes which, through God's grace, so often prove powerful helps. He

had no brilliant conversational powers to attract others: he was neither a controversialist nor a man of deep learning or showy talent. His first attempt at preaching is thus pleasantly related by Mr. Webb.

"In 1823, and before and after that date, there was a no more generally known and respected non-Catholic citizen of Bardstown than Gen. Jos. Lewis. He had fought for independence under Washington, but his patriarchal years sat lightly upon him, and he was at all times companionable, and often pleasantly jocular. Meeting the young priest on the street a half-year after his ordination, he thus addressed him:

"'Your people tell me, Durbin, that you can't preach. How comes that?'

"'I don't know whether I can or not,' answered the cleric, with blushing modesty; and then he added: 'I will know more about it on next Sunday, however, since I find that I have been booked for a sermon on that day.'

"'If that is the case,' said the old man, 'I think I will be there to hear you.'

"The General had been little in the habit of going to church anywhere, and it is presumable that Father Durbin had not much expectation of having him for a listener on the occasion of his initiatory discourse from the pulpit. But there he was, and in such a position that the young man could but see him the moment he turned his abashed eyes over the congregation. He got through with the reading of the Epistle and Gospel very creditably; and then he began to cast before his hearers his own thoughts, which had been, most likely, previously written out and learned by heart. For a dozen sentences or more there was no balk, but all at once he appeared to lose himself and the thread of his discourse together. The pauses became longer, and the stammering greater; and at length, in a fit of desperation, he turned about and left the pulpit. The next time General Lewis caught sight of the priest he hailed him and said:

"'Except in one particular, Durbin, I cannot say much for your sermon of the other Sunday. You got along pretty pertly

until your canoe got tangled in the bushes, and then you stuck! But there was one capital thing about it, nevertheless—*it was short!*'"

"Father Durbin has never been considered an orator, neither by himself nor anybody else," is Mr. Webb's commentary on this anecdote, while proclaiming the good results that have followed "the simple, heartfelt, and easily understood utterances of Kentucky's patriarch priest."

Nor was the dear old apostle's appearance particularly attractive. He was a small man, his biographer remarks, and even in his younger days "his face was in some degree tawny, but it had not yet assumed the erysipelas hue, contracted from constant exposure, that has marked his features for more than forty years"; and he adds in a note:

"Father Durbin's florid complexion was once the occasion of a humorous incident. Jogging along the open highway one day, he raised his eyes from the page of his breviary from which he was reciting the canonical office, and perceived a stranger, also on horseback, approaching him from the opposite direction. When the two met, the priest bowed his head and was about to pass on; but he had not got two lengths of his horse away from the second rider when he was halted by the exclamation: 'Halloo, stranger! you are just the man I have been looking for! Get off your horse a minute, and let me take a pull at your jug!'

"'My friend,' said Father Durbin, who saw at once what the man was after, 'I have no jug! I have no use for one, for I never drink spirits of any kind!'

"'No jug!' exclaimed the man incredulously; 'do you mean to tell me that I don't know what sort of a bulge a jug makes at the bottom of a pair of saddle-bags?'

"Laughing at the oddity of his situation—the man having mistaken for a jug a bundle made up of a part of his priestly vestments—the priest replied: 'You are altogether mistaken, sir! I have not about my person nor in my saddle-bags as much as a drop of liquor of any kind; and furthermore, I spoke truthfully when I told you a bit ago that I am not in the habit of using spirits at any time or in any form.'

"Looking at the priest intently for a full half-minute, the man said at length: 'Stranger, I hope you will not take offence at the remark, but if I were in your place, I would take in my sign!'"

Considering the time and place, it is almost a marvel that the other "stranger" did not "take offence" at the refusal of the *jug*. But Father Durbin, with all his zeal and constant intercourse with every sort of character, was not one to give or take offence. There is no tradition of misunderstandings or dissension in that unparalleled record of constant missionary labor, sustained from early manhood to extreme age. Yet he could be firm to temerity, as the above incident proves. His prudence, fidelity, and generosity are all evidenced in one little circumstance which to some would have been an occasion of wounded feeling. In 1832 his pastorate had been extended into Tennessee, obliging him to visit Nashville at least annually, ministering to the few Catholic residents. Five years later, when a prelate was appointed over Tennessee, Father Durbin, in a letter to Bishop David, says: "I am glad to hear of the nomination of Rt. Rev. R. P. Miles to the new see of Nashville. But I cannot consider myself released from that station until I see him installed. I have promised to give two hundred dollars to help him fix himself up there. I hope you will urge others, both the priests and the people of the different congregations, to assist him liberally."

III.—The Patriarch.

In 1873 the venerable missionary was relieved of his pastoral responsibility over a district that covered one-third of the State. After half a century of such a charge his Bishop thought he needed rest. But the lover of souls had no such idea. He could jocularly reckon his average horseback journeys during all those years at 200 miles per week, and was so habituated to saving time by reading his office in the saddle, that when more comfortably at leisure for that duty he pleasantly claimed that he should be dispensed on the ground of its rarity. All kinds of privations and fatigues had been endured with cheerful equanimity, and the desert now blossomed like a garden. One portion after

another of his immense territory had been brought into closer connection with the central authority, and churches, convents, and schools were springing up all through the region where he had found but one log chapel and one Catholic school. But still anxious for more work in the service of God, he was placed over the faithful who lived on the line of the Elizabethtown and Paducah Railroad, with headquarters in Princeton, Caldwell County. Prevailed upon at last to give up active duty, he showed in his retirement at St. Joseph's College in Bardstown the same ready disposition for duty as when he essayed to deliver his first sermon. But failing memory at last showed that age would claim its rights in spite of zeal. His last days are described, with sundry little reminiscences, in a charming letter to the Editor of the MESSENGER, which closes thus:

"On one occasion when he had reached his destination, his clothes were actually frozen on his body, and as he would playfully remark, when relating this little event, he had to be thawed before he could dismount from his horse. He never failed, during the sixty-five years of his ministry, to say his daily Mass when it was at all possible for him to do so; often did he travel ten and fifteen miles to accomplish this loving task.

"On the 4th of November, 1884, he was appointed Chaplain to the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis at Shelbyville, Ky. Though bending beneath the weight of eighty-four years, his fervor was the same as in the first days of his priesthood. He still continued to rise at the early hour of four o'clock every morning, and was at the altar ready to offer the Holy Sacrifice at six, as regular as the sun.

"His devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus was boundless. The first church erected by him in Union County, was dedicated to the Sacred Heart. He was a member of the Guard of Honor, and kept the hour of Guard every morning from 4.30 to 5.30 o'clock, with scrupulous fidelity. He was a most zealous Director and Promoter of the League of the Sacred Heart—working indefatigably in its interests, and urging all with whom he came in contact to become members. It is worthy of note that as one

of the first public acts of his zeal was to build a church and dedicate it to the Sacred Heart, so the last public act of his public career was to have the community, of which he was chaplain, aggregated to the League of the Sacred Heart. Weeping with joy he stood at the foot of the altar, and announced the fact to the Sisters thus:—'I bring you tidings of great joy: you are now members of the Holy League.'

"At the age of eighty-four he became a Tertiary of the Order of St. Francis, remarking at the same time that 'as His Holiness the Pope was a Franciscan, he reckoned he could be one too.' Notwithstanding his extreme old age, his health continued good until January, 1887, when he received a severe paralytic stroke. He recovered from this, however, and continued to say Mass even to the day of his death. On that morning he offered the Holy Sacrifice as usual, said the entire office of the day, and anticipated part of that for the next day, but at half-past six o'clock that evening the final summons came, and this faithful soul quietly and peacefully passed away, and went to receive the reward of a long and useful life of labor in the vineyard of Our Lord. It was the 22d day of March, 1887. May he rest in peace."

Rather may he pray for us, poor, faint-hearted disciples of the crucified Lord he loved so well.

THE LEGEND OF THE TREE OF THE CROSS.

Adapted from the French of M. Jules Helbig by T. F. R.

Crux fidelis, inter omnes	O faithful Cross, 'mid all the trees,
Arbor una nobilis:	Alone of noble root:
Nulla silva talem profert	Thine equal never forest sees
Fronde, flore, germine.	In leaf or flower or fruit.

Hymn of St. Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers, died A.D. 610.

[The Legend of the Tree of the Cross is perhaps the most time-honored of all legends. It has been very popular among Catholics from the days of Fortunatus down to our own. But most frequently it appears only in fragments; and even Jacobus

de Voragine, in collecting the various themes of his *Golden Legend*, gives two entirely different versions of it under the titles *Legend of the Finding of the Cross* and *Legend of the Exaltation of the Cross.* In the Middle Ages, and down to the eighteenth century, it was delineated in turn by the poet's pen, the miniaturist's pencil, the brush of the painter whose duty it was to trace histories on the walls of churches, and the goldsmith's as well as the sculptor's chisel. We also see it holding a prominent place among the stained glass figures in cathedral windows and those cut on the ivory diptychs that the Christian traveller carried about with him, like a portable altar, whenever he went on a journey into distant parts.

Again, in our own day, we see it reappear in the works of revived Christian art, and in the middle of the present century a German poet, Johann Gabriel Seidl, enshrined its first part in charming verse that reminds us of the trouvères of old. Our present aim is to follow, or rather translate him, completing this little compilation by the aid of other and much older narratives; for we think it well worth while to repeat this legend once more as the nineteenth century draws to a close.]

Adam had borne the burden of life for nine hundred and thirty years. Infirm and broken down by age and toil, he never passed a single day without feeling the weight of this sentence of the Lord: *In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return to the earth out of which thou wast taken.* Stretched at last on his bed of suffering, he called to him his son Seth, to whom he spoke thus: "My son, I am going to leave thee, for I feel that I am about to die. Death is coming to claim me: this is the fruit of my sin. Already have I seen Abel die, and now it is thy turn to behold me pass away."

Thereat his son Seth shed bitter tears. "Father," he said, "thou must not die! There must certainly be somewhere in the world, a herb possessing the power of healing thee. I am going to look for it; no matter where it may be, I will find it, even if I have to go all the way for it to that Eden of whose wonders thou hast told me and where grow the beautiful trees of life. Yes, I will persist in my search for Paradise until I find it and

make sure whether any plant grows there that is a preventive against death."

"My son," said Adam, "what canst thou expect to find in Paradise, whence the Lord banished me in His wrath? Even if thou succeed in finding the way thereto, art thou not aware that its entrance is guarded by an Angel carrying a sword in his hand?"

"Even so," replied Seth, "if the Angel be armed with a sword, I will melt him to pity by my entreaties. Father, adieu; may thy blessing protect me! I am going, and I will return with the herb that shall restore thee to health."

And Adam blessed his son, while he felt the blood freezing in his heart. Yet Seth set out; he traversed the world in search of the tree of life, and at last, one day, worn out by fatigue but full of hope, he arrived at the gate of Paradise. But there he was stopped by the Cherub with the flaming sword, who thus accosted him: "Back! What hast thou come hither to seek? No foot of mortal man shall ever cross this threshold!"

"Alas!" the traveller replied, "I am Adam's poor son Seth; my father is sick, and perhaps is going to die; I have come to see if in Paradise the Lord has not planted a herb that is effective against death."

"Retrace thy steps," said the Cherub; "my son, return. It is too late to look for charms and remedies. Thy father has long since been dead. However, I can yet do something for thee; I will give thee a branch of the tree of life; plant it over thy father's grave; and though Adam is wrapt up in the bosom of mother earth, he will be made conscious of this branch's virtues and shall feel its consolations."

Seth took the branch; and still entertaining some hope in his breast, he set out on his homeward journey. But when he arrived at his father's house, bearing his branch, he found the dwelling empty and in disorder. Adam had long since passed away from life. After having sought him everywhere in vain, Seth remembered the Angel's words, and, taking in his hand the branch of the tree of Paradise, he strove, at least, to find his father's tomb. A little mound in the midst of a thicket he dis-

covered to be the place; and there he planted the branch which was to bring consolation to Adam even in the earth's bosom.

And the branch took root in the soil that covered the first man's remains. It grew, revivified by the warming rays of the sun. The branch became a tree, surpassing in height the tops of all the trees around. It grew, and kept on growing until in the whole country there was not a tree left that could compare with it. Developed in all its strength and beauty, the tree spread its branches out so wide that its shade protected not only the grave of the first man, but those of his great-grandchildren as well.

And the tree ever kept on growing; every night the dews of heaven refreshed its verdant leaves; feathered songsters came to seek in its tufted branches shelter from the storm, and over its roots was spread a many-figured carpet of myriads of flowers of colors both bright and subdued and of the sweetest perfume. Gleefully did bees hum and butterflies flutter there all the live-long warm summer day, after the birds had sung there during the lingering twilights of spring.

But in proportion as the tree grew in its magnificence, the succeeding generations of men became more perverse, more wicked. In their pride they cursed the tree whose shade protected them and whose beauty had delighted their eyes.

When the measure of man's iniquity was full, the Lord sent the deluge; the waters submerged the earth, and the men and animals that dwelt upon it were all drowned. But the tree did not perish; and when the waters began to subside and leave dry land, it was one of its branches that Noe's messenger, the dove, brought back into the Ark as a sign of reconciliation. And again, at a much later period, it was from one of its branches that Moses had the rod with which he struck the rock whence came forth the spring that refreshed the Israelites.

But one chastisement was not enough to bring men to their senses. Envious of the tree's beauty, and more envious still of the length of its life compared with the shortness of their own, one day they applied the axe to its root and cut it down as they would any other tree of the commonest kind. They dragged its

majestic trunk along the highways, trying to sell it to the highest bidder; but no one would buy it. Then they applied the axe to it again and cut it into sections. Throwing the main portion of it across a torrent that came down from a mountain, they made a bridge of it.

For a great many centuries people kept crossing this bridge, but no one thought of asking of what wood it was made. And yet every person who passed over it became afflicted with an affection of the heart, and was never known to smile again in this world. And though every such person had the same experience, men spoke only with contempt of "the bridge of the big tree."

The Queen of Saba alone, the beautiful Balkis, having to cross the torrent when on her way to pay homage to King Sólomon and make him an offering of rich presents, did not wish to set foot on the tree spanning the torrent. On beholding it she fell into a profound meditation, and a long, grief-inspiring vision seemed to pass before her eyes. She became aware of the origin, meaning, and destiny of the mysterious tree; she saw in spirit that the salvation of the world would one day depend upon it. She would not walk over it, but, on the contrary, fell down on her knees and spent a long time in venerating the tree that had developed from the branch given to Seth by the Angel of Paradise. Then she waded through the stream, preferring to wet her feet and soil the cloth-of-gold trimming of her dress rather than trample underfoot the sacred tree. Now Balkis was endowed with the gift of prophecy, and several rank her among the Sybils who in the ancient world foretold Christ's coming. When she reached King Solomon she predicted to him that one day the kingdom of the Jews would come to an end through the instrumentality of this tree.

Solomon put faith in the Queen of Saba's words; he caused a search to be made for the tree, in order that he might make out of it one of the columns of the temple which he was just beginning to erect. But it was found impossible to give it a fit place in the building. Every time that an effort was made to dispose of

it, it was discovered to be either too long or too short. And when it was decided to cut the tree again, it seemed to have shrunk so much all of a sudden that it was no longer possible to make any use of it. Discouraged by so many unsuccessful efforts, King Solomon had the tree carried back to the very spot from which it had been brought to him.

But Solomon fell into idolatry, and the men who surrounded him began to look with ever increasing complacency upon his crime. One day the Lord made known by tempest and thunderstorm that the hour of His wrath was nigh. The rivers overflowed their banks; plains and fields of rich crops became lakes and marshes. The tree gave way with the banks that it connected, and sank in the muddy waters of an immense morass.

When, after long ages, the water at last disappeared, it was at the place where the tree lay buried that the Pool of Purification was dug. The tree remained there. And it was not only by reason of the coming down of the Angel, but also by virtue of the wood, that the water was stirred, and health was thereby restored to the sick.

But the tree was forgotten. Only the tradition now survived of a tree that had served as a bridge. It was still handed down from generation to generation. And thus from mouth to mouth it passed from the Old to the New Covenant.

And when, according to the dispensation of the Almighty, the appointed time had come and, on that memorable night whose darkness concealed Christ's anguish, His enemies laid hands on Him, they remembered, as one remembers a dream, the history of the tree lost in the flood. It seemed to them this wood, saturated with man's iniquities, hardened by the medium in which it had lain, would be heavier to carry than any other. They unearthed it; they made out of it a cross with which they would burthen the sacred shoulders of Jesus.

When, accompanied by His enemies, He had arrived on the summit of Golgotha, His executioners sank the stump of the cross deep into the earth, and the place where the cross was thus erected was precisely the same spot where the grave had been

dug to receive the remains of the first man. Adam's bones were scattered by his descendants, and his skull was thrown at the foot of the cross, where it was stained by the first drops of blood shed for the salvation of all.

Now when Christ expired, nature was convulsed: there was commotion both of the earth and of the heavens.

* * * * * * * * *

For several centuries the instrument of Christ's Passion remained in oblivion, buried in the soil of Mount Calvary; and there the Pagans, thinking they were again triumphant, had the hardihood to erect a temple to the shameless Venus. But after the Emperor Constantine had had the vision in which the cross appeared to him as the sign of mastery over the world, he wished to pay homage to the instrument on which the work of Redemption had been accomplished. He resolved to build a church on Golgotha. His pious mother, Helena, then over eighty years old, undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. She was anxious to discover the wood on which the Saviour's blood had been shed, and with this object in view she solicited and obtained the prayers and temporal assistance of the holy Bishop Macarius.

The temple that had been built in honor of the pagan divinity was destroyed, even to its very foundations. While carrying the work of excavation into the rock itself, they found the grotto of the Holy Sepulchre, containing three crosses, the nails, and the plate on which Pilate had had inscribed the title placed in mockery, as a distinguishing mark, on the instrument that was to compass the death of Christ. Though this inscription seemed to fit one of the crosses better than the others, yet the Empress and the holy Bishop were not willing to remain satisfied with this evidence of the fact that they had really found the genuine object of their anxious and pious search. Macarius prayed for a long time with great fervor in order that his surmises might be changed into absolute certainty—he entreated the Almighty to send him an unmistakable sign that it was really the sacred wood that had been saturated with the blood of the Redeemer. And ere long his prayer was heard.

There was then living in Jerusalem a matron of patrician rank, who was so dangerously ill that no hope was entertained of saving her from imminent death. The Bishop had her brought to him, and in presence of the Empress, some priests, and the whole people, he touched the patient in succession with each of the three crosses found in the grotto of Calvary. The first two produced no effect; but on touching the third the sick woman arose. She was cured.

From that moment the True Cross was restored to the veneration of the people. Immediately after the miraculous finding of the Holy Cross the Empress Helena sent a portion of it to her son, together with the nails of the Passion. She had the greater part of it enshrined in a silver reliquary which she gave to Macarius, so that he might preserve it for future generations.

Ere long the sovereigns and masters of the earth were vying with one another to get possession of fragments of the sacred wood, which in time came to enrich the most celebrated sanctuaries of Christendom. Recourse was had to the art of the most renowned goldsmiths to enshrine them in costly reliquaries of gold and silver, adorned with pearls and precious stones, and no metal seemed too valuable to be put to service for them; and they were often set in the crowns of emperors and kings, to whom it seemed that the wood of the cross guaranteed them power, confirming them in the spirit of justice, fortitude, and prudence, and reminding them that the most powerful emperor on earth is only the vassal of the King of kings in heaven.

But a day will come when the vessels containing the sacred relics will disappear. No matter how precious the metal may be, whatever is the work of man will be melted in the fire of eternal justice. The wood of the cross will again become one piece, and then it will be seen carried in triumph by the hands of Angels, shining in the rays of the rising sun on the last day.

And within the shadow of the sacred sign of Redemption, all men, called to the judgment seat of God, shall hear the sentence that will decide their fate for all eternity.

PILATE FRESH FROM COLLEGE.

By Padre Coloma.

Pilate, being willing to satisfy the people . . .

I.

QUESTION there was none, Gabriel was a handsome fellow! He was standing before his looking-glass, parting his hair with a shell comb and struggling hard to smooth down the tufts of red, roughish-looking locks that stood up from his forehead. He was trying to make the artistic whirls with which the pagan taste of the Greeks crowned the statues of their Adonis and Apollo. His purpose was vain; nature would conquer art, and the rebellious curls sprang up in new frizzes, as if bound to form a head-pad for some milkmaiden's invisible jar to be carried upon them. The forehead of sixteen years was smooth, as though no sad memory had ever crossed it, and as open as if no shadow of remorse ever troubled it. Poor Gabriel, question there was none, he was a handsome fellow!

How joyful an expression was on his red lips that opened only to smile upon all the world—as knowing none but brotherly words, and no name but that of mother. How limpid was the gaze of his great gray eyes, opening wide like the gates of a temple and leaving to be seen there, as in its sanctuary, his innocent candid soul that as yet discovered no thorns among the flowers and no spots on the face of the sun. Poor Gabriel, how handsome he was!

Nature had its final triumph over art, and with an impatient movement Gabriel threw his comb on the marble top of his wash-stand. He fussed with both hands over the attempts at a mustache that were beginning to start forth. Then he burst into

a laugh, gave a leap in the air, and went on to another affair of serious and transcendent importance: he began tying his cravat. And what a cravat! That treasure, as yet all unworn, was spread out in full sight on his bed, in finest sky-blue satin spotted with little white crescents. Gabriel took it up with endearment, with respect, almost with reverence, and passing it round his neck began making the tie. The cravat pleased him so much! It had the colors of the Immaculate Virgin, and it was a present from his mother.

The tie was soon made, with that jaunty negligence which is the despair of imitation but is proper to native elegance, to that genuine elegance which a certain author calls the 'nobility of the graceful.' Gabriel looked at himself in the glass and was satisfied. The turned-down corners of his collar showed the mellow manliness of his throat, and its whiteness brought out the blue satin of the cravat.

"If my mother should see me," he thought, blushing without knowing why he blushed, "she would say—How handsome! And if the little fellows at college saw me, they'd say—What a dandy!"

For the time being, his self-conceit put no other idea into his head nor stirred up other ambitions. He whirled round on his toe, and put on his waistcoat humming:

O Mary my Mother!
O hope of us mortals!

And so on with the rest of the hymn.

How happy he was! He had just passed his bachelor's examination, and was at last a student of the University, a free man in populous Seville, lord and master of a room in a boarding-house, sole proprietor of twenty-five gold pieces, owner of all the fantastic limboes of youth, king of all its rose-tinted illusions, conqueror of all its golden horizons, and free—free, most of all, to go when he would and come when it was his good pleasure; to linger at all the shops in the street of Serpents, to sip his sherbet at the Switzers' every night, to canter on his

hired horse along the road of Delights, to take a row in his boat from Triana to San Juan de Aznalfarache, to assist at the ceremonies in the Cathedral and be present at the garrison parades, and—O matchless good fortune—to see the bull-fights!

And so Gabriel's desires went soaring up like the eagle let loose from his chains, describing vast circles in the azure depths of his imaginations, without suspicion of any hidden "more beyond" that might well bring to the ground the whole theory of his independence—*Liberty without fear, pleasure without remorse!*

For Gabriel was to enjoy all the vast mountain of pleasures and all the boundless sea of delights, without the least offence of God, Whose holy fear he thought had never been so lively in his breast; and without the least annoyance of his mother, whose happiness was echoed in his own; and without detracting in aught from his good name, already so honored by him with his notes of excellence, with his prizes of good conduct, and even with the imperial crown which, by unanimous choice, had adorned his brows during the six years of his stay in the Jesuit College. It was impossible that the University should change into a mean *Augustulus* the Gabriel whom the Fathers of the College had so often proclaimed with the glorious name of *Augustus!*

With what deep gratitude Gabriel remembered those good Fathers, who had loved him so well and done so much good to his soul! With what good will he had divided his time, according to the instruction they gave him, between his studies, his exercises of piety, and his hours of recreation and amusement! With what candor and simplicity did he say every night, as he knelt before the image of the Immaculate Mother, whose Sodalist he had been and was and hoped to be till death—

"Do you see, my Mother, how good I am . . . and that Father Velasco is mistaken?"

For there was in the College a Father Velasco, a roguish Father Velasco. Toward Gabriel's illusions he was like the shadow that marks the black outline of the naked truth; or like

the voice of the slave who was ever repeating to the Roman Conqueror, in the midst of his triumph—Remember that thou art mortal! He was Spiritual Father in the College, and he had called Gabriel to his room one day and, placing his hand on his shoulder, said to him with loving sadness: "Gabriel, you are good and manageable—"

And Gabriel tossed his handsome forehead with pride, flushing as purple as Lucifer must have done the first time he took complacency in himself. But Father Velasco had not finished.

"But your goodness," he went on, "is pride, and your manageableness is weakness. Your pride will bring you into danger, and your weakness will make you fall under it. Beware of evil friends, my son; for *human respect* will be the ruin of you. Gabriel, remember Pontius Pilate!"

Gabriel lowered his head, flushed this time with another redness, such as must have overspread the countenance of the proud

Angel when he found his inmost thoughts were known. He bit his lips till they bled, and went out of the room of Father Velasco with a firm purpose never to go back. But the Father persecuted him everywhere, never passing beside him without whispering in his ear: "Little Pilate! Remember Pilate!"

One day in his irritation Gabriel answered rudely, and was decidedly wanting in respect. Father Velasco thrust his hands into his sleeves, looked at him from top to toe, and went on his way without saying a word. As he raised his eyes they seemed full of tears to Gabriel, and the latter made a step or two to stop him and ask his pardon; but his wounded self-love restrained him like some subtle poison entering into his heart and choking his good impulses.

"No, *caramba!*" he muttered, stamping on the ground. "Let him see that little Pilate knows how to be firm!"

That night Gabriel could not get to sleep. Little by little the dormitory lights were extinguished, till at last there remained only the feeble rays of a few half-quenched lamps by whose uncertain flame he seemed to see, hovering over the spacious chamber, the white wings of the Angel of purity who with his finger to his lips imposed silence on all evil. Suddenly he saw the door of his alcove cautiously opened, and closing his eyes he feigned sleep. Then he saw a shadow bending over him; first he felt that someone was carefully arranging the bed-clothing about him, then he felt a hand making the sign of the cross upon his forehead. Gabriel half opened his eyes and saw Father Velasco by his pillow.

A great sob sent his heart up into his mouth, and he felt like throwing himself at his feet and begging pardon. But pride bound him anew as with iron chains, and again he closed his eyes pretending to sleep. Father Velasco passed on sighing.

Thenceforward, the prudent religious never again called Gabriel "Little Pilate." The latter, on his side, was ashamed and avoided the other's presence. It was only on the day when he was leaving the College for ever that he ventured to present himself in his room. Father Velasco welcomed him, gravely but

kindly, with his wonted affability. He gave him lovingly the farewell embrace, and put in his hands as a remembrance a large photograph sealed in an envelope and evidently prepared beforehand.

Gabriel was not well out of the room before he had broken open the wrapper and discovered a fine reproduction of Titian's grand painting, representing Pilate delivering over Jesus Christ to the deicide populace. Under the Roman proconsul, Father Velasco had written—*Ecce Homo!*

Gabriel felt a gust of anger sweeping over him that dimmed his sight. He tore the photograph in two and was on the point of throwing it through an open balcony, but he caught himself in time—after all, it was the picture of our Lord, and he would have thought it a profanation.

II.

GABRIEL looked at the rich gold watch which his grandmother had given him the day he showed her his bachelor's diploma, and he saw that it was already half-past five.

"*Caramba!*" he exclaimed, pirouetting on his toe.

Taking his hat and his pretty rattan with its handle of Elgoibar wrought steel, which he had bought the day before, he rushed out of doors striking at the air to test the flexibility of his cane.

He stopped half-way down the stairs, struck his hand against his forehead, and then went up again two and three steps at a time. He had forgotten two things—the purse of small coins which he always carried to give to the poor, and to take holy water in the mother-of-pearl font that hung at the head of his bed.

It was the 27th of May, the eve of the Ascension, and Gabriel was going, as he did every evening, to the chapel of the

Blessed Sacrament in the Cathedral, where they were celebrating the *May Flowers.* This is the poetic name given in some places to the solemn devotions in honor of the Virgin without stain, during that month which by way of eminence is called the *Month of Mary.*

But before going to the Cathedral, Gabriel wished to take a turn or so along the street of Serpents, that garden of his delights, pleasanter in his eyes than the labyrinths of Hyde Park or the Bois de Boulogne, or the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. What attracted Gabriel to that great centre of Seville's movement and commerce, was not the constant throng that day and night flows like a tide into the famous street from all its crossways, just as from all the veins the blood flows back to the heart. Nor was it the freshness and fragrance surrounding it, kept there the summer long by the awnings that shade the passer-by and the flower-stalls found at every corner embalming the air. What drew the attention of Gabriel, what gave him his chief entertainment and made him cross the streets back and forth were—the show-windows of the shops. Those vast exhibitions of whatever is superfluous—for what is necessary needs not exhibition—those dazzling advertisements aimed straight at the purse, by luxury and vanity and even vice, swallowed up Gabriel's attention for hours upon hours. There was not a day he did not look through all those treasure-houses of industry and art, fancying they were his exclusive property and placed there solely for his diversion and honorable entertainment.

A thousand times already he had picked out, cast aside, and re-chosen the presents he thought of taking during his vacations to his mother, to his brothers, to his grandmother, to the very servants; and that evening, in the shop on the corner of the street of the Galicians, he came across something that made him break forth into cries of admiration and enthusiastic gestures. It was a puppet-show, in which the artist had personified the frightful creations of the *Bu*, the *Cancon*, the *Coco*, the *Carlanco*, and the other helpers of mothers and nurses in filling the imaginations of children. It represented an old man of appalling visage,

with enormous spectacles and a measureless capacity of throat, seated on rockers. Between his outstretched legs he held a bag full of children, white and ruddy. By some hidden mechanism, he kept picking them up with a huge pair of tongs that he held in his right hand and, opening horribly his mouth, swallowed them one by one only to bring them up again out of the sack. Gabriel split his sides with laughter every time one of the chubby babies disappeared into the puppet's mouth; and thinking of the vast delight it would bring to Luis—the least of his little brothers—if he should present him with such a wonder, he made ready to enter the shop and buy the plaything at any price, no matter how extravagant. But just at that moment a hand was placed on his shoulder and a voice, cheery but coarse, exclaimed with two round, fat oaths like the pebbles in a brook:

"By Jingo, Gabriel! you in Seville, *canastos?*"

Gabriel turned round red as a poppy, with lifted eyebrows and open mouth, and saw close to his own the face of a callow youth who had caught hold of him. It was a swarthy face, with whiskers aiming at "mutton-chops" and hair pasted down in "bangs," with the hat far back on the head and the unlighted end of a cigar between the lips. His face was that of a gypsy, his dress that of a college swell, and his whole look showed one of those students who matriculate at the University and follow its courses with one foot in the cafés and the other in the taverns.

"Halloa, Garcia!" said Gabriel at last, with a frank smile, trying to extricate himself from the arms that squeezed him at the risk of breaking a rib. But Garcia took account of the proverb—'If I like you I must hold you tight'—and kept on shaking Gabriel to and fro with great merriment, clapping him on the shoulder and shouting at him in far more energetic style than we put in his mouth.

"What a surprise, by Jingo! But when did you get here, old man?"

"I have been in Seville since the first of the month," answered Gabriel, pushing back both his hands against the shoulders of Garcia, to see if he could not shake off his hold.

"*Canastos*, and what are you going to do in Seville, young fellow?"

"Get examined," answered Gabriel. "I have been studying privately at home, and came up to attend lectures in the University through May, till the examination comes off."

"First rate, by Jingo! *Caramba*, Gabriel boy, how glad I am to see you! But where in the deuce have you hid yourself so that I haven't seen a hair of your head till now, *canastos?*"

"Why, at the University, on the promenade, at my house, along this street, and—"

Gabriel was about saying innocently "in the church," but a sudden cough cut short the word and, coloring up a little, he asked instead: "Aren't you at the University? I've never seen you."

"When the students mutinied in January I was there two days, to see if they'd break the nose off the monkey face of the Professor who suspended me twice."

Gabriel opened his eyes in dismay and, as he had nothing else to say, answered: "What ideas you have!"

"That's me, by Jingo. Any one can have me for money, but no one by force, and if they try it they pay for it. *Canastos!* You've got to know how to live here, and you'll get on all right if you do know. You'll see, greeny," he went on, shaking the other again; "you'll see how I'll put you on the right track, and

you'll have a great time once you get your footing with three or four of the boys. But where are you going now, old chap?"

Gabriel flushed up again like a tomato, and looked all around as if he would like to get away: "Pshaw! nowhere at all. It's about time for me to get to study."

"*Canastos*, let your books go to grass!" answered Garcia throwing his arm round Gabriel's neck. "Come along with me—out to the Grounds—to see the animals for to-morrow's fight."

"But is there a bull-fight to-morrow?" asked Gabriel.

"Jingo alive, where have you been living? Alligator Joe and Powderhorn Bill will do the killing, and the bulls are all the way from Saltillo. Come along, let's go out to the Grounds."

Thereupon he began dragging Gabriel off toward the Plaza of San Francisco.

"I can't, man, I can't!" said Gabriel trying to tear himself away; "I've got to study."

"*Canastos*, leave your books alone, can't you? Justinian and Trebonian studied law enough long ago to worry your neighbors with. What a pity the small-pox didn't kill them off when they were little! Come now, by Jingo, let's be off; we'll be back by eight."

Gabriel at last succeeded in tearing loose from his friend, and, with the air of one trying to get away, he said while his face burned and tears almost came to his eyes: "I can't, man, I can't. I tell you I can't."

"By Jingo," shouted Garcia, holding on to his coat-tails. "Are you afraid Old Nick will clap his claw on you? Or don't you like to come along just because it's me?"

"No, man alive, not at all!" cried Gabriel, more and more frightened. "If you take it that way, you'll force me to go with you."

"It's pretty clear I do take it that way! If you are going to throw a friend overboard like that, by Jingo, it will have to be for something, *canastos!*"

"Well, if you're going to be offended, let's go!" said Gabriel lowering his head.

Fretful and ill-tempered, and inwardly raging against himself and Garcia as well, he followed the latter, holding within himself one of those dialogues which passion so often starts up with that other mysterious voice, which makes itself heard in man, clear and unbending, upbraiding and sometimes cruel, yet always just.

"I have to go," said Gabriel. "What would this brute say if I didn't? that I'm a chicken, or stuck up."

And the mysterious voice answered with a tone of irony: "No matter what that brute says, your good and holy mother would say you are courageous and a good student."

"After all," went on Gabriel within himself, turning a deaf ear to the voice, "there's no harm in going out to the Grounds."

"None," retorted the voice, "none at all. But you'll not go to the Month of Mary."

"Oh, the Month of Mary is not of obligation, nor anywhere like it. And for one evening that I'm away, I can make up at home without losing the Indulgence."

In strict justice Gabriel was right, and the voice was silent —but with a sigh.

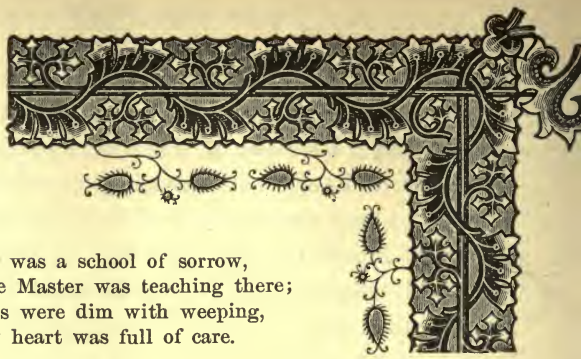
The two friends started off for the Plaza of San Francisco, to take a carriage for the *Tabladas*—the famous Grounds where the bulls that are to fight are shown a day previous, so that those

interested can examine them at their leisure. Gabriel wished to take a covered carriage; but Garcia preferred one of those open affairs called "Victorias." Their vehicle started on its way, with the clatter of its worn iron gearings, toward the Grounds of the bull-fight, along the street leading in front of the Cathedral. The great Moorish gate of the Court of Oranges happened to be open, and within could be clearly seen in its frame the Ecce Homo, called the Pardon, with a purple cloak and crown of thorns, a reed in the hand, and the head bowed low, humble and suffering.

Gabriel lifted his hand to his hat and was about saluting it. But just then Garcia gave a merry laugh, and pointed at a colossal statue of St. Peter, which adorns one of the corners of the gate. He began relating the well-known old-wives' fable of how this St. Peter had killed an old woman by letting the ponderous keys he holds in his hands drop upon her head. Gabriel's head tossed in the air, and he did not quite succeed in uncovering it for the salute. But his eyes met those of the picture, and it seemed to him that those bleeding lips said to him, as Padre Velasco had once said while he was at college:

"Little Pilate! Remember Pilate!"

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.



My life was a school of sorrow,
The Master was teaching there;
My eyes were dim with weeping,
My heart was full of care.

Instead of looking upward
And seeing His Face Divine,
All full of the tenderest pity
For weary hearts like mine,
I only thought of the burden—
The cross that before me lay,
So hard and heavy to carry
It darkened the light of day.
I could not learn my lesson
And say—*Thy will be done!*—
The Master came not near me,
The weary hours crept on.
At last, in my heavy sorrow,
I turned from the cross above,
And saw the Master watching
With a glance of tender love.
He turned to the cross before me;
I thought I heard Him say:
"My child, thou must bear the burden,
And learn thy task to-day!
I may not tell the reason;
'Tis enough for thee to know
That I, the Master, am teaching
And give this lesson of woe."
I stooped to that weary sorrow;
One look at His Face Divine
Had given me power to trust Him,
To say—*Thy will, not mine!*
And thus I learnt my lesson,
Taught by the Master alone:
He only knew the tears I shed,
And He had wept His own.

And ever there comes a brightness
Straight from the Throne above;
When the School of my life is ended,
The Cross will show His Love.

THE CHURCH AND HER SEERS.

THERE is one side of the Catholic Church which greatly impresses outsiders on first acquaintance with it. It is the use she makes of God's private revelations to this or that holy person or Saint.

Thus, the solemnity of Corpus Christi, with the whole practice of the exposition and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, owes its origin to a devout Belgian woman of the thirteenth century, St. Juliana of Mont-Cornillon. The devotion of the Scapular is based on promises made to the English Carmelite, St. Simon Stock, yet earlier in point of time. The Rosary, which is as universal as Catholic faith itself, was given by the Blessed Virgin to the great St. Dominic. And, in these later times, the entire devotion of the Sacred Heart, which has centred in itself the recent spiritual life of the Church, dates from the revelations of a simple nun in the convent of a French provincial town.

To those non-Catholics who only take a passing glance at the things of faith, this seems either like a substitution of new revelations for that contained in the Holy Scriptures, or else it is thought to approach dangerously near to the grotesque intercourse of our modern "Spiritualists" with their fraudulent spirit-world.

As for Catholics, it is so much a part of their practical religious life to suppose that the heavens are always stooping down to the earth, that they speculate little about the theory of the matter. It is interwoven with their devotion, and like other things near and dear to them is not chosen for public ostentation nor commonly brought forward for criticism in conversation with others. It is well for us, however, to look a little more closely into this phenomenon, which goes to make up a great part of our Catholic life and faith.

First of all, without any doubt the Christian revelation, in its public and authoritative form, closed with the Apostles. Henceforth, there is no direct inspiration by which the Holy Ghost designs to publish new truth to the world. The Christian

religion has been given once for all, and it is sufficient for the salvation of all men to the end of time. Even the lasting indwelling of the Holy Ghost in the Church is not to inspire her with new dogmas, but only to assist her to judge infallibly of what has once for all been revealed by Christ to His Apostles. This has ever been the Church's teaching, and no Catholic ever dreams of anything else.

Revelations, then, which are made to private individuals, even when world-wide devotions spring from them in the Church, have nothing to do with any new doctrine. If they changed or added in the least to the *Faith once delivered to the Saints*,[1] it would be considered a certain sign that they came either from the illusions of the human spirit or, worse still, from the deceit of the spirit who, according to our Lord, is *a Liar and the father* of lies.[2]

In reality, all revelations accredited in the Church, and the devotions built up on them, have nothing to do with new doctrine. They are simply new unfoldings or applications of what has always been the teaching of the Christian religion. The Rosary tells nothing new of the Blessed Virgin and her Divine Son; but it gives us a practice of devotion in honor of the mysteries of their lives, which we are assured is pleasing to God, as well as profitable to ourselves. So the Scapular claims no new power for Mary, the Blessed Sacrament is not different to Christian hearts since the days of Corpus Christi, nor is the Sacred Heart anything new in our Lord Jesus. Simply, special devotions, with at most new applications have come up, following directly on the truths always held by all Christians.

Secondly, Catholics in general pay no attention to these revelations until there is some sign of God's will warranting them in doing so. It is the Church's office to decide that they are according to the teachings of the Apostles, that they are not brought forth by the deceits of human pride or self-illusion, or, worse still, by the arch-deceiver of men, but that really they have sufficient signs to show that in them God's will has once again been manifested to His creatures.

[1] St. Jude, 3. [2] St. John, viii. 44.

Indeed, it should seem inconceivable that God manifested Himself to men during the whole time of the Old Law, now to one prophet and now to another, and that He walked familiarly with men, as one of themselves, in the Person of His Son Jesus Christ, and then suddenly, for the rest of time, refused to hold any further communication with them, so shutting Himself up from us that His presence might no longer be felt or His voice heard even by the holiest of men, and, whatever circumstances might arise, He would give the Church no sign of His will. This seems repugnant to the Providence God exercises over His creatures, and, in point of fact, it has never at any time, been acknowledged by the Christian Church.

In the earliest ages, beginning with the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of St. Paul, we read that the gift of prophecy was in the Church.[3] It was an extraordinary gift, and not an ordinary office. Therefore it was not at the Church's command, but it belonged to the Providence of God over all Christians to manifest His will in extraordinary circumstances, now to one person and now to another, according to His own infinite wisdom. He chose the time and the place; it was left to the Church to determine whether the revelation or the devotion of the prophecy is conformable to the Christian faith, and bears the true marks of God's will.

Many among the Fathers tell us of these private revelations, *private* because they are not put forth in the Church's name, but are rather a divine and miraculous exhortation to religious action than a command on the part of *public* authority. Thus the various devotions we have named became a part of the Church's life, bringing home to the minds of men now one and now another doctrine, which had always been held by all Christians, but which Almighty God judged to be of special need in special circumstances.

Thirdly, private revelations belong therefore to the gift of prophecy, taken in a wide sense. The manifestation of this gift has never been wanting in any age of the Church. There is

[3] Acts, xiii. 1; I. Corinthians, xii, xiv; I. Thessalonians, v. 20.

nothing about it either revolutionary or grotesque. It is simply an occasional overflow of the great and majestic stream of divine life, which is ever flowing through Christ's Church on earth. This is to be remembered whenever we approach the consideration of any of the great devotions of the Church. For no special devotion has regularly been approved by the Church unless it had received some extraordinary and direct authority from revelations proved by miracles. The Church is but the instrument of God's will in such matters, and the judge of the times and places when His will is declared. She does not regularly, in the mere official course of her administration, bring up new manifestations or applications even of old doctrine. This belongs to God's Providence, Who leads her on through all the ages and Whose Spirit breathes in her every pulse.

Last of all, in what exactly does this supernatural revelation consist? We have said that, in a wide sense, it belongs to the gift of prophecy spoken of by St. Paul, and continued in the Church whenever it is God's good pleasure to make use of it for His purposes. This gift, once again, no longer reveals new doctrinal truths, as it did through the prophets of the Old Testament and the inspired writers of the New. It has to do with God's practical Providence over His Church, and consequently it is given only with a view to the welfare of the Church or of some large portion of her children. This character is common to all the graces which are said to be "given freely" (*gratiæ gratis datæ*), that is, which do not come under God's promises binding Him to give whatever is necessary to sanctify souls (*gratia sanctificans*). Such a gift is that of *diverse kinds of tongues* as exemplified in the Apostles at Pentecost and in the lives of some of the Saints, such as the missionary Xavier; or again *the working of miracles*, also manifested in the Apostles and in other Saints.[4]

All these gifts are transient in their nature, and belong to the class of *actual* graces. That is, no Saint has the gift of prophecy or of miracles *habitually* at command, but only when and where God chooses. So, too, any soul that has been favored by God

[4] I. Corinthians, xii.

with supernatural vision cannot use it, except when He chooses and for His purposes.

Presupposing all this, the *act* of prophecy, or of *seeing supernaturally*, is nothing more nor less than a revelation made to some soul of things not otherwise knowable to men. In the strict sense of prophecy, the thing manifested should be future; but, in the wide sense in which St. Paul uses the term, the revelation may be of anything which is unknown or unknowable by natural means.

In other words, all manifestations of this gift are nothing more than communications of God to His creatures. Considering that He has founded His kingdom upon earth in the sweat and blood of His own Son, it is not wonderful that He should still provide for its general welfare by thus making known His will, in the course of the centuries, now to this and now to that Saint. It would be much more wonderful, not to say utterly incomprehensible, that He should entirely withdraw from such communication with *the children of men* with whom He assures us it is *His delight to be.*[5]

Along with the revelation made by God to the soul of the *seer* chosen by Him, His Providence sees to it that that use is made of the revelation which He designed. Thus, St. Catharine of Sienna warned the Popes of her day in regard to the most difficult political matters; and her voice was heard by them, or, if not, the misfortunes which followed showed that her warnings truly came from God.

What might seem remarkable regarding such revelations is that they have regularly been made to obscure persons, who could have no natural power for bringing about the end designed. But this is only in keeping with all the methods of God's Providence. He used unlettered fishermen and not wise philosophers, to teach His doctrine to the world. So a real and valid argument for the divinity of the Church might be drawn from a careful study of the instances of the gift of prophecy during the course of her history. Not the least interesting of these studies would be con-

[5] Proverbs, viii. 31.

nected with the great revelations of the Sacred Heart, so near to our own times and hearts. These revelations are perfect examples of this special working of the Holy Ghost in the Church of Christ, by gifts freely given of God in accordance with His extraordinary Providence over Christians.

THE PROMISES OF THE SACRED HEART.

THE SIXTH PROMISE: *Sinners shall find in My Heart the Source and the Infinite Ocean of mercy.*

AMONG the twelve Promises, this is the first referring in a particular manner to spiritual graces. It begins from the foundation; for there is no going further back than to the sinner who not only is without grace, but has no right, except from God's great mercy, to hope for it. This Promise is a special assurance that such mercy can easily be obtained through devotion to the Sacred Heart.

The sinner's need of mercy is twofold. First, he must be turned away from his sin, because God and sin can never dwell together in the same heart. And secondly, he must be turned toward God, by some element of the supernatural life working within him. For both it is necessary that grace should give him light in his understanding, and strength also in his will, to follow whithersoever the light may lead him. After this, all that is needed to raise him from his unhappy state, is that his own free will shall accept the mercy freely offered him.

The beginning of light is always in faith. For faith alone teaches us the true nature of sin against God, and makes us to know the true reason why we should serve and love God in all things. The beginning of mercy therefore must be the stirring up of faith in the mind of the sinner.

After faith, hope must follow; for the despairing mind has no motive sufficient to persuade the will to act. This is seen in many evil men who, however great remorse they may suffer for

their misdeeds, never truly repent of them. Hope again is necessary, that the will of the sinner may have before it some motive urging on yet further along the new way. Hope, too, already gives some faint warmth of life.

But the vital strength, wherewith the soul's true life must begin, is charity. This presence of charity in the soul, or "the state of grace," that is, the state wherein the soul's sin has been forgiven and the soul has become pleasing unto God, is the final outcome of God's mercy to the sinner. Such charity is the end intended by every spiritual grace that can come to us from any devotion whatever. The great excellence of the devotion to the Sacred Heart is found in this—that very easily and sweetly it leads the soul to desire spiritual grace, and then very effectively it obtains the crowning grace of charity for the soul.

It is a truth of our faith that, in the present order of things, there is no grace given to men except through the merits of Jesus Christ. All the Providence of God over souls is intended to lead sinners to become the friends of Christ. If there is any salvation for men, it is because Christ the Saviour has died for them. If simple men are called to live the life of God through eternity—a life so far above all which their nature could demand of itself—it is because God, in the Person of His Only-Begotten Son, first became Man, bringing Himself down to the level of our nature in order that He might lift us up to His own life and glory. This is why St. John calls Him *the Beginning and the End*, and prophesies that, when Christ *cometh with the clouds, every eye shall see Him, and they also that pierced Him.*[1] Now it is sinners that have *pierced* the Heart of Jesus Christ. For them therefore His heart is the fountain-head and "Source of mercy," and it is also that fulness without bounds which is called in the Promise "the Infinite Ocean of mercy."

Perhaps no other result from this devotion has been so realized in practice as the gradual leading of lukewarm or utterly cold souls to take up again the thoughts of faith and begin once more the observance of God's commandments. Of the many

[1] Apocalypse, i. 7.

"Thanksgivings" constantly made for "Graces obtained," in the *Messengers of the Sacred Heart*, an immense proportion is found to be for the grace of conversion or reform of life. This is a practical proof that the devotion to the Sacred Heart does in fact lay open the Source of mercy to sinners who may have turned aside from their duties during a great portion of their lives.

This, however, is not only for the beginning, it is for the whole after-course of the sinner. When old temptations come back to him, when otherwise he would fall, when perhaps he actually falls deeper than before, there is still in this devotion an impulse moving him to strive again after the fulfilment of the Christian life.

It has always been said that, if a man would only pray, he would surely come sooner or later to the knowledge of the truth; or if he already had this knowledge through his Christian faith, he would come to save his soul by practising what he knew. To lead men to pray is a chief object of devotion to the Sacred Heart, and its efforts have been concentrated, as it were, in the Holy League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, which induces even those who will not profess piety, at least to unite their prayers with those of others. All this is in fulfilment of the words of prophecy: *I will pour out upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the spirit of grace and of prayers; and they shall look upon Me Whom they have pierced. . . . In that day there shall be a fountain open to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for the washing of the sinner.*

This, of course, is a supernatural fruit of the devotion. It would be quite as real if we could not understand why it is so. But even to our natural minds, it seems only fitting that the Sacred Heart of Jesus should be the Source of mercy.

In its effects, mercy means that a man shall be worked upon and changed, if he only will, by the influence of God's grace. It means that man shall begin to give his attention to the claims of God, that he shall see them in their true light and shall have the good will to yield to them.

But who is to persuade God to give the sinner this grace?

Not the sinner's unhappy state of itself, since the sinner alone is responsible for it. He is where he has placed himself; if he dies in his state of sin there is no complaint which he can lawfully make. It is simply like the words of the Wise Man: *If the tree fall to the south or to the north, in what place soever it shall fall there shall it be.*[2]

Yet there is something that moves God to give His mercy, even to those who have not deserved it. That He might show forth His mercy upon men He has Himself come down from heaven and taken a human Heart to be His own—the Sacred Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In itself, mercy is simply that wretchedness and misery of heart which arises from compassion for another's misery. Now in the Sacred Heart of Jesus this compassion has gone so far that life itself has been sacrificed, in order that sinners may not die the eternal death. *He was offered because it was His own will—led as a sheep to the slaughter.*[3]

We see the mercy of the Sacred Heart, in very deed, in our Lord's Agony in the Garden. There He had no brutal soldiers to scourge Him, the nails had not yet pierced His hands and feet, nor had He been lifted up between heaven and earth upon the cross. But there, kneeling in prayer before His Father, the remembrance of the sins of the world weighed Him down, till *His soul was sorrowful even unto death*, and out of the great compassion of His mercy for the sins of men, He shed His blood; for, *being in an agony, His sweat became as drops of blood trickling down upon the ground.*[4] We need not wonder then at the lofty names bestowed by the Saints on the quality of His mercy. Not only is the Sacred Heart the Source and fountain-head of God's compassion toward us, but It is the Infinite Ocean—the fulness without bound or limit—of God's mercy. It is sufficient to embrace all the sinners of the whole world, provided they make appeal to It.

---

[2] Ecclesiastes, xi. 3. [3] Isaias, liii. 7.

[4] St. Mark, xiv. 34; St. Luke, xxii. 43, 44.

The Reader.

The leading event of the past few weeks has been the official opening of the vast Exposition, or World's Fair, at Paris, designed to celebrate the inauguration of the great French Revolution by the famous Declaration of the Rights of Man, in 1789. The commerce and worldly interests of all nations will doubtless be well represented; yet it was noteworthy that the only representative of any first-class power officially taking part with the President of the French Republic, was the Minister of the United States. This has commonly been explained by the supposed aversion of the monarchies of Europe to associating themselves with what would be considered a republican demonstration. This, however, can scarcely be the case. Republicanism in France did not arise at the time of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, but considerably later. The political agitation, under pretence of obtaining these rights, at first scarcely demanded more than a written constitution; but before the Republic came, it had developed into the horrible butcheries of the guillotine.

It is possible that this abstention of the great powers of Europe is due to a very general feeling that the French Revolution, in its humanizing pretensions, was a disastrous failure, and that the Reign of Terror has a suspicious connection with the comparatively mild Declaration of Rights. But we like to think that this refusal to take part in public approbation of the principles of '89 was rather due to honest objections to the principles themselves. And if the United States in their dealings with foreign governments were not guided exclusively by commercial interests and a certain unseeing superstition connected with the name of republic, it is hard to believe that even the American Minister would have lent his presence to such a celebration.

In fact, these principles, which are miscalled the Rights of Man, mean nothing else than the destruction of all that American citizens have fought and labored for, during the whole first century of their self-government. These principles amount to a declaration that the majority of men in any community are absolutely irresponsible to God, or to any law of God. According to these principles, there is no right except such as the State may

give, and the State is nothing else than the majority of votes. In this way, where the majority in a community should, through some misfortune, be perverted in conscience, wrong would become right, and right, wrong; and there would be no security for any freedom. Even the freedom for material progress is wrongly attributed to the principles of the French Revolution, whereas it is rather due to the necessary developments of a century of inventions.

Unless the Americans are prepared to endorse the principles of Anarchy, it is hard to see with what consistency they can join in a celebration of the principles of '89. These principles have had fair time and play in the world. Their first result was the Reign of Terror, with its butcheries and profanations, such as the world had never before seen. Whenever these principles have been revived from time to time in this century, the same scenes of horror have been repeated, as within the last score of years by the Commune. We do not believe that Americans, whose government was founded on professed respect for law and order and equal rights, can have any real sympathy with the so-called Rights of Man. As for their commercial sympathy with the Exposition, it goes for what it is worth—in the trade of this world. *There is also another grievous evil which I have seen under the sun: riches kept to the hurt of the owner.*

As he came forth naked from his mother's womb, so shall he return, and shall take nothing away with him of his labor.

A most deplorable evil: as he came, so shall he return. What then doth it profit him that he hath labored for the wind?

To these sorrowful words of the Wise Man, one of the old Prophets, with an almost Western vigor, adds his own warning: *They shall sow wind, and reap a whirlwind: there is no standing stalk in it, the bud shall yield no meal: and if it should yield, strangers shall eat it.*[1]

***

A recent work, based on that complete study which has become possible from the throwing open of private documents to historical students, takes the reader, in the words of its title, *Round about a Revolution.*[2] The author is not without sympathy for the Revolution in theory, and he seems to have little kindli-

[1] Ecclesiastes, v. 125; Osee, viii. 7.

[2] By the Comte d'Hérisson, Paris, 1888.

ness of spirit toward the old order of things. What he says of the Revolution in practice, is all the more noteworthy, and adds authority to the very valuable documents which he quotes. He begins by remarking that the impression excited by these documents is not favorable to some of the leaders of the Revolution. He goes on to say: "Who can take seriously the lying Declaration of the Rights of Man? Under its pompous formulas, it has no other end than to secure the uncontrolled despotism of money and State functionaries." He cites, in support of this, the significant words of Article 17—the last of the famous Declaration. This quietly does away with all nobility and hereditary distinction, with titles and privileges and whatever supposes any distinction of birth or rank, "*and with all other superiority whatever, except that of civil officials in the exercise of their office.*" A later Constitution of the French Republic, in the year VIII. (Article 75), practically made "the agents of the government" irresponsible. The author well remarks: "So long as this privilege existed, what else was the pompous Declaration than a shameless throwing of dust in the people's eyes?" In fact, all his researches lead to the conclusion that the authors of the Revolution thought simply of selling themselves as dearly as possible, whether to monarchy or republic, as chance might offer. Yet it is these men who are to be celebrated this year as apostles of Liberty!

An attempt has been made to distinguish favorably the first period of the Revolution, in 1789, from the later Reign of Terror. But at the time in question, a writer (Mallet du Pan), whose disinterestedness is beyond dispute and who was opposed, not to the Church alone, but to the entire old order of things, describes himself as being obliged, "at the peril of his liberty and his fortune, to resist the despotism of the philosophers" who were then in full control of the infant Revolution. His letter is dated on the 17th of September, 1789. Some of his remarks are not without a certain strong common sense, the force of which has been acknowledged by those whose sympathies were most with the Revolution. He says: "Democratic principles, substituted without preparation in place of an absolute government, will soon bring on hatred of all order, of all authority, and of all moderation." He describes tersely the people as resembling those savages who, "to keep themselves from the cold, thrust their hands into the flames. . . . When we have no other guides than

systems, we are sooner or later forced to go back on our steps, after having been the cause of great misfortunes."

All men have seen these misfortunes—far greater than even the clearest-sighted philosopher of that unhappy time could have foreseen. Yet the world celebrates them—the *blind leading the blind.* Of such as these our Lord has said—*both fall into the pit.*[3]

***

At home, the staid city of Boston has been renewing, for us Catholics, certain surprising scenes in connection with the education of our children. An influential and assertive body of men have boldly demanded that the State should absolutely withdraw the right of educating children from parents, meaning of course by the State a majority of voters in sympathy with themselves. They do not seem to consider the case when a majority of voters shall be of sympathies hostile to their own. But apart from this, Catholics cannot but remember with some bitterness that, in the days of Philip II. and the maligned Inquisition, a Pope forbade the forcible bringing up, after Spanish and Christian customs, of the Moors left in Spain. Yet these were a distinctly dangerous element in the Spanish State, which thus had some show of reason for interfering in the education of their children. But here loud professors of religious freedom deliberately ask that a Catholic parent shall be deprived of educating his child in those eternal things which he believes necessary to the child's salvation. Or, at most, his right to give this education is to be relegated to the Sunday, when the weekdays of work have unfitted for it both the parent and the child.

For Catholics, it is true, there is one consideration which outsiders cannot be expected to sympathize with, and it is this: The Christian life does not mean merely the attendance at church and reception of the Sacraments at regular intervals. The Christian life is a living in accordance with Christian morality; it is something which is always going on. The Christian is obliged to become perfect in his own state, that is, to merit grace, to increase in the love of God and all virtues, to become self-denying, charitable, and zealous toward his neighbor. No parent has a right to deny his child this cultivation of a Christian life; and when the child's education, that is, the greater part of his life, is placed

[3] St. Matthew, xv. 14.

where this Christian life is forgotten and practically unknown, the parent shuts out from his child the first of Christian privileges.

***

In the last days of January of this year the world was shocked by the news of the suicide of the Crown Prince of Austria. The news was accompanied, and for the usual nine days followed up, by scandalous rumors and assertions. These were eagerly taken advantage of, even here, to blame the action of the Head of the Church in regard to the funeral rites of the unhappy Prince. Prudent Catholics, profiting by a long experience of newspaper judgments, shook their heads in silence; they could afford to wait. We are now able—thanks to the thoroughly trustworthy and competent correspondent of the Roman review *Civiltà Cattolica*—to present our readers with a truthful summary of the facts. They are certainly not without an instruction that is far-reaching. One dead prince, more or less, may be of little importance to the citizens of a republic; but it is important that we should know the general source and character of the shameful attacks on the Church which our own newspapers never hesitate to copy from the worst foreign journals.

On the 30th of January, then, the unfortunate Prince, who had long been a notoriously evil liver, blew out his brains. Of his immediate family, his mother was the first to be informed; and she, with heroic courage, took it on herself to break the news to her husband the Emperor. It is now known that she will never recover from the shock sustained by her maternal heart. Meanwhile the autopsy made by three medical professors assigned as the cause of death—suicide while in a state of mental aberration. In the case of a private individual this would have authorized the burial of the body with simple religious rites. But scandal was already abroad, ventilated by evidently interested parties. The Emperor, who has long been the support of the Catholics in the precarious political condition of his country, took the steps necessary under the circumstances. He also gave an example of submission to the guidance of the Church that ought not to be lost upon us, his brethren in the faith. In the long telegraphic dispatches *where alone, until this day*, the whole story of the awful tragedy has been narrated, he sought counsel from the Pope. In the crushing sorrow and perplexity of the head of a

vast empire, where national interests even were at stake, only the Head of Christ's universal Church could give light and comfort. In these sad telegrams, *the Emperor expressly declared his wish that all the prescriptions of the Church regarding the burial of those who die by suicide should be rigorously observed.* And, whatever may have been said to the contrary, *it was so done.*

The Emperor himself sought consolation in the reception of the Sacraments on the day of his son's burial.

For three weeks the most contradictory and shocking tales were rehearsed in the English and French (and consequently in the American) newspapers, going to show that the Church had *done far too much* and compounded lightly with imperial crime; while, at home, the Austrian journals were filled with the most outrageous denunciations of the Church for her disloyalty to the Empire *in not doing more!* It has long been an open fact that the chief foreign news agencies, like the Austrian press itself, are in the hands of Jewish Freemasons. We leave it to the Protestant *Journal of the Cross*, published in Berlin, to point out the connection.

"An example of downright immorality has been given us by the manner of action of the Hebrew journalists of Vienna in their relations with the foreign press. The very champions, who at home outdid themselves in the preaching of patriotism, loyalty, and devotedness to the persons of the Imperial House, spread abroad in their foreign correspondence, especially through the English and French journals, but far too much also even in Germany, the most shameless inventions . . . dragging persons named in full through the mire, being secure of doing so with impunity."

The foregoing represents *substantially all* that Catholics or others, for the present, can possibly know concerning this great scandal and tragedy. But, at the end of three weeks, the publication of a significant letter gave much food for thought to minds that care to inquire how private crimes and public revolutions are fostered. Its writer was the son of the deceased Professor Brehm—*a noted Darwinist and Freemason*—who had been for many years the assistant of the Prince in those scientific pursuits which he followed so passionately. It disclosed the tragedy, long previous, of a soul's death. The unhappy Prince had given up Christian faith as well as morals, and even, to his worthy father's

great displeasure, had himself become a Freemason in Belgium. Later on, he was the boon companion of other notorious princes whose lives have been a continual excuse for the spirit of revolution and anarchy.

The lesson is severe—it applies equally to the Sovereign People with the monarchs of Europe. *And now, O ye kings, understand: receive instruction, you that judge the earth.*[4]

INTERESTS OF THE SACRED HEART.

(This quarterly chronicle of current events closes May 15th.)

ROME.—Cardinal Sacconi, lately deceased, was in the Sacred College under the three last Popes, and had thus taken part in some of the greatest temporal tribulations and spiritual triumphs of the Church.—Representative Congresses or meetings of lay Catholics in Austria, England, France, Germany, Portugal, and Spain have recently demanded that the question of the Temporal Power of the Pope shall be taken up by the different nations.—The Lenten sermons of the Franciscan friar, Fra Agostino, excited great interest in Rome, and caused some disagreeable outbreaks on the part of the anti-Christian element. An Italian bishop—author of a pamphlet well-meant but condemned by the Pope—with Christian virtue declared publicly his own condemnation and retractation.

MISSIONS.—The famine and epidemic following on the destructive overflow of the Yellow River in China causes the extremest distress, to allay which the missionaries have made urgent appeals for alms.—The movement of conversions to the Faith in Bengal, India, has taken surprising proportions; there is also a consoling increase in other parts of the country. Bishop Canoz, S. J., of Madura, died Dec. 2, after forty-nine years of missionary life. In Tuticorin on the Fishery coast (presidency of Madras), the Paravas, whose conversion dates from St. Francis Xavier, furnish 45,000 Communions a year, with from 4-to 800 each "Great Friday" (First Friday of each month).—In the Malay Islands, the natives, very difficult to convert, are disappearing before the Chinese and Hindoo coolies. It seems more and more evident that the future of the extreme East is to be in the hands of the Chinese race. A careful estimate reckons the number of Chinese emigrants at nearly 4,000,000, not counting those in the Philippine Islands, Australia, and America.

AMERICA.—The Centenary of Georgetown University, D. C., was celebrated on the three days beginning Feb. 20. This is the oldest Catholic American college, and was founded by Abp. Carroll, who was a Jesuit. It is still in charge of the Society of Jesus, and this celebration should tend to dissipate such ignorance as that of the P. E. Bishop Coxe and Senator Blair, who not long ago attempted to distinguish the Catholicism of Abp. Carroll from that of the Jesuits!—Feb. 21, the first organized Catholic American pilgrimage to the Holy Land set sail from New York, with the solemn blessing of the Archbishop, and under the personal guidance of the Franciscan Commissary.

Books Received.—For June devotions: *The Sacred Heart of Jesus*, by Father R. F. Clarke, S. J.,—short meditations (35 pages, maroquette, 20 cents); *Month of the Sacred Heart*, by Father Huguet, Marist (450 pages). Benziger Brothers, New York.

[4] Psalm ii. 10.

General Intention

FOR JUNE, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

THE SPREAD OF THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

IN spite of all the material progress of the world, there is a great danger which, more and more as time goes on, overshadows it. The progress of the world is largely due to the ever-increasing communication among its inhabitants. The danger that overshadows it, is due to the decreasing communication between the inhabitants of earth and God in heaven.

I.

The world has learned that all men depend in greater or less degree upon each other. Its commerce, its labor, its literature, all that it prizes, aim at universal results. We have passed beyond the age of narrow nationality, and everything now tends to international union. But what the world sees so clearly in its own little sphere, it well-nigh loses sight of in the great universe of spirits. The dependence of nation upon nation, or of man upon man, is as nothing compared to the dependence of all creation on God the Creator.

Long ago, when nations were scarcely more than wandering tribes of the desert, Job knew that *God liveth*, that it was *the Almighty Who brought his soul to bitterness*, and that *the breath remaining in him* was *the Spirit of God in his nostrils.* St. Paul could say to the Athenians, in all their pride of human learning, that *in God we live, and move, and are.*[1]

But now the world seems to shut out God from its active life; and, what is worse, year by year all easiness of communication with God fades away from very many of the world's people. Even after Catholic faith had been cast away, the "Reformed"

[1] Job, xxvii; Acts, xvii. 28.

nations, as they were called, retained reverence for prayer and taught a certain practice of it. But in this century, chiefly under plea of education, children grow up in an atmosphere where all is known concerning the communication of men with each other for worldly ends, and nothing is known of how man shall enter into communication with the God Who made him. But if man does not lift up his soul to God, how shall God send down His showers of grace upon him?

Besides this, where the spirit of prayer is little known, or has grown cold, the faith of Catholics themselves too often becomes a name—a relic of race or a mere pride of nationality. For the first act of faith is to know God, and to know God is to make His acquaintance as One able to answer when we pray. *For he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and is a rewarder to them that seek Him.*[2]

II.

The designs of Providence are often hid from us, but often too we can have some glimpse of their inner meaning, from the effects produced among men. In establishing the devotion of the Sacred Heart in His Church, our Lord expressly stated that it was designed to overcome the coldness of modern hearts, and bring them to know and to return the love of God for man. And we can see, by the effects it has wrought in the whole world, that one great, if not the chief, utility of this devotion is that it spreads the spirit of prayer, by placing within the reach of all men an easy means of communication with God.

In this year, when a false Revolution celebrates a merely material progress that is not even due to itself, the true revolution of men's hearts to God should be celebrated by us, in a more perfect manner. The World's Exposition in Paris will be of the commerce and pride of nations; this two-hundredth year of the Sacred Heart is given to the consecration of Christian families. In this way a devotion, despised of the world, may prepare everywhere the way for the spirit that is to convert the world. This

[2] Hebrews, xi. 6.

is the spirit of prayer, and by the spread of the spirit of prayer Catholic faith will be renewed where it already exists, and will start up where it is now absent and unknown.

Perhaps—who can say?—we are witnessing another fulfilment of the ancient prophecy, concerning the special outpouring of God's grace over His Church in the different centuries. Certainly its words apply happily to the devotion of these latter days to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. *I will pour out upon the house of David and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the spirit of grace and of prayers: and they shall look upon Me Whom they have pierced. . . .*

And the land shall mourn, families and families apart. . .

In that day there shall be a fountain open to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for the washing of the sinner. . . .

And it shall come to pass in that day, saith the Lord of Hosts, that I shall destroy the names of idols out of the earth, and they shall be remembered no more: and I will take away the false prophets and the unclean spirit out of the world.[3]

III.

We know that this fruit—the spread of the spirit of prayer—is chiefly aimed at by the universal League of the Sacred Heart, which indeed bears the name of the Apostleship of Prayer. It is so wide in its reach that it takes in the last soul which still possesses faith in God and is willing to pray to Him. For it says that, when a man has begun to pray, when *the spirit of grace and of prayers has been poured out upon him*, he is already *not far from the kingdom of God.*[4] But to insure this truth it sets before the souls of all, perfect or imperfect and even criminal, *Him Whom they have pierced.*

Thus, prayer, and association in prayer, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, is the whole work of the Holy League.

At this day it is impossible to doubt that the devotion to the Sacred Heart is looked upon by the Church as the chief means

[3] Zacharias, xii. xiii. [4] St. Mark, xii. 34.

of interior reform and of the spread of faith among the nations. All men are called to *look upon Him Whom they have pierced.* They are to seek contrition and to learn to communicate with their God by prayer; for this is *the fountain which has been opened for the washing of the sinner.*

There is no doubt that the most sinful man, who retains faith in his heart, is moved when he finds himself once again in God's presence. For the great mass of mankind, the spread of the spirit of prayer means simply the spread of grace among souls, the doing away of sin, and the renewal of the life of faith. And if this should take place in every Christian family, who can doubt the effect upon the entire world?

Where large numbers of men misunderstand and vilify and hate the Church of God, it is largely because of the bad Catholics who defame their Mother. If these were true to what their faith has taught them, if they went forth into the world breathing the spirit of prayer, having made acquaintance with God and not being practically ignorant of Him, then indeed the *names of the* revolutionary *idols would be destroyed out of the earth, and remembered no more. False prophets*, false science, and the teaching of false liberty would be taken away; and then, with minds enlightened by faith, *the unclean spirit* that so holds the wills of men enthralled would *be taken away out of the world.*

It is true that very many will cling to their idols until the end. *There shall be in all the earth, saith the Lord, two parts in it shall be scattered and shall perish; but the third part shall be left therein. And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined: and I will try them as gold is tried. They shall call on My name, and I will hear them. I will say: Thou art My people; and they shall say, the Lord is my God.*

This is the end at which all efforts to spread the spirit of prayer must aim—that God may speak to His people and His people say to Him with confidence: *The Lord is my God.* This will be the coming of the Kingdom of the Sacred Heart.

OFFERING FOR THE INTENTIONS OF THE MONTH.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular, that the spirit of prayer may be spread over the whole earth, reforming Catholics and converting those outside the Fold, through the love and grace of Thy Sacred Heart. *Amen.*

THE CONSECRATION OF FAMILIES.

THE immediate occasion of choosing this year for *a general consecration of Christian families to the Sacred Heart* was the choice of the evil Revolution in celebrating its own centenary. For we too have our centenary of the present year.

It is one hundred years since the fire of the French Revolution, forcing all men to narrow their lives within the limits of the present world, broke out among the nations and began to indoctrinate them with its so-called Rights of Man. And it is two hundred years since our Lord, foreseeing the temper of these latter days, *cast fire upon the earth*, through the devotion to the Sacred Heart, and *willed that it be kindled* in millions of human breasts, renewing the desire and love of a life beyond this world.

Providentially too, it was on the 17th of June, 1689, toward the close of His wondrous revelations to Blessed Margaret Mary, that He asked for the consecration of Christian society to His Divine Heart. Very noteworthy are the words of the Blessed seer in this connection. She speaks first of the designs of our Lord over her own religious family, that is, over the Order of the Visitation, of which she was a humble and faithful child. She says: "This loving Heart shall reign in spite of Satan and his followers. . . .

"Our adorable Saviour has given me to see the devotion of His Divine Heart as a beautiful tree, which from all eternity He has destined to grow and take root in the midst of our Order, and thence to stretch forth its branches over our houses, so that all may gather its fruits after their liking, though in different degrees of abundance according to the labor of each; and in the same way the advantage will be measured by the good disposition of those who take it for themselves. But its fruits are fruits of life and eternal salvation, which should renew in us the primitive spirit of our holy calling."

These fruits were not to be gathered by the inmates of the cloister alone. At that time no human foresight could discover that the devotion of the Sacred Heart should spread throughout the entire Church, and gather up into itself the piety of every rank of Christian people. It does not seem wonderful, now that prophecy has become a fact, that it should be so. For the devotion of the Sacred Heart is nothing else than a renewed and striking manifestation of Jesus Christ. It is a plain and practical way by which even the humblest soul can make the acquaintance and win the love of the Incarnate Word of God.

The Blessed seer, thrilled with a presentiment of this from the Spirit of God that guided her, goes on to declare: "By this means our Lord designs to give life to many, by withdrawing them from the road of perdition, by overthrowing the power of Satan in souls, by setting up therein the kingdom of His love. *This love will suffer none of those who are consecrated to Him—with the purpose of giving Him all worship and love with a sincere and loyal will, and of procuring the same for Him with all their power—ever to be lost.*"

This is enough to draw close attention to the deep meaning and the great benefits of the act of consecration. Such an act, it is clear, is not merely to be made with the lips, or to be a profession by word of mouth, but it is to be a real and true act of the heart and will. Consecration is a making sacred to the service and worship of God; and an act of consecration should be the offering of the heart and will in obedience and love to God the Saviour.

This has been expressed in the very beautiful form of the *Act of Consecration*, scattered abroad for this year's anniversary. It is adapted to families, for it is families that are to be consecrated. First of all, it acknowledges with thanksgiving those blessings which make the family what it is. Then, remembering our Lord's express desire of consecration, and the model Family of Nazareth—Jesus and Mary and Joseph—it prays that "our home, like that of Nazareth, may be the lasting abiding-place of honor, faith, charity, labor, and prayer, and of household order and peace." This it shall be if the Sacred Heart is "the Sovereign Rule of all our actions, and the watchful Protector of all our interests."

The consecration is to include "the trials and the joys, and all the happenings of our family life;" and it demands in return "the watchfulness of the Divine Heart" over "all its members, absent and present, living and dead. . . . And, if one among them should ever have the unhappiness to grieve Thy holy love, we now make atonement for the sin."

But each Christian family is not by itself—alone—in the Church of God. Neither the selfishness of the individual nor that of the family can find a place in the Church, which is the mighty Mother of all men. In the days of the Blessed Margaret Mary, France still called itself Christian, and the social life of the nation was centred in him who bore the proud title, lawfully earned centuries before, of "the Most Christian King." To this king, as to the chief representative of his people, a message was sent by the holy seer.

"The Sacred Heart desires, so it seems to me, to make Its entrance with pomp and magnificence into the household of princes and kings, to be honored there even as it has been outraged and despised and humiliated in the Passion, and to receive Its pleasure in seeing the great ones of the earth bending low before Him Who once had the bitterness of seeing Himself brought to nothingness at their feet. These are the words I heard on this subject: 'Make the eldest son of My Sacred Heart'—speaking of our king—'understand that, as his birth in

time was obtained through devotion to the merits of My Holy Childhood, so he will gain the birth of grace and eternal glory by the consecration he shall make of himself to My adorable Heart, Which would fain triumph over his, and through him over the great ones of the earth.'"

The King of France—he who was called Louis the Great—was then at the height of his glory, and perhaps never heard of the message sent him by this nun in one of his obscure provincial towns. The invitation was unheeded. The kings and great ones of the earth went on their way, and one hundred years later, day for day, the Revolution broke out at their doors, sweeping them from the face of the earth.

With all these coincidences and grave events before our minds, it is natural that this year should have been taken for the consecration of Christian society to the Sacred Heart.

The great societies of men—the nations of the world—think little of such a consecration; there is no longer any official authority in them sufficient for it. When religious unity has long since deserted a people, how can it be represented in the government of a people? But the foundation-societies of men remain always the same. They are the families of the earth. It is the Catholic Church that has everywhere perfected the life of the family, combating for the education of children in Christian family-schools against the State school-factories, and for the indissoluble union of the Christian family against the State divorce.

Therefore the present year has been taken advantage of, for inviting all Christian families, one by one, to consecrate themselves to the Sacred Heart of our Lord. And in this connection, as we have said, each Christian family remembers that it is but one out of the world-wide union of the Church. Therefore we pray for "all the families of the world," and for the needs of all families—for "the cradle of the new-born, the school of children, the vocation of youth;" for the weak, for age, for the widow and the orphan, and last of all, since families have their end with the individuals that make them up, we pray our Lord—

"Do Thou Thyself watch in every home at the pillow of the sick and the dying."

But the consecration aims not alone at this world, whether in the health of life or in the hour of death. It has a final demand: "Unite us to Thy Divine Heart and the Immaculate Heart of Thy gracious Mother. And when, one after the other, we shall have fallen asleep in Thy blessed bosom, O Jesus, may each of us in Paradise find again all his family unbroken in Thy Sacred Heart."

The movement for the Consecration of Families is already well under way in our American Centres. To the various doubts that have been started, answers have been given month by month in the *Pilgrim*. There is, in fact, nothing to be said apart from the two following observations:

First, there is no question of rules, as for gaining an Indulgence, nor of any new form of devotion; but simply of having as many Christian families as possible consecrate themselves to the Sacred Heart of our Lord in this year of revolutionary celebration. Such a consecration is always in order. It is always proper that any member of any family should thus consecrate those who are dear to him to the loving Heart of Jesus.

Second, to encourage and spread this consecration, lists have been prepared, on which the names of the families thus consecrated may be inscribed—not the names of all the members of all the families, which would be useless, if not impossible, but the name of any one member. If all unite together, this will naturally be the head of the family; but there is no rule preventing any name going down, provided it represents a family.

In short, the consecration is an *act of devotion*, which all are invited to make. It is desirable to keep the memory of it in the family itself by the *Memorial Engraving*, and at the sanctuary of the Sacred Heart by the *Golden Books* of names.

As we have already more than once announced, due notice will be given of the closing up of the lists.

Whatever solemnity may be given to the consecration, according to the discretion of each priest, will help to make this act of devotion of more lasting profit. The following letter from Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, is a model in its way: "With the approbation of our Right Rev. Bishop, and in accordance with the instructions given in the *Little Messenger* for March, six families were consecrated to the Sacred Heart on the First Friday. Immediately after Mass, during which all received Holy Communion, the representatives of the families approached the altar, and each with a lighted candle knelt at the railing. The Act of Consecration was read aloud by one of the number, and all the others solemnly repeated the words in a loud tone. There are to be other consecrations later."

Quite as admirable in its way is the account of a mother in a country town of Pennsylvania that possesses few of the exterior advantages of religion. Since the beginning of Lent her husband and herself and the children have been making the Act of Consecration together every night, adding it to their daily recitation of the Rosary!

NOTES.—1°. This consecration may be made by families at any time, either in common in the church, or in their private houses;

2°. Families that desire can have their name inscribed on special *Lists;*

3°. The Lists having the names of families thus consecrated are to be returned to the Head Director of the League, to be handsomely bound up into the *Golden Books of the Sacred Heart;*

4°. These *Golden Books* will be deposited in the sanctuary of Paray-le-Monial, where the great revelations of the Sacred Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary took place;

5°. A picture of the Sacred Heart, religiously kept in every household, will make lasting the memory of the family consecration;

6°. *Mothers*, most of all, cannot too often repeat over, in the name of their family, a consecration that is so powerful a safeguard of the best interests of their beloved children.

Issued, with the approbation of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Toulouse, by the Rev. Director General of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer.

[In memory of this consecration, each family can procure at the office of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, at a very low price, a fine *engraving*, after the design on steel by Imlé, large size and thick paper, suitable for framing, $5.00 per 100; single copies, or small numbers, 10 cents each. The leaflets containing the *Act of Consecration* are 20 cents per 100.]

Apostleship Notices.

New Approbations.—The Right Reverend Bishops of Wichita and of the Vicariate Apostolic of North Carolina have given their gracious approbation for the propagation of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in their dioceses.

Recent Aggregations.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (from April 12 to May 12, 1889).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before that of parish or community aggregated.)

Albany, New York: Convent of Mercy, West Troy.

Alton, Illinois: St. Patrick's Church, Alton.

Baltimore, Maryland: Church of St. Mary Star of the Sea, and St. Patrick's Church, Baltimore.

Brooklyn, New York: Convent of the Good Shepherd, Brooklyn.

Buffalo, New York: Convent of Mercy, Hornellsville.

Galveston, Texas: Catholic Church, Weatherford.

Hartford, Connecticut: St. Mary's Church, Lakeville.

La Crosse, Wisconsin: Church Assumption B. V. M., East Farmington.

Louisville, Kentucky: Our Lady's Church, Louisville.

Marquette, Michigan: St. Ignatius' Church, Saint Ignace.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: House of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Milwaukee.

Mobile, Alabama: St. John Baptist's Church, Fish River.

Monterey and Los Angeles, California: St. Monica's Church, Santa Monica.

Nashville, Tennessee: St. Bridget's Church, Memphis.

North Carolina, North Carolina: St. Paul's Church, New Berne.

Omaha, Nebraska: Holy Family Church, Omaha; St. Stanislaus' Church, Duncan; St. Michael's Church, Burrows.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: St. John Baptist's Church, Pittsburgh; St. John's Church, Altoona.

Providence, Rhode Island: St. Vincent's Orphanage (Sisters of Mercy), Fall River.

St. Augustine, Florida: Convent of Mary Immaculate (Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary), Key West.

St. Louis, Missouri: St. Vincent's School (Sisters of St. Joseph), St. Louis.

Syracuse, New York: St. John Baptist's Church, Syracuse.

Trenton, New Jersey: St. Mary's Orphan Asylum (Sisters of Charity), New Brunswick.

Wheeling, West Virginia: The Cathedral, Wheeling.

Wichita, Kansas: Immaculate Conception Church, Newton.

SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

Diplomas of affiliation, received from the Roman *Prima Primaria*, have been transmitted to the following:

Baltimore, Maryland: St. Edward's Church, Calverton.

Boston, Massachusetts: Church Assumption B. V. M. (3), Lawrence; St. Patrick's Church, Boston.

Chicago, Illinois: Church Annunciation B. V. M. (4), Aurora.

Cincinnati, Ohio: Emmanuel Church (2), Dayton; Holy Trinity Church, Middletown.

Cleveland, Ohio: St. Patrick's Church, Cleveland.

Detroit, Michigan: St. Charles Borromeo's Church (2), Detroit.

Scranton, Pennsylvania: St. John Evangelist's Church, Scranton.

Springfield, Massachusetts: Holy Rosary Church (3), Holyoke.

ARCHCONFRATERNITY OF THE SACRED HEART.

Diplomas received from the Roman Primary, granting affiliation to the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart, have

been transmitted to the following confraternities, which had previously been canonically erected by the Bishops of the respective dioceses.

Albany, New York: St. Joseph's Provincial Seminary, Troy.

Brooklyn, New York: St. Anthony of Padua's Church, Brooklyn.

Cincinnati, Ohio: The Cathedral, Cincinnati.

Cleveland, Ohio: St. Patrick's Church, Cleveland.

Detroit, Michigan: St. Mary's Church, Parisville.

Kansas City, Missouri: St. Aloysius' Church, Kansas City.

Mobile, Alabama: Visitation Church, Huntsville.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: The Gesù, Philadelphia.

A Generous Offering.

The pupils of an Academy in St. John, New Brunswick, have sent a generous spiritual offering for this month's Treasury. Among the good works are 349 Beads, 198 Stations of the Cross, and 361 Communions.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 *days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions recommended to the prayers of the League.*

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from April 12 to May 12, 1889.

	NO. OF TIMES.		NO. OF TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity	144,234	11. Masses Heard	107,634
2. Beads	187,046	12. Mortifications	179,587
3. Stations of the Cross . .	53,460	13. Works of Charity . . .	47,841
4. Holy Communions . . .	51,120	14. Works of Zeal	435,014
5. Spiritual Communions .	169,198	15. Prayers	1,964,000
6. Examens of Conscience .	99,950	16. Charitable Conversation	78,780
7. Hours of Labor	317,645	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	40,929
8. Hours of Silence	231,682	18. Self-conquest	75,042
9. Pious Reading	101,001	19. Visits to B. Sacrament .	147,501
10. Masses Celebrated . . .	1,206	20. Various Good Works . .	130,220

Total . . . . . 4,563,080.

The above returns represent two hundred and fifty-three centres. The Central Director for Canada has sent a large Treasury, but the number of centres was not given.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, **43,082.**

——*In all things give thanks* (I. Thessalonians, v. 18).——

—— ***Pa., April 13.***—One of our lay Sisters wishes to offer thanks for a favor obtained by a member of her family, whose case she recommended to the League under the head of "Special." Her cousin, a ship carpenter, was suddenly killed while at work on a vessel, by the falling of an iron bar that had been negligently left on a scaffolding above. Cut off in the prime of life, while in enjoyment of excellent health, a good provider for his wife and children, it seemed very hard to bear. The friends of the widow represented the case to the unfortunate man's employers, who failed to see that justice or charity required them to do anything for the poor survivors. A lawsuit was begun, and the plaintiff's case hotly contested, but the Sacred Heart was propitious, and the jury brought in a verdict of $5,000 in favor of the carpenter's wife and babes.

Columbia, S. C., April 13.—I beg to offer my sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for the return to his duty of a person after a long absence from the Sacraments, it being one of the petitions presented to the Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER.

New Orleans, La., April 14.—After having in vain looked for a position for over a year, I was at last successful in obtaining employment on the eve of the feast of St. Joseph, to whose inter-

cession with the Sacred Heart of our Lord I have to ascribe this favor.

Maysville, Ky., April 15.—We wish to testify our gratitude to the loving Heart of Jesus for Its very evident protection in a recent danger. About midnight, March 29, we were aroused by a cry of fire. The excitement among the children made us fear a panic, but, thanks to our Lord, they were soon calmed. The fire was in a large building on the next street, almost opposite our academy, with the north wind blowing the flames and burning fragments toward us. Burning pieces of wood fell around, even in our stable and on the woodwork of the house, but did no damage save a slight scorching of the paint. All praise to the Heart of Jesus for our preservation.

New York, April 17.—Most sincere thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the great success of fourteen missions and retreats given during Lent, and recommended two months ago to the League. Hundreds of sinners who had been away from the Sacraments for three, five, ten, fifteen, twenty-five and *thirty-five* years, approached the tribunal of penance and received Holy Communion.

Canton, O., April 19.—Grateful for many favors obtained through the mercy of the Sacred Heart, I return especial thanks for a temporal favor. A railroad company in a very tyrannical manner, in the dead of night, tore up a line of tracks, which made a tract of land comparatively valueless, and the owner was powerless against a corporation. After lying idle for a year bringing in no income, the same company, without being requested to do so by the owner, built two tracks on the land and now it has been profitably leased. This had been recommended in the MESSENGER to the prayers of the League.

Villa Maria, Pa., April 20.—A child wishes to express her gratitude to the Sacred Heart for a grace granted in favor of her brother, whom she recommended to the prayers of the League during the months of February and March. He had been careless about his religious duties but, as he writes to her, he now goes regularly to church and has attended the Lenten devotions.

Manchester, Ill., April 28.—I wish to thank the Sacred Heart for the sudden removal of a fish-bone that was fastened in my throat for over a month. A local physician made an unsuccessful attempt to remove it. Then I consulted an eminent specialist in a neighboring city and, after inspecting the throat twice, he refused to operate.

I returned home somewhat discouraged, with considerable pain and swelling in the part affected. I knelt before the Blessed Sacrament, placing my confidence in the Sacred Heart, and with faith said: "Lord, if I can give more glory to Thee by having this bone removed, Thy will be done: if it is better to have the trouble remain, Thy will be done," and promised to have the favor published, if granted. Before two days all the trouble resulting from the bone was over, and I have not experienced any annoyance since, thanks to the Sacred Heart.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 29.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for three young men who have obtained situations. The intentions had been recommended for about nine months and now they have good places.

Mobile, Ala., May 6.—During this holy Easter-time the Catholics have been much consoled and edified by the return to their religious duties of several who had lived for many years as mere nominal Catholics, and who were members of secret societies. These conversions are answers to fervent prayers to the Sacred Heart.

From Various Centres.—I wish to thank the Sacred Heart through the League for the favor of obtaining money greatly needed. I asked for a specified amount on a fixed day. Unexpectedly on the very evening I needed it, a gentleman presented me with the exact sum I had asked for. It is yet a mystery to me how he discovered my wants.—Thanks are returned for the reform of a drunkard. He had been an habitual drunkard for fifteen years. He has approached the Sacraments, and for the last six months has not tasted liquor.—For timely aid in financial distress by which a satisfactory sale was effected in time to avert a great loss.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND ST. ELIZABETH.

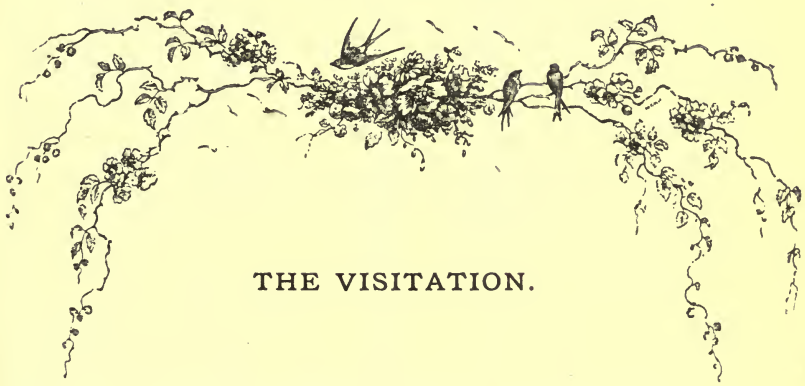
(Fragment from the "Visitation," painted by Albertinelli.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

NEW SERIES. JULY, 1889. VOL. IV (XXIV), No. 7.



THE VISITATION.

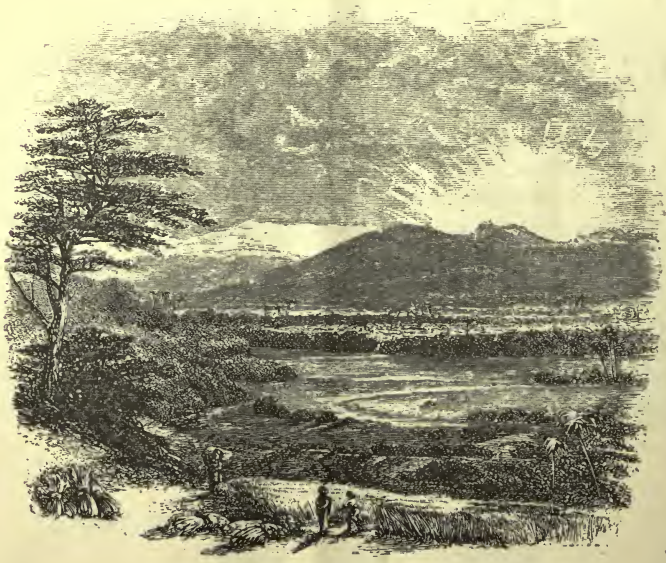
AS comes to Nature, desolate and chill,
The warm flower-scented breath of opening spring;
The glint of the returning bluebird's wing;
The first bold robin's love-enraptured trill
That startles, sinks, then swells until its ring
Fills all the pauses of the March wind's shrill,
Fierce howlings—dies, then swells again until
Its echoing notes their own faint answers bring—
The while his mate upon a vineless wall
Listens demurely dumb, with dainty bill
Adjusts with coy precision every quill,
Then whistles back her lord's enamored call;
As comes to every lifeless clod the thrill
Of waking life, exulting in Death's death:
So Mary came unto Elizabeth,
Fair as the summer cloud the sun doth fill.

Her cousin's soul prophetic raptures swept;
A joy divine all human joys made still:
That moment, cleansed from our nature's ill,
Within her womb the unborn Precursor leapt—

Copyright, 1889, by Rev. R. S. Dewey, S.J. All rights reserved.]

Leapt as the wave leaps when caressing winds
A still lake kiss, as leaps the ice-bound rill
When loving Spring with sun-shafts armed doth kill
The tyrant Winter and his thrall unbinds;—
Or as, when earthquakes rend a mighty hill,
A subterranean stream leaps toward the light,
Leaps with its pent-up, ages-hoarded might,
Its kindred waters in the sea to spill.
Then soul clasped soul in one enraptured kiss
And oft, secluded by some vine-clad grille,
Words, pure as perfumes dew-wet flowers distil,
Retold their raptures and renewed their bliss:
And Mary, yielding to her cousin's will,
Remained her guest until Elizabeth
Had brought forth John, then back to Nazareth
Returned—the light of Joseph's domicile.

C. H. M.



SUNRISE IN JUDEA.

FROM LOURDES TO BETHARRAM.

By Mrs. Jane Cave.

APRIL left us in tears and May came in tearful also, though mild. For some time we had been waiting for a favorable day on which to visit the famous Calvary of Betharram. On the first day of her own month prayers for fine weather were offered up to Our Lady of Lourdes in the Basilica. The answer came at once; sunshine and a clear bright sky replaced the clouds and cold winds. So Betharram began to be again the burden of our talk.

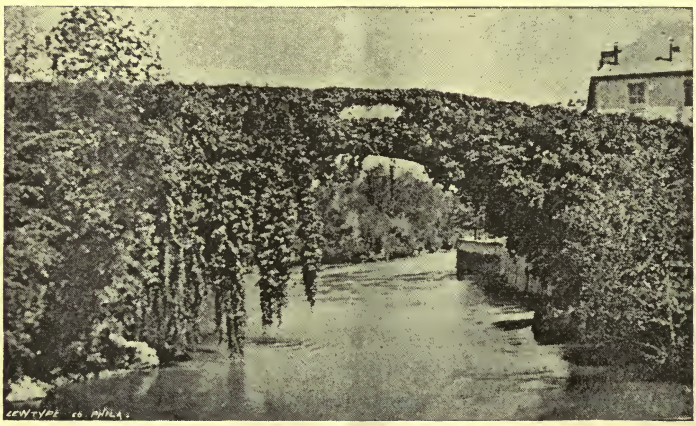
There could be no better day at this season than the 3d of May —feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross—nor one more suitable. It was Friday, and the first Friday of the month; so there was a general Communion of the Associates of the Apostleship at the Parish, with sermon and Benediction. As these could not be omitted, and especially as all public processions take place at Betharram in the afternoon, we decided to go by the mid-day train. There is little choice of trains; one in the early morning and one at noon are all that offer themselves.

The day broke gloriously bright. The Parish Church claimed some of us till nine. The beautiful altar of Our Lady of Lourdes decked gaily, the special altar of the Sacred Heart in honor of the day, the always quiet and devotional sanctuary seemed hard to leave. Harder still was it not to see the Grotto at all for the entire day, nor to say our beads in company of the faithful kneeling before the shrine. From the train we could see the lights, the niche and the white statue; but the Gave rolled between.

O ye seas and rivers, praise the Lord, sang the Three Children in the Fiery Furnace. The Gave of all the rivers that I know, best fulfils the command. Its course abounds in sanctuaries, all venerable and renowned.

From Lourdes to Betharram is but a step. We pass Saint-Pé, stopping in sight of old convent walls, with old houses crumbling into dust, but venerable in decay; and at the modest station we leave a few students of the Little Seminary here. Easter holidays over, they are returning to their books.

In half an hour here we are, at a pretty station facing a green wall of rock. We pass through a neat hall by the rear door, and enter a pleasant yard grass-grown, shaded, and provided with seats. Outside its gate there are omnibuses for those who want them; but the high dry road—between ivy-covered stone



BRIDGE OVER THE GAVE AT BETHARRAM.

walls, or by low fences enclosing green fields whereon sheep graze and cattle browse, or where the young grain gently waves in the breeze—is pleasanter far. We must cross the bridge afoot in any case; for words will not paint the ivy-covered arch that spans the Gave at Betharram. It must be seen, and even the picture only stands in lieu of the most lovely reality.

The Seminary faces this bridge. Leave it on your left and keep on by the river. Before advancing many yards you will see on your right hand, across the Gave which is very narrow at this point, an empty niche on the slope of the hill. You learn the history—how, centuries ago, shepherds saw here a wonderful statue

in a burning bush. History repeats itself, for since the days of Moses a like miracle had not been seen—a bush, burning yet not consumed, and within the flames a statue of the Virgin and Child. The wondering shepherds were not slow in calling witnesses to behold the wondrous sight. Priest, magistrates, and people bore testimony to its truth; and over the spot where the bush burned and the statue stood, stands now the ancient church or chapel of Betharram. Ancient, yes! but not the most ancient, for vandalism did its worst against that. It could not utterly destroy all, however. But why this empty niche? It is the one first prepared for the marvellous image, which was carried reverently and placed within it; but more than once it was carried back, without human agency, to its original place. There it was at length allowed to remain, and the chapel was built for its protection. Yet, in spite of time and elemental strife, the ancient niche, though empty, still stands and is still venerated—a proof that Heaven had to do with it.

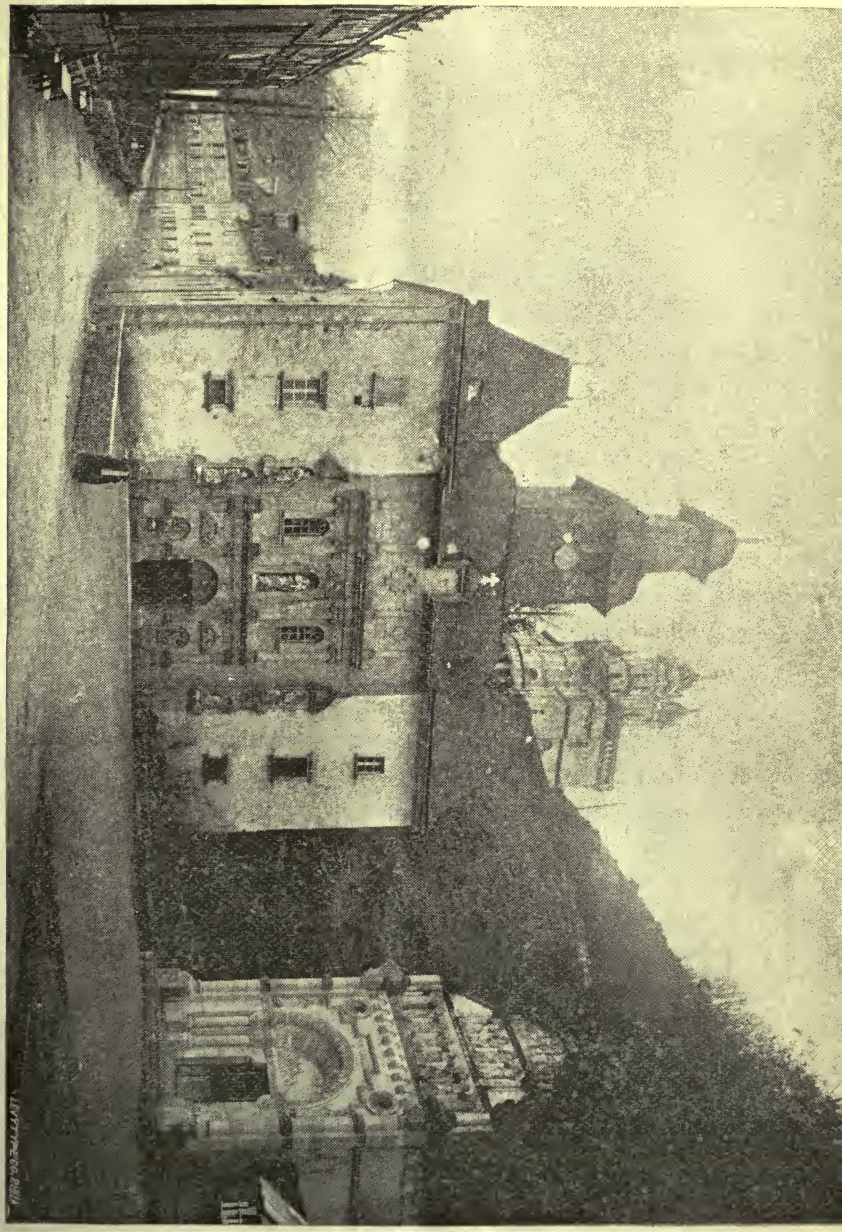
BETH ARRAM—BEAUTIFUL BRANCH.
(*From the stained-glass window.*)

They called the place *l'Estelle* (the Star), because the shepherds at first thought that the light they saw was a star. The little hamlet took the name too, whence you often see it "Estelle-Betharram." Both names are pleasant to the eye and ear. The legend of the name Betharram—in the country dialect, the Beautiful Branch or Palm (*Beau Rameau*),—is told in the second

stained-glass window of the sanctuary. A drowning maiden calls upon the Blessed Mother, who holds out to her a branch by the aid of which she gains the shore. A branch of golden palm, a thank-offering, was laid upon our Lady's altar, and the church keeps the name. But the name is also said to be sweet and full of meaning in rich Eastern tongues—"House of Eminence," "House of Grandeur," "House of the Sovereign, of the Most High." Betharram is also called "Holy Land," says an old chronicle; for a crusader brought hither earth from Palestine, where he had fought in many a bloody battle and conquered in the name of Our Lady of Béarn, of which ancient province this was the sanctuary.

But the Betharram of to-day is the object of our visit. Passing the ancient niche we come to our Lady's Fountain. It is reached by a flight of stone steps, cut in the rock. Many blind persons have here received their sight, and the water is carried afar in all directions as a curative for blindness. A few feet from the spring, we mount a short flight of stone steps, first crossing the road however. We are before the church. How old it looks, how poor, save the portal which is fine. The four Evangelists that guard its doors are of marble once white, but now black with age. Over the door are the Virgin and Child so venerated here. The picture shows you the church, with the first chapel of the Way of the Cross on the right. Between it and the church stands the famous Fountain of St. Roch, so called because the water that supplies it was brought from the hermitage of the great miracle-worker on the brow of the hill. It was built in the seventeenth century to commemorate a fearful pestilence, cured suddenly by the powerful intercession of Our Lady of Betharram. The Fountain itself is a great feature in the place, and so the picture (a few pages on) will prove interesting. The white temple in the present picture, standing above and beyond the church, is the Chapel of St. Louis, whose statue surmounts it.

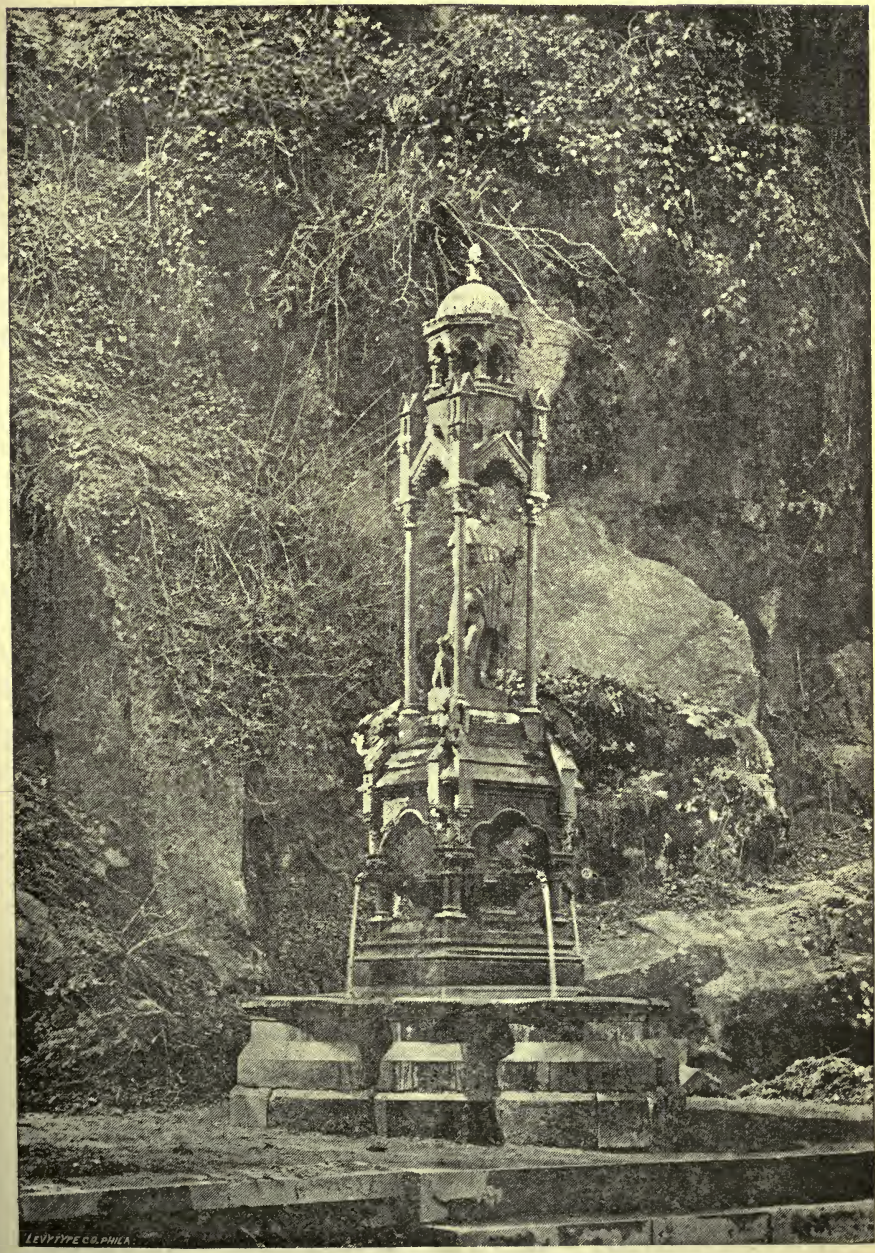
Judge not the interior of this old church of Betharram by its exterior. Enter the "Devout Chapel," as it is often called. The examination of its walls is a course of Sacred History; for



THE CHURCH—FIRST CHAPEL OF THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

they are covered with paintings. Above is the Old Testament with its heroes, from Adam to St. Joseph; and below is the life of the Blessed Virgin. Nearest the altar, in costly gilded and carved frames, are the two finest paintings, it is said, of the great collection—on the Gospel side, the Birth of our Saviour, and opposite, the Adoration of the Magi. They have been restored, some say, too brilliantly. A marble statue, pure white and of exquisite workmanship, representing the Virgin and Child, is above the high altar. It is *Notre Dame de Betharram.* Behind the statue is a background of golden hearts and *ex-votos* of value. The four Evangelists, recognizable by their symbols, stand in sculptured niches, two on each side of the altar, one above the other. Grape-vines with rich clusters of fruit form the capitals of the sculptured columns enclosing these niches.

But I must give our first impressions on entering the church. We had expected, that is, hoped to join a procession in making the Stations of the Cross. We were disappointed, as on this day no processions take place. Hundreds of pilgrims, singly or in groups, perform this most touching devotion, but no regularly-organized procession has taken place for some years at this season. But as we entered the church a most unexpected sight met our gaze—an interior of strange beauty, before which we stood in wonder and admiration. The lower walls of the sanctuary were covered with white lace, dotted with tiny golden stars, and above was hung cloth of gold. Scroll-work of cloth of gold, formed into arches, crossed the sacred inclosure. From the arches and the columns hung folds of white lace; and sweeping folds of lace, fringed with gold and looped with golden cord and tassels, hung from the gallery. The effect was exquisitely beautiful. The altar was all gold; and a niche of golden filigree-work stood above the Tabernacle. This last explained the meaning of it all. It was the preparation for the Forty Hours' Adoration. Many of the columns too were covered with cloth of gold, and over this hung lace; and borders of red roses ran along the walls. Nor was this all, for the hundreds of dazzlingly white tapers, filling every available space, increased the beauty of the whole and



THE FOUNTAIN OF ST. ROCH.

gave promise of brilliant illumination. The whole church, from entrance to altar, was thus decorated—flowers, lace, cloth of gold, and lights. Surely there is great fervor in this land of France, all this work being a labor of love performed for no earthly gain and for no earthly glory. At most, a few strangers from Saint-Pé, from Lourdes or Pau, may drop in. But this wealth of ornamentation, this luxury and prodigality of beauty and adornment, is the worshipful homage of priests and people to their good Mother and dear *Dame de Betharram*, whom they honor in honoring the Blessed Sacrament of her Son.

The Priests of Betharram form a community—"The Society of Priests of the Sacred Heart of Jesus." What a name of honor! As we knelt before the altar, they entered from time to time in numbers, prayed aloud, and withdrew.

Before beginning the ascent of Calvary we saw the treasures of this House of God. They are all comparatively recent donations. Among these are a communion veil of Marie Antoinette, a silver monstrance offered by her daughter, the Duchess of Angoulême, the wedding dress and veil of the Duchess of Chambord, wife of the late Henry V. of France. We also saw an ivory statuette of St. Peter, said to be of great price. The present organ was the gift of Napoleon III. There are many other interesting objects, simply to name which would only weary and be too long for this letter.

But let whosoever visits Betharram look well at the statue that stands just within the entrance to the church on the right-hand side. It is Christ bound to the pillar. It is all that remains of the ancient Calvary, once so celebrated and revered. In 1794 in the heat of the French Revolution the Calvary was destroyed, and all that pertained to it burned publicly. Then too the mountain itself was sold. It was repurchased long after by the Bishop of Bayonne, who established here a seminary. Again, in 1812, there was question of its suppression. But a valiant priest defended its rights, declaring it to be to the people of this land what the field of Bethel was to the Jew; and that, while a stone of it remained, there would be faithful souls found to come and venerate it.

Twenty years later another priest, whose memory is held in benediction, established the present congregation of the Priests of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This was Michael Garicoïts, a holy religious at whose tomb, in the chapel of the Resurrection on the summit of the mountain, the people love to pray. Here are brought sufferers, especially children, to be cured of all manner of diseases.

Among the visitors yesterday was a lady who comes here weekly on pilgrimage. She told my friends why. On one occasion she accidentally beheld a touching cure. A little child, born with distorted limbs, was brought and laid upon the tomb. Little by little, she says, she saw the twisted limbs turn and turn and assume their natural shape at last; and the little one was taken away completely cured. The testimony I cannot doubt. But as the lady is a resident of Lourdes and well known, I cannot mention her name. She is a zealous, practical Catholic.

CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS.
(*2d Station, Betharram.*)

Of the chapels of the Way of the Cross I say only a few words, because it would be presumptuous to say many on so great a subject. Beginning from the handsome first chapel shown in the large picture (page 487), they are placed here and there, as seen in the general view (page 494), on the winding way to the Calvary at the top of the hill. At the back of the altar of each

chapel, the subject of the station is represented in bas-relief. Some of the figures are vividly life-like in expression. They are all pronounced fine, but a few have really high claims—especially the scene before the High Priest, the Meeting of Christ with His Blessed Mother, and the Crucifixion. The Ecce Homo is also much praised: between it and the previous station there is a flight of stone steps, which, ascended on the knees, merits a special indulgence, like the *Scala Santa* from Pilate's house in Rome. Many mount them in this manner; the steps are, I believe, thirty-three in number.

We remained at Betharram from mid-day till seven o'clock. There was no train between these hours; the time passed all too quickly however.

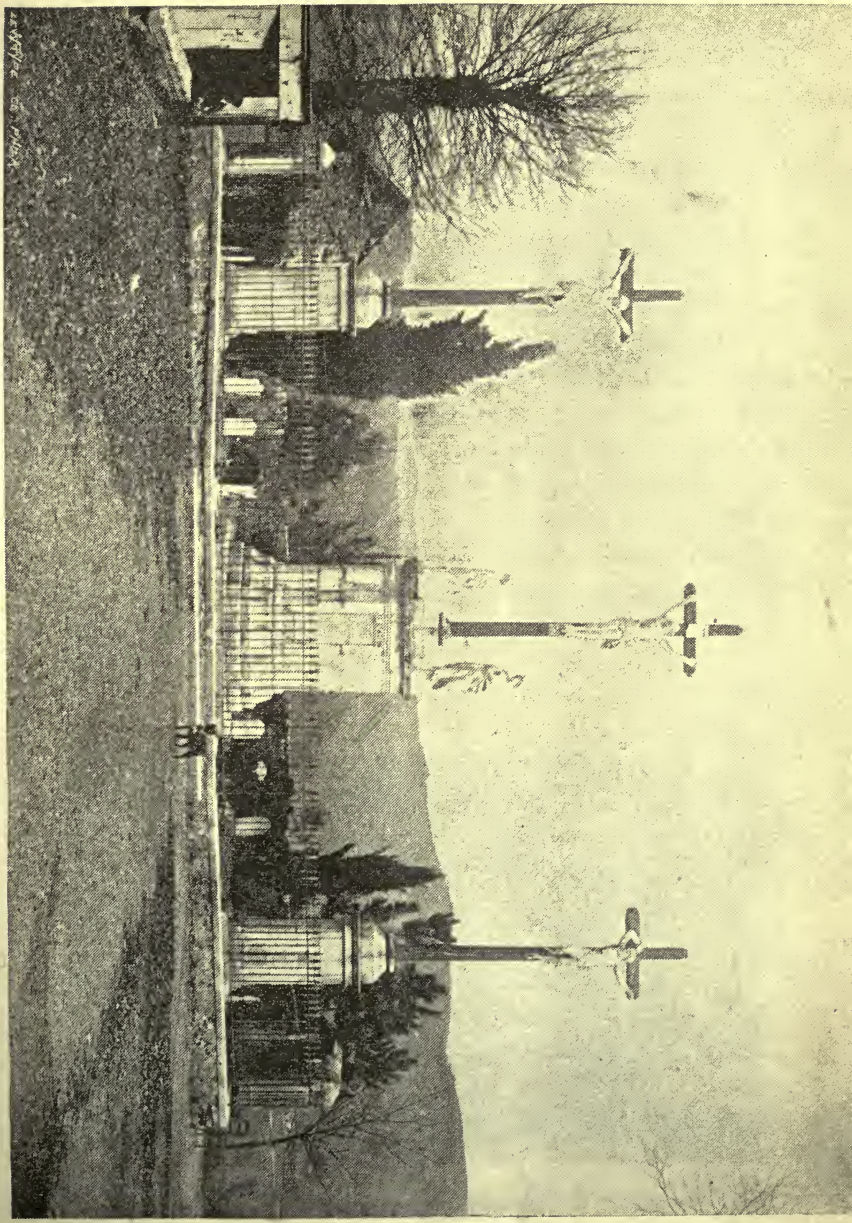
After performing our devotions, we descended once more to the church. Many persons were ascending all the time—groups of young priests, elderly priests alone, peasants in short tunics, sometimes several together with one leading the devotion. There were more men than women; and I remarked the same thing on a former visit.

One never tires of the scenery in this region. The mountains are forever changing their aspect, the windings of the Gave are various and beautiful, the banks rich and varied. The cascade below the church makes a pleasant feature in the picture; and its music is the only sound heard at times. From the summit of this mountain—at the Calvary—the view is magnificent. The Gave like a ribbon winds in many a curve between hills and valleys.

De sanctuaire en sanctuaire	From shrine to shrine, O lovely river,
En bondissant, Gave, poursuis ton cours;	Leap and rejoice along thy way;
Et va redire à Notre Mère	And tell our Mother day by day
Que ses enfants l'aiment toujours.	Her children's love shall last forever.

And so it really is; from sanctuary to sanctuary the river winds and turns, and its whole course echoes with the music of hymns whose burden is Mary Immaculate—*Notre Mère.*

All the way up the mountain you can gather great fragrant violets. They even force their way through the rocky wall that



THE CALVARY, BETHARRAM.

bounds the pathway. This ivy-covered, flower-grown wall is pleasant to the eye, so often wearied by the immensity of surrounding objects.

The great day of Betharram is the 14th of September, feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. On that day the great statue that stands within the glazed and barred enclosure inside the church, on the left of the entrance, is solemnly carried on the shoulders of four men, before the procession of pilgrims who then make the Stations of the Cross here. It is of life size, and very heavy; the bearers are changed at each station.

On our way to the station we turned a little aside—a few steps to the left—to visit the pretty church of Montaut. It is a wonderful church for a hamlet in the Pyrenees, in perfect taste and of exquisite cleanliness and order. For even in great churches here there is often great disorder, because of the chairs which take the place of our pews and are thrown carelessly about.

Betharram is a place that, once seen, can never be forgotten. It impresses itself indelibly on the memory at once and forever; and to go from it seems not like leaving it, one carries away so much of it in the heart.

GENERAL VIEW OF BETHARRAM.

THE FIRST CANADIAN CARMELITE.

SISTER TERESA OF JESUS (HERMINE FRÉMONT),

Born in Quebec, 1851; died in Rheims, France, 1873.[2]

By E. V. N.

I.—Christian Youth.

HERMINE, daughter of Dr. Frémont, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine and Professor in the University of Laval, was born in Quebec on Christmas Eve of 1851.

Her father was distinguished by noble and generous sentiments and by his devoted care of his patients, especially of any who happened to be in poverty and destitution. In 1860, having presented an address to Pius IX. in the name of the Catholics of Quebec, the saintly Pontiff conferred on him the title of Knight of the Pontifical Order of Gregory the Great. Madame Frémont, her mother, was the model of a Christian wife and mother, and was also singularly beneficent to the poor. Adine, Hermine's elder sister, consecrated herself to God in the contemplative community—of Canadian origin—of the Precious Blood, where she died in the holiest dispositions.

These excellent examples could not fail of exerting a blessed influence over Hermine. She had the privilege of being prepared for her First Communion by the religious of *Jésus-Marie;* and after the death of her excellent father, she was confided by her devoted mother to the care of the Ursuline Ladies of Quebec, to whom she owed the advantage of a polished education consonant to her sex and high social position.

While still at school, Hermine showed love for the poor, giving them her pocket-money in alms, and often devoting the hours of recreation to teaching them the catechism or making garments for the destitute.

At home, she was looked upon as the angel of the household, trying to supply, if possible, the absence of her sister, by aiding her mother in the domestic management, and consoling the

[2] *Une Fleur de Carmel.* By Father Braun, S. J. 1 vol. (life and correspondence).

declining years of her maternal grandmother. The latter was forcibly impressed by the tender manner in which Hermine anticipated her needs, and rendered those little services so acceptable to the aged. The venerable lady also observed the elevated sentiments, the winning and sincere piety, with unbounded confidence in Divine Providence, which her interesting grandchild evinced; and she often predicted to Mme. Frémont that God would require her to sacrifice Hermine to the religious life.

"Our Lord has His designs over Hermine," she would say, "for her own salvation and the good of other souls!"

When Adine (in religion, Sister Gonzaga) was dying, she suggested to her younger sister that she ought to be a nun; but Hermine never showed the slightest inclination to imitate that devout adorer of the Precious Blood in choosing a state of life. To live at home, to imitate St. Stanislas Kostka, to do God's will as soon as made known to her, was her sole preoccupation. Her favorite mystic companions were St. Cecilia, St. Agnes and other martyrs, but never, it was noticed, any saintly nun. She studied Rodriguez' *Christian Perfection*, and loved St. Ignatius of Loyola and his maxims; with such guides she was not likely to fall into sentimental piety.

Though living so secluded, Hermine's hand was frequently asked in marriage by the members of estimable families, who seemed to consider such an alliance would be a pledge of domestic peace. But Hermine turned a deaf ear to these proposals, preferring to converse with the young Saints whom she had chosen to consider as companions and guides in her efforts to serve Jesus Christ with the utmost fidelity.

Hermine's constitution was delicate, and, as she sometimes suffered from severe headaches, she used these as pretexts for declining invitations to grand balls and brilliant evening parties.

In 1869 she devoted eight days to the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, and the reflections suggested by the "Eternal Truths" on which she fervently meditated excited her to form generous resolutions, which influenced her during the remainder of her life. From that date she kept a "Spiritual Journal,"

inscribing in it her favorite prayers, her pious reflections, and her usual ejaculatory prayers, with the little methods she contrived to obtain closer union with God. Thus the flowers that adorned her served to remind her of the virtues she must practise; her rings, her bracelets, necklaces, and glittering chains of gold recalled to her the instruments of our Saviour's Sacred Passion, and even the colors of her robes suggested to her ideas of heaven, purity of heart, and ardent love of God.

"Rather die, O my God, than ever offend Thee;"—"Time is short, eternity is near; soon we shall appear before God;" these were her favorite aspirations, and she cultivated a devotion to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, with confidence in St. Joseph, as special aids.

II.—Vocation.

Hermine's feeble temperament exacted precautions, and physicians, judging the winter of Canada too rigorous for persons of weak chest, advised Mme. Frémont to take her to Florida for the winter of 1870.

Both the mother and daughter found this counsel far from acceptable. They were accustomed to a retired life in their own mansion, and the idea of boarding in a hotel and among foreigners was far from inviting. However, the affection of the mother and the docility of the daughter put an end to indecision, and after a pleasant journey they found themselves in the handsome city of Jacksonville, admiring the strong contrast in the climate and productions of evergreen Florida with those of their beloved but wintry Canada. The Sisters of St. Joseph kindly consented to lodge them. They had another great consolation in meeting with some Canadian priests, who had also come hither in search of health and were not at all homesick, as the small number of the clergy gave them an opportunity of exercising their holy ministry.

But Mme. Frémont and Hermine were very homesick; the kindness of friends, and the wonders of nature that surrounded them could not reconcile them, more especially as the heat of a

semi-tropical climate failed to benefit Hermine. They resolved to journey homeward in the following spring.

During the winter spent in Florida, Hermine was very faithful to her daily practices of piety, and rendered to her director an exact account of her interior joys and trials. Those who knew her intimately, found that she had made great spiritual progress. In fact, it was no small advantage to her to have escaped the almost irresistible attractions, with the dangers, that are inherent in the gayeties of a Canadian winter. Family relations, etiquette, and the natural love of amusement, make it almost indispensable to accept numerous invitations to brilliant soirées, balls, sleigh-rides, and the like, all of which tend to weaken piety and develop worldly tastes in the young.

For this reason, Father Braun, when asked by Hermine what was meant by a "*religious vocation*," and in particular of one "*to a contemplative life*," replied fully, but added to his response: "You ought to travel a great deal more!"

In the month of March Hermine began to understand that her way of life was characterized by singularity. She had a vague idea that the cloister was what her soul required. In the April following, the ladies resolved to journey homeward. They visited several of the principal cities of the United States that lay in their route, but tarried longer in Baltimore than in the other places. They visited the various communities of the Monumental City, and particularly the Carmelites, who received them with special marks of kindness.

In their several visits to Carmel, Hermine was deeply moved by the delicate attentions of the Sisters. Mme. Frémont, as well as her daughter, was much impressed with the reign of holy poverty in the monastery, with the unbroken silence of the cloisters, the simple and sincere evidences of true piety exhibited by the cheerful Sisters, and their noble and generous ideas of self-immolation. Their ardent love of Jesus Christ, joined to a lively zeal for the salvation of souls, completely won the admiration of our pious Hermine. An interior voice whispered to her: "God calls you to Mount Carmel"—and—"In Carmel you will

find repose and happiness." She thanked God devoutly, and tasted the happiness produced by certainty on so important a point.

But soon she reflected that her Father Director had never told her that she was called to the religious life—that he had never spoken to her of Carmel. Carmel! dread and consternation now replaced her recent happiness. Lest her director might disapprove of such a project, the frightened girl could not bring herself to speak to him about what had passed in her heart. But her pious mother communicated it to him. After a second interview, when the penitent had opened her heart to him freely, he promised to reflect and give an answer.

On the following day he wrote: "I have long believed that you are called to the religious state, and my present conviction is that God calls you to Carmel." This decision inundated the heart of Hermine with holy joy, and she determined to seek admission into that ancient and glorious Order.

When returning from Florida, Hermine had assisted at Holy Mass one Sunday at the Gesú in Montreal. The preacher on that morning spoke of the union of the soul with Jesus Christ in Holy Communion. By way of illustration, he told the well-known legend of the meeting of St. Teresa with a beautiful little boy in the corridor of her convent. Supposing him to be a relative of some of the *Madres*, she said—"Who are you?"—To which the child rejoined, "First tell me your name, and then I will tell you mine."—"Very well," said the Saint, "my name is Teresa of Jesus."—"Then," said the little boy, his countenance beaming with heavenly love, "*I am Jesus of Teresa*," and instantly disappeared.

This narrative made a strong impression on our would-be Carmelite, and as the orator had added "We should be always able to say that we belong to Jesus, and Jesus belongs to us," she took the resolution to style herself henceforth "*Hermine de Jésus.*" She purchased a handsome gold ring, and ordered J.-H. to be inscribed on it. She had it blessed, and with the approval of her director, put it on her finger on a communion day, as

though receiving it from her Divine Saviour for a pledge of union with His adorable Heart.

Each communion day she wore her ring, repeating—"Blessed ring, token of my eternal alliance! My Beloved is mine and I am His! Grant, O Jesus, that my heart may be irrevocably united to Thine! Thy Name is graven in my heart, let my name be forever inscribed in Thine!"

III.—Preparation.

While Hermine was intending to secure her own salvation by embracing the rigors of Carmel, she entertained the generous wish of having many young Canadian maidens share her happiness. "What graces," she said, "their prayers and mortifications would draw down upon Canada!"

Hence she resolved to take proper steps for having the Carmelites invited to come and settle in her dearly-loved country. She offered her patrimony for the foundation, trusting that the generosity of pious people would not be wanting to complete the sum requisite for establishing a monastery.

Obstacles were presented in Quebec. Not discouraged, she found in Montreal both facilities and encouragement. At her request, Father Braun wrote to the Carmelites of Rheims—a community well-known to him as flourishing by piety, regularity, and sisterly charity—inviting the Reverend Mother Prioress to come out to Canada with a colony of Sisters, and proposing Hermine, "now in her twentieth year, and whom he had directed since her ninth," as a novice in the new foundation.

The Prioress replied that, for lack of subjects, it would be impossible to go to Canada at present. "Well then," said the courageous Hermine, "there is nothing to hinder me from going to France and there soliciting my admission." At once she wrote, exposing the state of her health, and her wish to enter Carmel in order "to please Jesus, honor His Holy Mother, and bear her cross." Several letters were exchanged between Hermine and the Superioress, and the Carmelites had no doubt that the candidate's desires were supernatural.

Once when conversing in a holy enthusiasm with her director, the latter exclaimed: "Well, my child, may you be one day a Teresa of Jesus!"

Meanwhile the letters of Hermine to the Prioress were re-perused. The last one written showed such fervent desires of admission that the Prioress assembled her Chapter, so as to give the postulant a definite reply. The vote for the admission of the young Canadian was unanimous, and when it was proposed to give the postulant a name for the cloister, all agreed with the Mistress of Novices that she should be called Teresa of Jesus. "For," said the Mother, "this flower of Canada may one day return to her native land, to bear to it the holy spirit of our sainted foundress."

Thus God had listened to the secret wish of Hermine's soul, as her director and herself recognized on reading the letter of the Prioress announcing to him the reception of his spiritual child, and the name set apart for her.

Hermine began at once to lead at home, as far as possible, the life of a Carmelite, understanding this to mean self-immolation by prayer and mortification in union with Jesus Christ for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. One of her practices at this time was to spread the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, by conversation, by distributing pictures of our Lord manifesting His wounded Heart, with leaflets of prayers in Its honor. The scapular of Carmel had been forwarded to her from Rheims, and she wore it with great devotion; also, when writing to any one who knew her hallowed secret, she signed herself *Térèse de Jésus P. C. I.* (*postulante Carmélite indigne*—unworthy Carmelite postulant).

Guided by her sage director, she remained humble in consolation and calm and patient in desolation. She was no longer the timid girl, dreading to leave the domestic fireside, who could not endure the thought of the shortest separation from her mother. She now comprehended that sacrifice must prove the sincerity of her love for Jesus. Thus she wrote: "At Carmel I can be more useful to my family, and do more good to others than by remain-

ing in Quebec. There it will be not mere terrestrial consolation that I shall procure for my dear mother, but priceless supernatural graces. I shall prove a deeper, truer affection for my darling brothers if I can obtain from heaven the strength for them never to commit a mortal sin, and to my uncles, aunts, and cousins the grace of ever remaining faithful children of the Church."

Hermine was about to cross the Atlantic, to obey the call of the Divine Spouse, when it pleased God that she should be attacked by a serious illness which brought her to the very brink of the grave. Her convalescence obliged her to modify her rule of life and accept the remedies and means of relief and refreshment that her friendly physician and tender mother prescribed. But she showed, in this respect, that she had comprehended that "obedience is better than self-imposed sacrifice."

Her mother, though an excellent Christian, had desired her daughter to delay her departure. But alarmed at Hermine's serious illness, she hastened to offer the sacrifice of separation which cost so much to her maternal affection, and to promise our Lord that she would place no obstacle to her child's becoming a religious. God mercifully accepted her good-will, and granted Hermine enough of health and strength to bear patiently hindrances that sprang up on all sides, and to resist many a temptation excited by the enemy of all good.

On the 7th of May, after some weeks of rapid convalescence, Hermine Frémont announced to Father Braun that, in two weeks from that day, on a Saturday and under the protection of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, she would embark for France by the steamer "Scandinavian," in the care of Mr. B——, an excellent man and a well-known merchant of Quebec.

Until Hermine reached Rheims she wrote down daily for her mother all the little incidents of her prosperous journey, and added such terms of endearment as would soothe and fortify the distressed parent in a moment so crucifying to nature. Mr. B—— had crossed the Atlantic thirty-five times, but he declared that he had never enjoyed such a peaceful trip. All on board had been full of attention to *la petite Canadienne*, as she styled herself, sacrificing to her even their personal comfort.

Having reached Paris, Mr. B—— very reasonably wished Hermine to visit the most noted places. But after very little sight-seeing, she declared that such sights were too grandiose for "a poor, lowly Carmelite," and contemning all the magnificence that surrounded her, and of which she was still free to regale her eye and mind, she counted the hours too long that kept her from Carmel.

At Rheims she wrote: "*Adieu, chère Mère*, to-night (the 14th of June) we shall sleep at the Lion d'Or; to-morrow, Sunday, I will confess and go to Communion in the Jesuits' chapel. I kiss you, kneeling on your *prie-dieu*, where you are now probably reciting your Rosary, it being six o'clock P. M. at Quebec, and eleven o'clock here. Remember our *rendezvous* in the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and bless your absent child."

IV.—The Cloister and Death.

"Teresa of Jesus" was no stranger to the good Carmelites of Rheims. Her continuous correspondence with their Reverend Prioress and Mother Seraphine, the Mistress of Novices, had led them to appreciate her piety, modesty, meekness, humility, and her ardent love of her vocation. All of these lovable qualifications, so artlessly exhibited, had captivated the affection of the whole community. Prayers and novenas had been offered for her safe voyage, as well as for the removal of any obstacle to her arrival which might delay the wished-for meeting. The world does not understand that spiritual and supernatural love which links together hearts that live only for the Heavenly Spouse of souls, and devote themselves unreservedly to Him in order to promote His glory and save those whom He has ransomed at so great a price.

On the 15th of June, Teresa of Jesus, after kneeling at the shrine of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart to express her gratitude, extinguished with her own hand the lamp that had burned there in Mary's honor during her journey to Rheims.

Once at Carmel, the postulant sought to imbibe its spirit; but the sisterhood found that she already possessed the practices

of silence, humility, and religious poverty. In fact, nothing seemed to surprise her, she found just what she had been seeking.

Father Braun had duly informed the Mother Prioress that his penitent wished only to die a novice of Carmel, hence no objection was made to her feeble temperament, and some mitigation of the rigors of the Rule was made in her favor. This was painful to the fervent candidate, but she acquiesced in what was regulated. In truth she entertained no hope of concurring in person in the foundation of the Canadian Carmel. When her Sisters would make any allusion to her return to Canada she would say amiably—"Do not drive me away, please. I shall die in France!"

However, the kind nuns did not think as Hermine did. They found her so thoroughly penetrated with the spirit of their holy foundress, that they delighted in imagining that they saw her forming souls to the life of Carmel, and thus becoming as well the spiritual as the material corner-stone of the projected convent in Canada. The dear child seemed to become stronger, and she declared that her health was actually better than it had been before.

The ceremony of her religious clothing was appointed for the 13th of October. The Bishop, who took marked interest in her, had promised to preside, but he was hindered by a severe cold taken after preaching in the open air. He kindly blessed the novice's garments, which were taken for that purpose to his residence. The Superioress used a maternal care in providing for the ceremony, inviting her own sister Mme. E—— to represent Hermine's absent mother. This lady entered with the most generous enthusiasm on her part, providing *un gâteau de circonstance* (the "wedding-cake"), loveliest flowers and all; for the postulant at Carmel is robed for her reception and treated like a bride. Several dignitaries, with a number of secular priests, and three Jesuit Fathers to represent the excellent Father Braun, were among the select company invited to see our little Canadian give herself to Jesus. After the ceremony, which takes place in an exterior chapel, they escorted her to the convent door.

It left a deep impression on the soul of the fervent novice. She wrote to her mother: "I am so happy that I can find no words to express my joy, and my gratitude to Almighty God. Thank Him for me, beloved Mother. I can hardly believe that I, whom you wished anxiously to see more pious in my childhood, am accepted by St. Teresa as a daughter, and by our dear Lord as His Spouse!"

Hermine had always loved her mother, but no sooner had she taken the veil, than she thought that she had never truly loved her. All genuine affection is indeed inseparable from divine love, and increases only in proportion as it receives the touch of perfection by complete detachment.

The new novice contemplated her robe and scapular with more delight than a bride in the world admires her wedding costumes. She was delighted also with the privileges that her title of novice gave her, seeking the lowest employment, and trying to avoid the few dispensations which the Mother thought it prudent for her to accept. Her health, and her want of knowledge in housework, were a real cross to her. But she was consoled when the ringing of the bell was entrusted to her, and she was allowed to aid the sacristan in cleaning the lamps and chandeliers. Always occupied, she never lost a moment; and was extremely anxious to practise all the mortifications adopted, although one would have thought that the privation of home and its luxuries would suffice for a common soul. Like all who take up their cross to follow Jesus, Hermine had interior trials, but her frankness with her Superiors and her lively faith helped her to triumph in the combat with nature.

All seemed to favor the hope that she would be able to invite her mother to France for her solemn profession. But about the middle of December, the Sisters were much surprised to notice that she was becoming emaciated without any apparent cause and, as she declared, without suffering any pain.

The physician who was summoned, while admitting that Sister Teresa's constitution was very delicate, saw nothing in her case to excite anxiety. On the 20th the doctor was again called,

as the patient was troubled with a little cough and a slight pain in the chest; but there was no fever or any other alarming symptom. Again the medical man prescribed, declaring that there was nothing to fear. She was allowed to rest; but without suffering any pain, she grew weaker and weaker so rapidly that it was determined to have her administered.

When an altar was arranged she said: "The green leaves speak of hope, and white is the color of espousals." Her heart overflowed as she added: "Behold the Bridegroom cometh."

After a supreme earthly Communion, after Extreme Unction, after a last blessing from her venerated spiritual guide, she wished the nuns to sing the *Magnificat* in thanksgiving. When asked what message should be given to her mother and brothers, she replied: "Tell them, I do not regret any sacrifice!"

After kissing her crucifix with fervor, and calling on the holy names of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, at the dawn of December 26, 1873, Sister Teresa of Jesus passed to the Divine Heart, at the age of twenty-two, leaving a perfume of angelic piety as a legacy to the Carmel of Rheims.

V.—Carmel in Canada.

But was the pious project of a Canadian Carmel—according to the wish of Mme. Frémont and her daughter, so worthy of each other—to be suppressed by the death of that generous child? We read that, *unless the grain of wheat, falling into the ground, die, it remaineth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.*[2]

We have seen that Sister Teresa consecrated her patrimony to that desired foundation, and her mother was also willing to contribute a liberal donation. However, the Carmelites of Rheims could not then undertake it, and several communities of the Order regretted they had not subjects to send, although their Superior was anxious that the mission should be accepted.

While the Carmelites of France remained uncertain, Bishop Bourget, Montreal, was confidently expecting the realization of

[2] St. John, xii. 24–5.

planting this work of God, proposed in the early colonization of New France, but hindered by too great and numerous obstacles. As these obstacles no longer existed he had promised Hermine Frémont to accept a Carmel in his diocese. The venerable prelate, on reading the Circular Letter which announced the death of Sister Teresa of Jesus, wrote: "I return my thanks for the notice of that angelic girl, whom you have led to commend her departing soul to the amiable Heart of Jesus in transports of love. She will pray for the success of the foundation she so ardently desired, and her prayer will assuredly be heard. The finger of God is manifest, and we shall expect the happy event."

On the 23d of October, 1874, he again addressed the Mother Prioress at Rheims. "I have used every endeavor to find a place in the centre of my episcopal city for the establishment of Carmel, but in vain. However, Divine Providence has helped us to find six acres of good land about three miles from the city. It is wooded and has an avenue 120 feet wide, shaded by trees; besides, there are sand and stone enough on the place to build the convent, and these will be given."

The Carmelites understood by this letter, that it was evidently God's will that they accept the proposed mission, and they selected Mother Seraphine, with a professed Sister and two novices, to form the first colony.

The monastery has been long since completed; it is filled with young Canadians, and the foundress, Mother Seraphine, has recently gone to her eternal reward.

Thus that delicate flower, transplanted from its natal soil into the splendid garden of Carmel, although too promptly withered had time to become impregnated with the delicious perfume of that mysterious mountain of the Promised Land—a fragrance which far from evanescing, spreads itself abroad in all ages of the Church and in every part of Christendom.

Like the humble violet, Hermine Frémont, embalmed the hearts of the home circle; like a delicate lily, she lived among earthly angels; may her candor invite many souls dear to Jesus Christ to imitate her stainless life.

THE MEANING OF THE SCAPULAR.

I.

THE Catholic Church is not a growth of yesterday. It is with her as with God, of Whose creation she is the masterpiece. Her first Pope tells all her children to bear this ever in mind. *Of this one thing be not ignorant, my beloved, that one day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.*

For a thousand years, exults David the King, *in Thy sight are but as yesterday, which is past and gone: and as a watch in the night.*[1]

Much of the beauty of the Church's history lies in this. She has had a continuous growth through the centuries. No revolution under the specious name of reform has suddenly broken in upon her, to judge all things by the untried and the new and to sweep away the old. The least things in her worship and the simplest devotions of her children are rooted far back in the history of the world. Even apart from their supernatural meaning and the benefits of grace bound up with them, for which they are kept alive in the Church, they have, from their mere past history, an interesting and grave lesson to teach.

This is the case with the little Scapular so commonly worn by Catholics throughout the world. In itself it is but a relic of what it was at its origin. Two little square pieces of woollen cloth, attached to each other by strings and hung around the neck so that one piece rests upon the breast and the other upon the shoulders, certainly are little more than a sign of that chief article of dress, the *scapulare*, worn two thousand years ago by rustics at their work. It was then, as its name imports, a garment to cover the shoulders and replace the great hooded cloak during the hours of labor, because it was shorter and more convenient. It was used in the East and by the Greeks and among the Romans; and fatherly St. Benedict put in his holy Rule that his monks should each have one for their toil, which regulation was

[1] II. St. Peter, iii. 8; Psalm lxxxix. 4.

afterward duly cited to Emperor Charlemagne. For the fervent souls who had united together to follow the Lord of heaven in labor and prayer and poverty, had adopted the Scapular as their working garment; and no earthly lord might deprive them of it. So it still forms a portion of the habit of many of the religious orders, even of those which sprang up long after the Patriarch of the Western monks.

It is a long garment without sleeves, and not joined at the sides, but reaching down over the shoulders and the breast to the ground. Sometimes a cowl or hood is attached to it, or hangs back from the head just above it. It is the Scapular as thus made for the members of the Carmelite Order which has long been a favorite shroud for Christians who had worn the little devotional Scapular during their lives.

This first lesson already tells a story of reverend age and of the spirit of the Church's devotions, which have thrilled through all classes of society from the first days to our own. Even the devotions of Catholics still keep the costume of a thousand years since, for to them indeed the intervening time is but as *a watch of the night.* It reminds them that, as the past time has fled, so at the end of all things the coming of their Lord shall be—*in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet.*[2]

It is clear that the Scapular as a sign of devotion has but a faint reference to its original use as a serviceable garment. Rather it now represents that the wearer desires to be clothed round about in spirit with some special protection from above. It is natural, therefore, that the form of the Scapular should have been adopted as a badge or emblem of many different devotions. Sometimes it is to connect the wearer with some of the great religious orders of the Church, in whose merits he has been given a share. Thus the white Scapular, on which a cross is wrought in red and blue, is distinctive of the Order of the Most Holy Trinity. In its day this order rendered great service to Christendom by ransoming the Christian captives carried off into a slavery worse than death by the Turks and Moors. Although

[2] I. Corinthians, xv. 52.

this order scarcely more than lingers out its present existence, yet the remembrance of its good deeds, and its merits before God, are kept alive by this emblem of the Trinitarian Scapular.

But the great Scapular—the Scapular by way of eminence, that which is always understood when spoken of as *the* Scapular —is the brown Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

This was not, indeed, the first to be adopted by lay Christians as a sign of their union with some great religious order. So far as we know, this distinction belongs to the Scapular of our Lady's Dolors, attached to the Order of Servites whose Seven Founders were canonized only last year, many centuries after their death. But the Scapular of Mount Carmel came accredited by one of the greatest manifestations of that gift of prophecy, through which most of the popular devotions of the Church arise. And it has been the most highly approved by the teaching Church, and the most welcomed by the Church taught, of all devotional emblems of this kind. One chief reason for this has been that to it were attached the very greatest promises of grace for the time of life and, most of all, for the moment of death. Just as this Scapular of Mount Carmel has been so popularly chosen for the shroud of the dead body of the Christian, so the soul of its wearer during life should be invested with the grace of preparation for the time of death.

Those outside the Church, who neither appreciate the historical recollections of the Scapular nor see in its adoption by hundreds of millions of Christians anything else than an unmeaning superstition, should at least hear what Catholics have to say in regard to something so very dear to them. Undoubtedly, things of faith can never be understood by those to whom the light of faith is wanting. But the consistency of the faithful mind can be shown; and to Catholics themselves there is a great advantage resulting from a clear understanding of that which concerns their every-day life.

In this special question of the Scapular of Mount Carmel are to be considered its origin and connection with the Carmelite Order; the privileges which have been granted it by the Church

in virtue of the power she has received from our Lord; and the special privileges granted to its devout wearers directly by our Lord, and which are not in the Church's power, but are assured by the prophecy which first gave rise to this devotion among Christian people. Where these three things are plainly understood it will be seen that the Scapular has a spiritual meaning quite as venerable as its historical antiquity, and far more important. It will also cease to be regarded by those who have been inoculated with the rationalism of the world as a mere material badge or emblem of something which is called spiritual.

In all these visible signs, the spiritual element is the most real. It is associated with material things simply because man is made up of body and soul; and just as the understanding soul of the living man actuates the things of sense, so the visible badges and emblems of Christian devotion are penetrated with the power of the Holy Spirit. In other words, Catholic devotion is not a dead memory, but a living influence—a mutual communication between the created spirit, which is man's soul, and the uncreated Spirit of God his Creator.

II.

Very venerable in the history of the people of God is the mountain of Carmel. It forms a high bold ridge, some twelve miles long, terminating in a bluff that drops down almost suddenly into the Mediterranean waves. It is the only promontory jutting out from the lower coast of Palestine, and it forms an enclosure to the south of the country's only bay. From the flat convent roof on the western summit, the eye can travel far and wide over the great Mediterranean sea, leading to the civilization of the West, and inland toward the East over fertile vales, on even to the hills of Nazareth, which saw the rise of the Sun of Justice and true civilization.

The old prophets cannot say too much of the beauty of Carmel. When Isaias foretells the joyful flourishing of Christ's kingdom and Church, he declares that *the wilderness shall rejoice and shall flourish like the lily;* even, there shall be given to it *the*

beauty of Carmel. To the lamenting Jeremias, *joy and gladness is taken away from Carmel;* and in the sad burden of Amos, *the top of Carmel is withered.* And all their hope—it has long since been spiritually fulfilled—is that the days of Israel shall come again, when he shall feed along the green pastures and slopes of Carmel.

To our day it is clothed with wondrous plenty of all flowering shrubs; with the storax, with which Wisdom *perfumed her dwelling*—"one sheet of pure white blossom, rivalling the orange in its beauty and its perfume"; with the myrtle and scented bay, the guelder-rose and wild olive, the locust and terebinth and Judas-tree—"one mass of bunches of brilliant red laburnum-shaped bloom"—"all these in flower together wafted their fragrance in volumes through the air."

St. Jerome, who in his solitude of the Holy Land translated the Bible in that version which was to be universal for the Church, declared that in his time Carmel still abounded in joyful pasture lands, and was planted with olive trees and thick with fruit-bearing bushes and vines; while along the ground grow in profusion red hollyhocks and tulips, with "tufts of exquisite cyclamen, a mass of bloom under every tree." [3]

From the beginning this outward beauty and fruitfulness were more than matched by the inner glory of the holy lives led amongst the caves of Carmel. For the natural grottoes in the limestone of which it is composed have been perhaps for three thousand years the homes and retreats of those who sought to flee from the world. In the days of Elias the Prophet it was already a place that served for himself and his disciples; and the Order of Carmel in Christian times rightfully points back to the unbroken succession of solitaries and monks who have here led heavenly lives. In our own day the monastery, never entirely deserted, has been rebuilt: and again the broad stretch of sea and the limitless sky above are but a faint image of the souls here reaching out to the great ocean of eternity.

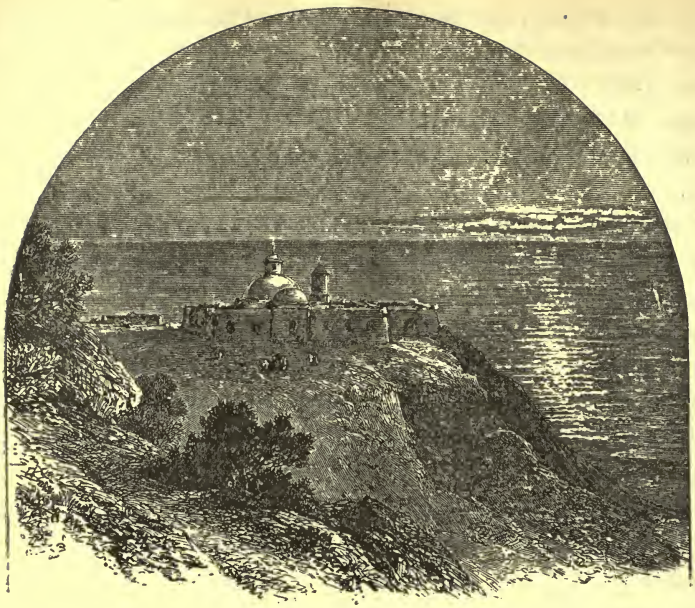
[3] Isaias, xxxv. 2; Jeremias, xlviii. 33; Amos, i. 2; Tristram's *Land of Israel.*

As an order, compact and organized beneath its present rule, the Carmelites date back to the crusading St. Berthold, in the year 1156. With ten companions he retired hither after the siege of Antioch, and set up his hut beside the grotto where Elias, ages ago, had been wonderfully fed by the ravens of heaven. Hermits gathered around him, and took up their cells in the other caves of the mountain. Above and at the peak dwelt their prior, and below, in the midst, was a chapel where they gathered for their prayers. From the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, in September, until Easter, they kept their fast; and in the most joyous seasons of the year they ate meat only in case of sickness. Each must labor with his hands, and utter silence reigned from nightfall till the hour of prayer in the morning.

One Superior followed another, all being Latins from the West, though they kept up the traditions handed down from Elias and his school of prophets. As their number increased and, as in all religious orders, they spread from the mother-house like bees swarming from the hive, they set up new monasteries, first in Cyprus and then in Sicily and then far away in England, until, less than a century after the crusader united them on the peak of Carmel, they had spread throughout Europe.

Pope Innocent IV. recognized them as one of the great Mendicant Orders, whence they are properly called friars rather than monks; but their rule still kept its ancient character, uniting the life of the monastery with that of the hermitage. The first General Chapter of the entire order was held in Aylesford, in the county of Kent, England, which shows how great must have been their spread in that Island of our Lady. An Englishman, Simon Stock, was there elected the first General of the whole order; and to him was revealed the Scapular of Carmel—the great heritage of his order—from which he is known to all Christians as the Saint of the Scapular.

(*To be concluded.*)



VIEW OF CONVENT, MOUNT CARMEL.

LONGINGS OF CARMEL.

Oh for the wings of a dove! I know not why
I should be flamed with sudden fierce desire,
From this soft life of pleasure long to fly—
To be consumed within the quenchless fire
Of love divine; for yet I am not weary
Where flowers so fragrant bloom about my feet,
And, though they say the world is very dreary,
It still to me but seemeth very sweet;
And yet methinks I will renounce this pleasure,
Since He I love for me is crucified,
And to my Love that calleth me His treasure
Fain would I fly, and in His bosom hide!

Oh for the wings of a dove that I might fly!
This seemeth to me but a foolish place—
A barren land where I must faint and die
Or e'er I come unto my Love's embrace.
I sit no more to dream of earthly joys,
Vain babbled wisdom of the schools and arts;

For I am grown a-tired of children's toys:
New light that pierceth, through my bosom darts,
And with no tears, but like a wounded dove,
For Him, my Best Belov'd, I thirst and pine:
Swift will I fly to greet my dying Love,
Then live revived in floods of grace divine!

For the wings of a dove that I might fly away!
My Love hath led me into ways of peace,
And yet I hunger to behold the day—
And now it seemeth night will never cease.
Still through this tortuous night I dream of Him,
Till my poor life with His high Being blent,
Till borne along with Him, I seem to swim
And sink within a sea of ravishment;
While heavy tears drop slowly one by one
As on my suffering Lord with pain I gaze,
Until I yearn before the rising sun
That I might melt in silent song of praise!

O Light belov'd, why dost Thou hide from me!
O sweetest Lord, of what avail my life
Since I would live but to abide in Thee?
And I have need of Thee, lest in the strife
My feeble strength Thy foes should overcome:
For I am pressed to earth with coward fears;
All else without Thee seemeth burdensome;—
Oh surely Thou wilt answer to these tears,
And Thou wilt come, my Treasure, my Delight!
Oh come to me and guide, through sufferings blest,
My wavering wings that I in upward flight
May sooner pass to Thee—*and be at rest!*

PILATE FRESH FROM COLLEGE.

By Padre Coloma.

Pilate, being willing to satisfy the people . . .

III.

THE student's cloak—a leveller of all distinctions—and the more or less grimy three-cornered hat have disappeared from our Universities. Since then the tie that bound together the student flock, making them into a single body of a single type, has also been broken. Nowadays the students have no feature in common, other than what is given them by similar antecedents, a like education, or the following of the same classes. Year in and year out they group together in little cliques; but the cliques are isolated and independent of each other, and derive their union from one or other of the three causes we have named, and not from the old-time spirit of comradeship. Now and then the revolutionary virus of the age inoculates all these varying elements and unites them in some seditious throng, or gets their united signature to some protestation. But even then they show themselves divided and more separated from each other than ever by their political opinions—most fertile seed of deep-rooted antipathy and bitter hatred. Thus we have the aristocratic student, the middle-class student, and the student who is utterly profligate. Then there is the wandering student, a plant that springs up and grows and bears fruit—of the squash kind—quite as easily in the aristocratic casino as in the middle-class café or the disreputable tavern.

Among the profligates was reckoned Blas Garcia. He was one of those sprigs of the Law who never pay the patroness they serve, but set off by selling their books and wind up by pawning their gowns. They are the great guns of small streets and shining lights in the gaming-house; and they beat their drum with any amount of noise until they believe themselves very experts,

while in reality they are but disreputable children. Blas was a townsman of Gabriel, and had followed the courses in Seville for four years, without any other title than that of "prescription," as he was wont to say himself. His father was a cloth merchant of moderate means, and had his shop in the lower story of a great house which had long been in possession of Gabriel's family. From this came the acquaintance of the two. Blas had been accustomed to look from below up to his neighbor, and had never had any intimacy with him. But absence from home breaks down distinctions and softens hearts, and when he came across his old acquaintance in the street of Serpents he laid hold of him with unfeigned affection, and was quite disposed to make himself the Mentor of so inexperienced a Telemachus, and to hold the purse-strings for this careless young Crœsus, and likewise to get a little tone for himself from his distinguished friend. A student of his stamp is always democratic; still he never lets an opportunity slip of making capital out of any connection or friendship which he can rest on aristocratic shoulders.

This was the reason why Blas chose an open carriage. He leaned back at full length on the worn cushions with the pretentious, and therefore ridiculous, air of one who, finding himself out of his own place, desires to seem made for his present position. He looked at all around, as if to say to the passers by: "Just see me here, along with young Gabriel Fonseca; he is the son of a landed gentleman, and the nephew of three Counts, and a cousin to two Dukes, and his godfather was a Bishop!"

Gabriel on his side was innocent enough, but he had those points of vanity which are so common in youth just when it is beginning to grow into manhood. He made himself as little as possible in the other corner of the carriage, and turned his face away from the passers by, imagining no one would see him since he looked at no one. This is the fashion of the ostrich, who when pursued hides her head under her wing, believing that the hunter will not see her because she does not see the hunter. It is a strange resemblance, but not the only one, between the reasonings of men and ostriches. Now Gabriel was ashamed of his

companion, not because of what he was, but because of what he seemed, and he found himself in that doubly perplexing "what-will-they-say?" mood which disturbs and brings into servitude the unhappy slave of human respect. What would Blas say if he refused to go on with him? What would the people say if they saw who was his companion?

Unhappily for one and luckily for the other, the polite crowd was not yet out for its promenade along the river side and the street of Delights was still deserted. So the two friends passed through those places wherein one desired to show himself off and the other to hide himself, without meeting any others than horse jockeys and hackmen engaged by sports bent for the Grounds, in order to get the run of the morrow's bull-fight from its very hatching, so to speak.

The Grounds begin in the curve formed by the river Guadalquivir, a little beyond where the street of Delights turns into Arjona. It is a green plain freshened by the waters of the river and fragrant from the orange trees of gardens near at hand, and well known from the purpose we have assigned it. Here, from the eve of the fight, the bulls that are to take part in it are on exhibition until, at daybreak or even earlier, they are led forth to the *plaza* to be 'stied,' that is, to be shut up in the pens around the arena.

A motley crowd of people flock hither to examine the 'beasts' and discuss their qualities, and to prophesy their great deeds. It is made up of experts who are to 'fight' them, with their retinue, in which you may find some titled Castilian cheek-by-jowl with an unwashed butcher. Then there are the assistant bull-fighters, of the second rank—lesser planets, but not without their own satellites. And there is a miscellaneous set, tripe-sellers and pickpockets and greenhorns, who go in for the lowest level of the 'profession.' After all these come its 'lay' personages, the stablemen and the foppish hangers-on, ragged boys from the Macarena quarter and gallants of Triana, and a whole troop of brazen-faced men that love carousals and disorderly sports.

When Gabriel and Garcia came to the Grounds, they found

a great rampart of coaches and riders and footmen forming a large semicircle with the line of the river as its diameter. At a respectful distance, toward the centre, surrounded by stablemen and cowboys with their lassoes, of whom some were on foot and some on horseback, were seven superb bulls, six for the fight and one to be held in reserve. The fierce animals were feeding quietly, not as much as suspecting that this was their fated hour, and that they were so near to their day of trial. Now and then one would toss his formidable head with its bristling tufts of hair, and fix his ferocious eyes on the curious crowd, lashing his loins with his tail. As if by enchantment the circle would suddenly grow large and eyes would be turned to the way back, while there was neither a ragamuffin nor hero, from Triana or Macarena, that did not turn his feet ready for flight—of course only as a matter of "prudence." The stablemen laughed loudly, and the bull turned his back upon the crowd without laughing, but with the wild majesty of a savage king and bellowing loudly like some banished lord for his distant pasture grounds and bereaved cows whom he remembered, as Virgil has it—*vasto cum gemitu.*

The picturesque sight succeeded in enchanting Gabriel. Standing up in the carriage, and leaning with both hands on his foppish rattan which he rested on the seat, he looked everywhere with wide-open eyes, from the bulls to their keepers, and from these to the curious lookers-on. He kept asking questions of his

friend, which the latter hastened to answer with the sufficiency of a master, making use of technical expressions in a way he certainly could never have equalled in the noble science of the Law. He pointed out the "dappled" beasts and those which were simply 'red.' Without winking he indicated the one whose 'build' offered better hopes for the fight, and prophesied which ones would come out on the arena *brabucon*, *abanto*, or *sentío*. Then he went on to show certain notabilities of various bull-fights, who happened to be present. With these, as he said, he was on terms of very intimate friendship, and had greatly enjoyed their society, at the Emperors' Café, or the Hotel Silverio, or in the Andalusian Bazaar.

Suddenly Garcia gave one of his favorite exclamations, and jumped from the carriage with the words: "Jingo, there is Prodigal. I'm going to get him, and we'll take him back to Seville."

Gabriel made a gesture of displeasure and desired to hold back Garcia, but the latter half turned his face and, as he ran off, answered: "By Jingo, man alive, *canastos!* That's Powderhorn Bill Muñoz, old Fatty's *banderillero*. You'll see what an A 1 chinner he is. And don't be afraid, man, *caramba!* why he's just as off-hand as can be."

The instinctive repulsion which such a name as Prodigal (*Desperdicios*) had caused in Gabriel, was somewhat lessened by the knowledge of who it was that was so called. It must be one of those heroes he was looking at from his place, and who were now crossing the open space in a manner airy to the last degree, as light as birds, covered with silk and gold, in the midst of the applause and shouts of the multitude. The thought came to him that he was about making the acquaintance of this hero, to take him by the hand and exchange words with him. Thereupon—such is the power of cap and bells—his heart beat violently, and his nerves almost quivered with excitement.

However, there was something strong enough in his breast to bring back to his remembrance the lofty reserve of a gentleman, together with the remembrance of his mother, and it awak-

ened in his soul church echoes of the organ and the fragrance of incense. For a moment he was subdued by it, and thought of walking off by himself. But how should he return to Seville if he left the carriage, and what would Blas say if he deserted him after this fashion?

Gabriel was indignant with himself for what he called his timidity and scruples and put aside the suggestion, saying to himself: "Is there any sin, great or little, in speaking with a bull-fighter, or in shaking hands with one who sticks *banderillas* in the bulls' necks?"

Meanwhile Garcia was returning with a little man of some thirty years of age, done up in a pair of black knee-breeches, so tight he seemed born in them, with a red woollen sash, a short gray jacket slashed with black braid, and a mushroom hat whose broad brim was fastened up by a toothpick stuck in the band. His face was shaven, two immense lovelocks were plastered down on his temples, while his hair was braided behind into a long cue that he concealed under his hat. In the left corner of his mouth he always kept a cigar-stump, while out of the right corner he was always spitting, with a peculiar snap that sent the saliva through his broken and dirty teeth. This personage was no other than Powderhorn Bill Muñoz, or Prodigal as he was called for an alias. He was about the millionth part of one of the real heroes of the bull-fights—of a Paquiro or a Redondo; and, for his looks, he might as well have been a loafer from the riverside or the slaughter-house, or a recruit from the garrison. Far from being, as Gabriel had said, a *torero* of renown, going about in all the glory of fine clothes and good living, he was only a hanger on of third or fourth rank, a grotesque caricature of the real first class who alway form a circle around them of what might be called 'professionals.' In the café and amidst admirers of the stamp of Garcia, he weighted his great deeds with the most stupendous lies. But his real prowess had never gone beyond presenting the *banderillas* to those who were actually entering the lists, and he never trod the arena till the bull was safely done for. Now and then he would stick a pair of mock-*banderillas* into

the young bulls, as often hitting tails as heads. In country villages he took on the airs of a great expert; and seizing the red rag and clasping tight his sword, he assailed the beast till the little animal, full of scratches and weary of life, fairly rushed on the point of his weapon, something that ended rather in suicide than assassination.

Garcia ceremoniously introduced his hero to Gabriel. The latter turned tomato-color, took off his hat and held out his hand, keeping his mouth wide open because he did not know whether to call the man Powderhorn or Muñoz, or simply Prodigal or Mr. Prodigal (*Señor Desperdicios*) in full.

The other, on his side, touched his hat, spat twice, and then with the superior manner of a hero of the arena mounted the coach, took the seat to the right, and barely said: "At your service, my friend."

Gabriel sat down beside him, and Garcia made out for himself as best he could on the narrow little perch in front. The cabman turned back toward Seville, and Prodigal began a speech with much judicious criticism on the bulls and the parties that were to fight them. These, according to him, were just a pack of simple vagabonds, so far as bull-fighting was concerned, knowing enough to 'paint the cafés red' in town and only fit to stir the bile of the beasts in the arena.

"Since Spoons died," he said, "the profession has run itself out. That was a bull-fighter for you, *caramba!* and he never lost his faculties (Prodigal meant to speak of the legs)! When he died in Havana the doctor made an examination, and he hadn't a single scratch. Why, I tell you he must have had a cow for his mother!"

Garcia listened to him as to an oracle, and echoed all his lamentations. Gabriel listened and was silent; for really, what was he to say?

Night had come on before the carriage drew up at the street of Serpents, and each of the three put his hand into his pocket to pay the cabman. But deep down as Garcia might reach, he brought out nothing; and Prodigal after hunting high and low,

found out—not without a little oath—that he had no "loose specie."

Accordingly Gabriel paid the fare for all, and then tried to get away. But Prodigal was not going to be outdone and clapped him on the shoulder, saying: "Now, mate, seeing you've paid the cab, we'll go over to the Emperors' Café; we've got credit over there."

Gabriel turned red as he declined this delicate offer. But Prodigal only insisted the more, and Garcia too struck in. Against both his will and his liking, Gabriel lowered his head, which was now all awhirl, and followed his two friends to the Emperors' Café. For, otherwise, what would Mr. Prodigal have said?

IV.

NTERING on the street of Serpents from the Plaza de San Francisco, you find the Emperors' Café to the right. At the time we speak of, it was a low spacious hall, adorned with a tawdry luxury quite in harmony with its wonted parishioners who were all of a somewhat doubtful class.

Animation kindles in Seville from the very eve of the bull-fight, and you can read the news of the sport on every countenance without being obliged to look for it on the corner posters. As a consequence the café was thronged, and all through the crowd might be noticed the foolish excitement and noisy gayety so peculiar to the pleasures of the senses and so different from the tranquil peace and, so to speak, grave smile that go along with the deep joys of the soul.

Gabriel entered the café with a real abhorrence of Prodigal, who walked on bullying his way among the tables and striking the white tiles of the floor with the stick he held in his hand. He shrank too from Garcia, who was in the zenith of his glory at

finding himself between his distinguished acquaintance Gabriel and his illustrious friend Prodigal. Several students of the stamp of Garcia were already seated at one of the tables, and they called out to the party who promptly took seats beside them. Garcia introduced Gabriel as a bosom friend, rehearsing in a low tone his wealth, his powerful relations, and the close intimacy existing between himself and that illustrious family, for which reason they had entrusted to him the care and direction of this noble scion of their house. The students welcomed Gabriel with that coarse cordiality which persons without gentlemanly instincts call good-fellowship. Our hero, whose breeding and character, and even his natural temperament, had made averse to all that is low and coarse, was like a fish out of water. He blushed at every word that was said to him, and did not succeed in making a single remark himself.

Two or three times Garcia pulled him by the coat-tail, whispering in his ear: "Why, Gabriel, look sharp, *canastos!* Don't be a 'softie'; you're among men, remember!"

This stung poor Gabriel into putting himself at the level of his companions, but he only succeeded in making still plainer the great distance that separated him from them. For to men of Garcia's stamp, a 'softie' is anyone who will not loaf and loll about with his feet in the air and pour forth all his soul's poverty in oaths and foul talk. An incident now came to aggravate the poor boy's situation. Prodigal drew forth a leathern wallet full of fine-cut tobacco, and sent it round from hand to hand in the circle of his friends. Gabriel passed it on to his neighbor, saying frankly that he did not smoke.

"How, you don't smoke, *canastos?*" exclaimed Garcia, casting a sinister look at him. And he began making a cigarette thick enough for a gag, and placed it between Gabriel's lips, laying down a maxim worthy of any court cynic. "By Jingo! A man must smell of tobacco, and take and give kicks like a mule!"

Gabriel scorched his nose in getting a light, swallowed any amount of smoke when he attempted to spit out, and the cigarette

finally went to pieces as he was seized with a violent fit of coughing. The burning ashes fell on the hand of Prodigal. The latter winced and gave utterance to a volley of oaths, while all laughed uproariously. The bull-fighter carefully thrust his wallet into his pocket and with a look of dislike at Gabriel said aloud: "A fine chicken, you are!"

But an affliction still more grievous was in store for Gabriel. One of the students drew forth a couple of photographs which he had just bought from a vendor of matches and police gazettes. They were sold unblushingly, and were anything but clean in character. The whole conversation now took a turn in accordance. Gabriel at length understood that it was necessary at every cost to silence the vulgar crowd, or else to turn his back on them. For the first he had not the courage—and courage was also wanting for the latter!

He lowered his eyes, he tried not to listen, even in his heart he said a little prayer to God. But he was afraid of being made fun of, he was afraid of being laughed at, of undergoing the bold effrontery of these buffoons, and he did not stir from his seat. His conscience cried out loudly, imperatively, threateningly; and Gabriel tried to compromise with his conscience, saying in his distress: "O God, I'll go soon, but not now, for they'll laugh at me. A little later, when my getting away will call no one's attention."

The struggle that was going on in Gabriel was not hidden from the students, and they looked at each other with malicious smiles. Garcia came to his aid, and began talking of bulls with Prodigal. For a time the boastful airs and tales of the bull-fighter attracted general attention, and Gabriel breathed freely again. Little by little the conversation grew livelier, and the speakers divided in two parties, one in favor of Alligator Joe and the other for Currito Spoons, with Prodigal his pupil at the head.

"Alligator is nothing more than just a good common fighter!" shouted Prodigal.

"Alligator is an A 1 fighter!" shouted still louder his oppo-

nent. "When did you ever see Spoons finish off his beast in ten minutes as Alligator did with Triguito in Cordova?"

"That's all imagination!" retorted Prodigal. "'Tain't no fighting to come on the bull from behind, *canastos;* but sword in hand, to face a vicious beast, as I did in Argeciras on St. Roch's day with a bull of Granada—that's A 1, I tell you now. I made three passes at him and then—thrust and draw—and the beast was on the ground, and the crowd a-shouting. That was the time! Why, they threw hats and cigars and pigeons and candies and their coats and seats and boards, and—and—"

"And—when they had nothing more to throw—why, some simpleton came along and threw a throw!" wound up sarcastically the partisan of Alligator Joe.

This sally came like a dash of cold water on the bull-fighting braggadocio and turned the general laugh against him. Prodigal lost his temper and rolled his goggle-eyes in every direction. He stayed his look on the weakest of the band—Gabriel—who for the sake of doing something looked also at him, pretending to be bursting with laughter. Prodigal opened out on him, with a gesture that was expressive of—You might as well light your death candle! "Say now, you little chap, is there any monkey-show in my face, or do I strike you as being so handsome?"

The laugh on Gabriel's lips was suddenly frozen, the blood rushed to his face, and mechanically he looked around in search of Garcia. Unluckily the latter was a little distance away speaking to one of the waiters; so the poor boy stammered out: "I, man—why, everybody was laughing."

Prodigal pushed his hat back on his head, put one elbow on the table and the other hand on his hip, looked at Gabriel from top to toe, and then, spitting right and left, said to him: "Well, if everybody laughs, I have a decided opinion that you'd better be serious. Do you understand, young sprout?"

Gabriel's perturbation reached its height, and he knew as little what to answer as what to do. He turned eyes full of entreaty toward his friend, calling anxiously: "Garcia! Garcia!"

But before the latter could come to his aid, Prodigal had

suddenly changed tone and manner. With the whining voice of a woman and grotesque contortions he smoothed down Gabriel's face with his hand, saying: "Ma-a, ma-a! Don't be afraid—I wouldn't hurt the doll-baby!"

Gabriel pushed back violently the chair in which he was seated. He turned pale as wax, then red as a pomegranate, and a blazing light—surely a light straight from hell—suddenly flashed on his understanding. He rose with a jump, and threw into the face of the bull-fighter the glass he had before him.

"You low-lived brute," he cried. "What are you about?" And his lips—pure lips which had so often called Mary Immaculate *Mother*—were stained for the first time with vile words.

There was a moment of confusion. Garcia rushed forward just in time to see what was going on. Some of the students meanwhile restrained Gabriel, who fell back in his chair foaming with rage and smashing cups and glasses on the marble table.

Prodigal remained glued to his place, as pale as death. The lamb had somehow become a lion, and his supposed chicken was showing the claws and beak of an eagle.

"Come now, young gentleman," he said, lowering his sails and holding out his hand to Gabriel, "it was all a joke!"

But the latter gave him a blow instead, and kept on loading him with every epithet in a perfect fury of rage.

"Gabriel, why, by Jingo!" cried Garcia; "*canastos!* it's nothing at all. We're all friends here together. See here, waiter! bring glasses and cakes and some good Manzanilla wine. A little fuss like this is best drowned in wine. *Vive la joie*, I say, *canastos!*"

Little by little Gabriel grew calm; the waiter brought in a tray of cakes and glasses with two bottles of Manzanilla; and, to placate the offended party, all set to work to drink without winking as many glasses as might be offered to them. Peace was restored as the wine warmed their hearts. Gabriel poured a glass to Prodigal, and the latter did as much for Gabriel, and all applauded, shouting and holding hands.

* * * * * * *

All, indeed, except the Guardian Angel of Gabriel, who stayed by the door, covering his face with his wings.

(*To be concluded.*)

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

By a Sister of Mercy.

EARLY one morning I found a tidy little woman awaiting me in the Instruction Room. Let her name be Catharine. Her smooth and regular features might have made her good-looking, if not handsome, were it not for a certain hardness of expression and a quick flash of the eye which repelled any advances of sympathy or kindness. These gave her a somewhat hard look; and, sadly enough, the sprinkling of gray in her nicely-brushed hair gave little promise of reform.

She arose as I entered and a scornful smile, apparently quite natural, played around her thin lips as she informed me that she had walked from the extreme end of the city in the hope that I "would have the goodness to post the letter" which she held in her hand. She had not even the paltry sum needed to purchase a stamp. She would also beg the privilege of having the answer addressed to my care.

I told her that her first request would be complied with, but suggested that it would be better to have the reply addressed to her own home.

"Home," she replied with a bitter laugh; "I have no home. For years I have not known the meaning of that word."

Then seeing me hesitate, she hastened to assure me that the letter was written to her brother. As it was unsealed I could read it and see if it was not so. She told me that her family was respectable, although she could hardly expect me to believe this judging from her present appearance.

There was a certain pathos in her voice, which, not being intended, made me believe her statement. Glancing at the letter, I satisfied myself that it was as she had said, and promised to insert the desired address. Finding that the poor woman was yet fasting, I sent for some breakfast and, while awaiting it, entered into conversation with her.

She became gradually less repellent in manner, and seemed even glad to be able to unburden herself. She blamed no one but herself as being the cause of her sorrows, and acknowledged that

she deserved to be ignored by her relations. She had commenced to drink, she said, some years ago, I think it was after the death of her husband. She had one son, but as he was old enough to care for himself, she had left him to do so when she began to indulge in liquor. This habit became finally more agreeable to her than the companionship of her child, who, though bad enough himself, had left her in disgust.

For some time she had supported herself by an occasional day's work, and sometimes she had applied to a gentleman of wealth and position to whom she had, in early years, been a nurse and foster-mother. She had at different times endeavored to lead a new life but there were obstacles in her way of which others, less unfortunate, were ignorant. Her nature craved the liquor which had for so long been her nourishment, and the craving produced a low-spiritedness impossible to shake off, and with it came a weariness of life which sometimes caused an almost unconquerable desire to put an end to her existence.

Having been cast off by all belonging to her, and being thus alone in the world, she could find lodging only among such outcasts as herself. Here, even should she have sufficient strength of mind to resist the desire for liquor when not in its vicinity, she was not strong enough to refuse the bottle when passed around among such companions. She could not bear the ridicule which would be cast upon her. Whenever she had not money to buy a loaf of bread or pay for a warm lodging, she could always find credit in the saloon at the corner of the streets, and in its glass were food and fire and forgetfulness—the greatest boon of all.

Her scornful look had now entirely given place to a sad and touching expression of countenance and voice. Pitying her, I could only acknowledge the mournful truth of her words. Miserable indeed are they who turn otherwise than to the God of comfort for consolation in the ills of life.

In future, I told her, she need never want for the former comforts of which she spoke, and that in a virtuous life. With God's help and the assistance she would receive from the convent, she could, if she desired, begin a new life.

I then sent her to a respectable place to lodge, and she came daily to the convent for her meals.

Days passed, and yet no answer had been received from her friends. I almost dreaded to reply to her repeated inquiries. The scornful expression was beginning to play again around her lips, and I feared the result, should any damper be cast upon her efforts at amendment.

I had almost given up hope of any answer when one afternoon word was sent me that a gentleman and lady were awaiting me in the parlor. They would not send any name as they were strangers in the city and unknown to me. Imagine my surprise and pleasure to find that the really gentlemanly person was poor Catharine's brother.

He explained his delay in acknowledging the receipt of the letter by saying that he preferred to answer it in person and had brought with him to the city his wife and child. He said that had the letter not contained the address of the convent he would have cast it into the fire unnoticed. He confirmed the sad story given me before by Catharine, and added that, if she had accosted him in the street, he would have handed her over to the police, as he considered her better off when under lock and key. He doubted her resolutions of amendment, but placed in my hand sufficient money to last some time and promised that, if the intentions of reform were carried out, he would be willing to aid her in the future.

One stipulation, however, he would make; it was that the money should be spent by myself for her benefit. He would not be the means of procuring her one glass of that liquor which had been her bane and might yet be her destruction.

Promising him that it should be as he wished and thanking him, I hastened to seek Catharine, who I knew was awaiting me. I told her of her brother's visit and the promise he had exacted of me. A demoniacal expression came over her face and lasted some moments. She rejected the assistance with disdain, requesting me to return the money to her brother without delay. But soon a better mood took possession of her, and though feeling

intensely his refusal to see her, she acknowledged its justice and was willing to abide by his terms.

She was, for a time, fully occupied in making up the material purchased for her into articles of which she stood greatly in need. Afterward, to keep her occupied, we gave her some out-door occupation with trifling wages, so that she might also assist in supporting herself until she proved herself worthy of a situation such as we could find her.

Respectable manners of life and decent clothes quite transformed her, so that she could hardly be recognized. Her now really handsome face wore a look of contentment, the result of peace with God through the Sacraments and with her neighbor through charity.

Alas! however, one day Catharine was thirsty. Just before her, and almost across the sidewalk, stood one of those accursed advertisements of drink which have been the ruin of so many souls.

I was once told by a poor woman, otherwise moral and who was able to procure good situations on account of her excellent qualifications for labor, that—firmly as she could keep her resolutions in regard to the breaking off of this bad habit, by avoiding persons and places likely to lead her into temptation—if she suddenly met one of these signs on which was painted an immense '*schooner*' of frothing beer, her resolution was forgotten and she would know nothing more until she would find herself in the station house.

One of these signs caught Catharine's eyes and she looked and desired, and, desiring, was overcome. She came to the convent showing the effects of her broken resolution and was rebuked. She asked for the money yet remaining from her brother's allowance. She was refused. She came again and after making the same request, showed some pawn tickets and declared she would pawn everything if the money was not given to her. Then she was quietly requested not to come again unless in better dispositions.

After some days she came to the door in the evening and

asked to see me there, refusing to enter. She did not appear intoxicated, and said she only wanted to speak to the Sister for a moment. Hoping against hope and fearing to "quench the smoking flax," I went to the door as she had requested. Not caring to be seen by passers-by, I stepped back a little and invited her to enter. The doing so gave her arm the play she desired.

Quickly raising a small trunk that I had not noticed by her side, she hurled it at me with all her strength. I had barely time to spring away and prevent her from adding the guilt of murder, to her already long list of sins. It was a trunk that I had given her to hold her new articles of wardrobe. It was now useless, since she had pawned her clothes, and in her rage she preferred to be revenged on me than to gratify her appetite for liquor by pawning it.

More wounded in heart than in person, I closed the door. Catharine stayed only long enough to see that her wicked attempt had been foiled, and then, with some parting imprecations on me, she ran down the steps and was soon lost to sight in the gloom of Houston Street. Tears burst from my eyes as I saw all my hopes so rudely dashed to the ground. I had the trunk put away as a reminder of the frailty of human nature, and that night I prayed fervently before the Blessed Sacrament for the unhappy woman. What would now become of her?

Years passed, and with them many changes had taken place. I had been appointed for work in the Hospital for Incurables. I had been absent for some time and had just returned. When about to pass from one ward into the next I was asked by my companion to speak to one of the invalids who had begged to know whether she was acquainted with me. On being told that she was and that I was in the very ward, she anxiously besought her to call me.

The reader has guessed who the invalid was. Going to the corner indicated, I saw the pale face and emaciated form of Catharine. She was leaning forward in the greatest anxiety to catch sight of me. Seizing my cloak with her thin and almost transparent hands, she raised it and looking upward poured forth her thanksgiving to God.

"O Sister! Sister!" she exclaimed, "God be praised that you have come! Oh, how can you bear to look at me?"

Time and dissipation and sickness had wrought a sad ruin in her. Her hair was now altogether a snowy white, from sickness rather than from age, and was smoothly brushed from her pale forehead out of which her large blue veins were standing with painful prominence. Her clear though sunken eyes had an unearthly, peaceful look, and around the mouth a joyful smile was playing.

After she had finished her outpourings of gratitude to God for having answered her prayer so fully, she most penitently, amidst her sobs, implored my forgiveness for her ingratitude. I gave it to her with all my heart, and then told her to think no more of our last meeting. There was no bitterness now as she related the details of her life since then.

The substance of it was that, having drunk heavily, she was taken very ill and after a time the cancer, of which she was then dying, made its appearance. She had been some time in the hospital but before entering it had gone to the Houston Street Convent to see me. There she learned that I was not in the city, but her constant prayer since had been that she might see me once again before her death and ask pardon. Not till then did she think she could die tranquilly. For some time past she had been receiving the Sacraments regularly and the good chaplain had been her daily visitor.

She accepted all her sufferings as a just penalty for her sins, and tried to purify her soul by the frequent reception of the Sacraments. Her foster-son, who had befriended her, promised to defray her funeral expenses and nothing remained but to yield her soul as a penitent into the hands of her Judge. She believed that He would prove a merciful Father. She would not be satisfied without my blessing as a proof of forgiveness.

On my next visit, seeing Catharine's bed empty, I inquired of the attendant as to her whereabouts, and was informed that she had breathed her last very peacefully a few days after my visit. So the bread I had cast upon the waters was not lost but was returned to me increased a hundred-fold.

THE PROMISES OF THE SACRED HEART.

THE SEVENTH PROMISE: *Tepid souls shall grow fervent.*

IN every man's life, if it is to be really successful, there must be the quality of thoroughness. It is so in the things of the world, and it is not otherwise in religion, which simply sums up a man's relations with God. There must be earnestness, whole-heartedness. If a man does not thoroughly repent of his sins he is not really turned away from them, and of course they are not forgiven. And if he does not thoroughly turn toward God, so as to keep His commandments and live in His love, then he cannot remain in the life of grace.

But there are different degrees of thoroughness. The true and earnest desire of loving God more and more each day, and serving Him better from knowing Him more intimately, is called fervor. It is the fervent souls that have conquered the world to Christ by their thoroughness of faith. It is the souls which were only half-way thorough in their religion that have turned so many away from the Catholic Church. These souls it is customary to represent by a word which describes water when it is neither cold nor hot. If it were hot it would serve some useful purpose, for cleansing or as a remedy; if it were cold it would be fit to drink; but being just lukewarm or tepid, its uses are very limited.

Our Lord Himself made use of this comparison when He gave St. John the message to the Church of Laodicea: *I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. I would thou wert cold or hot. But because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will begin to vomit thee out of my mouth.*[1] That is to say, the lukewarm or tepid soul no longer receives the special grace of God, because it does not ask for it nor desire it. So when trial and temptation comes it finds itself unprepared, sloth has crept over it, its religion is lacking in thoroughness, and sooner or later the unhappy soul falls back into sin. Or, if this misfortune does not overtake it, then it drags along a life scarcely worthy of the last of Christians, and in the next world, after a long and dreary

[1] Apocalypse, iii. 15–6.

purgatory, it can at most hope to sit down in heaven in the lowest place—near to the children dead shortly after baptism, who had no chance to merit for themselves!

The signs of tepidity are many. One is the dislike of performing any religious duty beyond that which is of actual obligation. Christ can come down and be offered up anew day by day in the Sacrifice of the Mass; but the tepid soul will take no account of it except on Sunday, because Sunday alone is the day when the obligation presses. So too, through His ministers, through the devotions that go on in His churches, through many warnings and occasions that present themselves, He may invite the soul to Holy Communion; but only when the Easter duty or some special obligation is imposed will the tepid soul take the trouble to receive its Lord.

This is tepidity in its extreme. But often tepidity creeps in along with the regular practice of devotion. The Mass is still heard frequently and Communion often received; but the old-time carefulness to perform these duties well has been lost. The mind is not collected, the will is not lifted up to God, prayer is from the lips rather than from the heart, and little by little what was once sweetness and consolation becomes a grievous burden. In this case it is only a question of time when the practice of devotion shall cease altogether.

It is clear that when Satan cannot tempt a soul to direct sin, he will do the thing next in his power and next advantageous to himself, that is, he will try to make the pious soul lukewarm. There are many ways in which he can obtain this end. It is always easy to gild over worldliness and make it attractive, so that thoughts of faith, which alone can sustain fervor in piety, slowly fade away and are no longer present to the mind. He can also fill the soul with many vain desires and distractions; and by leading it to consent more and more to the venial sins of life—trifling anger and little vanities and that desire which the Athenians had of always learning new things—he can prevent the will from giving attention to the thoughts which faith should keep constantly before the mind.

But it is not necessary to throw all blame for evil on Satan. He is likely to have more than his due. The soul must look at home for the beginning and end of most of its trouble.

Thus the words of our Lord are always true. *From the days of John the Baptist until now, the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away.*[2]

Tepidity is simply the sloth and laziness of the soul—a sluggishness of the mind, a weakness of the will, in whatever regards spiritual things. The soul may be active enough in what concerns the life of the senses, to see and hear whatever is new, to gratify the devouring activity that is natural to it. But the supernatural activity which applies itself as earnestly to religion as natural activity is applied to the mere business of this world, requires a certain strength of character and thoroughness in action.

When tepidity goes so far that duties of grave obligation are omitted, it even becomes a mortal sin. But even when it does not prevent the soul from keeping the commandments of God, it is still an evil, for it holds the soul back from God. This results in loss of grace in this world, in many venial sins, in what St. Paul calls *wood, hay, stubble.* And the Apostle goes on to say: *Every man's work shall be manifest: for the day of the Lord shall declare it, because it shall be revealed in fire: and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. If any man's work abide, which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work burn he shall suffer loss, but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire.*[3]

This latter case is regularly that of the tepid man. He shall be saved, *yet so as by fire;* for in the fire of purgatory he must be purified of those stains which came from his tepidity and sloth of life.

Now the promise made to the devotion of the Sacred Heart is that it shall change the tepid soul into a fervent spirit. This is the result of a special grace that attends on this devotion; but we can follow its course in the soul. The Apostle goes on with

[2] St. Matthew, xi. 12. [3] I. Cor. iii. 12–5.

what he has said, by asking: *Know you not that you are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?* The corner-stone of the fervor of the Christian is to realize who and what he is. If a Christian esteems his soul a little less than his worldly fortune, and merely attends to his religion because he does not wish to be taken by an unprovided death, he will never be truly fervent. But the Christian who understands that far more important than the fate of kingdoms and empires is the worth of a single soul, and who knows that in his soul the Holy Trinity has taken up Its special abode by baptism and grace, will be likely to look at things more seriously.

It is related of Luther himself that, when a young man and walking in a procession of the Blessed Sacrament near the Sacred Host, he was all but overpowered by the thrilling thought that his God was so near to him. In his later and unhappy days he put such thoughts far away from him. But who can doubt that this early realization of God's presence was a call to what might have been, had he chosen God's love instead of his own?

The very first lesson of the Sacred Heart is to remind us that God has become as One of us, easily to be known by us, One Who may become our closest Friend. Then It goes on to teach that Christ's coming on earth was through love of the men He came to save. Just as the memory of the mother awakens new love for her in the child, even long years after her death, so the remembrance of what our Lord has done for us, which is brought home by the devotion to the Sacred Heart, renews men's love for our Lord.

It is this realization of Who Jesus Christ is and what He has done for us, and what we are as Christians, that chiefly distinguishes the religious man from the irreligious. The latter has a general idea about God, but somehow he has never made His acquaintance. When the infidel astronomer Arago was dying he said wearily to the priest who was trying to suggest thoughts of religion to him: "What have I done to your God that He should trouble me?" When the priest answered him—"But was not it necessary, that you should try to know God during your

life?" The only answer of the poor unbeliever, with all his wisdom, was to turn his face to the wall and say: "It is too late now," and so he died.

The knowledge of God, which is the Christian's acquaintance with Him, is made up of the thoughts of faith. These thoughts especially concern those ways and means which God has given him for leading a Christian life—thoughts of the Sacraments in which he receives grace, most of all of the Blessed Sacrament where he receives Jesus Christ Himself. This condition of mind of the fervent Christian may be called a personal knowledge of God, and of our Lord and His Angels and Saints, in distinction from the merely theoretical and far-away knowledge which other men have.

Much is said about religion nowadays, but it is for the most part a mere speculation. What has been the influence of the Church on civilization? What has the Church done for art and science? How does the Church help to relieve the bodily miseries of men?

But in reality it was not for civilization that Christ our Lord died. He died for the salvation of each man in particular. For mankind, as such, has no existence. The Christian life, therefore, first of all, consists in following out Christ's work toward each soul in particular. And it is only when Catholics in general appreciate the need of holiness by each one of their number, and understand where holiness is to be found, that there will be a healthy public opinion in regard to the things of religion.

Where Christians are fervent, civilization will follow of itself. The early Christians, each one of whom took his soul in his hand as he went forth in the midst of persecution, did not discuss these questions. Each was ready to give up life itself for the love of God. This was the character of the men who conquered the world to Christ. It is such another generation of men which devotion to the Sacred Heart is intended to prepare; and this is why it is so associated with the coming of the kingdom of God, which will never be through tepid souls until they have become fervent.

The Reader.

[*Padre Coloma* (Father Luis Coloma, S. J.) is now become a name of power in the Catholic literature of many languages, while in his own Spanish his works are already all but classics. In the Spanish *Mensajero* he made his first great reputation, and our own MESSENGER was the first, and is still the chief means of making him known in English. We are preparing a richly illustrated edition of his tales, for speedy publication. Meanwhile our readers will be glad to hear words of his on his own art and its use.—EDITOR.]

***

The readers of the MESSENGER are, for the most part, persons of piety, having some knowledge of the ways and maxims of the spiritual life. They do not need to have presented to them what our holy religion commands, or even what it only counsels, adorned with the trappings of poetry and fiction, very much as a sick person would be presented with the bitterest of pills sugar-coated. Healthy souls of this kind find no bitterness in the sweet duties of religion and the lofty counsels of the Gospel. On the contrary, they find there rich fountains of grace and salvation, which they press forward to seek in the limpid fountains of writers who are exclusively moral and ascetic. They always find Thomas à Kempis interesting, and St. Francis of Sales pleasant, and Granada and Rodriguez diverting and practical.

But the mission of the MESSENGER is not limited to uttering the teachings of the Divine Heart to those whose ears love has sharpened and made susceptible to the most hidden undertone, so that they guess and understand the lightest whisper. It addresses itself also to those souls who are lukewarm in the holy love of Christ, to whom prayers and meditation are a heaviness; and to those who are more trifling in their ways of thinking and working, and to whom the seriousness of pious reading is a dread. It addresses itself also, and more earnestly than to any other, to those other souls which are altogether worldly, which draw back with an unjust and settled prejudice from everything that, even from afar, scatters the sweet fragrance of devotion and piety. For such tepid souls, for these triflers and wanderers, our narratives are written, that by their means they may taste without weariness and fear, and without prejudice, the holy teachings of the Divine Heart. And for this reason, sound moral and

religious principles find a place in these stories, though they may be more or less skilfully molten into their substance, just as certain florists in an artificial rose place a diamond to imitate a dewdrop.

***

It is not our intention to lead on the readers of the MESSENGER through the dangerous field of the novel, which, in our judgment, is injurious in all its manifestations. There is no disputing this. It reaches a degree of mischief scarcely conceivable, when the novel is secular, immoral, or the brazen propagandist of false doctrines, however much it may wrap itself round with the masterly production of geniuses that are nothing but lost spirits. Sometimes it is simply the monstrous birth of the genius of vulgarity; but at all times it is a deadly tool in the hands of evil sects or political calculation, and much more frequently than many suspect.

In our idea, it is also injurious that novels should be written, even in good faith, by those who are ignorant, or who appear to be ignorant, of the great weakness of this vessel of clay in which our spirit is contained. They raise it up to the region of an ideal sentimentalism, and profess to mould the stern principles of Christian morality on the impulses of sentimental hearts and of passions never overcome. In these pictures the pure light of our holy religion is reflected merely for the sake of æsthetic effect, and not to inculcate holy teaching; to create in the reader pleasant impressions, instead of holy impulses that may blossom forth in those good works which preserve innocence and excite repentance. . . .

Even the novel which is truly moral and written with a praiseworthy end and a deep knowledge of the heart and its passions, gives a distaste for other and more useful reading that is not so attractive. And besides, it has in our opinion yet another grave inconvenience, from which flow results, comic or tragic as the case may be, but always injurious, and to which little attention is paid. The novel, like every other kind of poetic fiction, to say the least, aims at an ideal, while it keeps close to the real aspect of things, as poetry never does. In this way it excites the imagination of the reader almost without making account of it, and builds up in his fancy an ideal world of beauty which he will not soon meet with in the rough reality of life. From this

springs a premature disenchantment and discontent with practical life, and that bitter misanthropy which belongs to one who, being accustomed to looking upon men and things as they ought to be, knows not how to take them as they are. Hence, the tremendous errors of those who would make the ordinary events of a common life of routine follow along the lines of the romantic adventures of their imaginary heroes.

Madam de Stael says: "I had studied the world in the poets, but it is not as they have painted it. There is something dry in the reality of things, and we try in vain to get rid of it in our daily affairs." This something dry is the prose of life, which unpoetizes all our dreams, and should remind man that in the ways of the world there is more necessity for the prosaic feet of lowly good sense than for the shining wings of the most inspired fancy. This prose is unexpected and sorrowful, it is surprising and mortifying, and becomes intolerable to one who is accustomed to live in imagination in the ideal regions of the novel, and knows not how to understand the proverb, so deeply practical, which time and again we have heard from those most illustrious by their authority: *Poetry has about as much to do with real life as a rose with boiled cabbage.*

Among our notes we have a sad story that we may publish some day, under the sorrowful title of "The History of a Suicide." It will be a proof as unanswerable as it is terrible of the ease with which an excited fancy sets fire to an ardent heart, and works out a real novel from the delirious imaginings that had served it as its food.

***

However, it must not be thought that we have any desire of anathematizing those writers whose special genius and conscientious study of men, and their knowledge of the lightness and frivolity of the day in which we live, urges them to a career more difficult than would seem at first sight; for a good novelist has the most satisfactory opportunity in our day of giving some counterpoise to evil ideas and spreading good ones.

Nowadays everything becomes a teacher's chair, a pulpit, from which there can and ought to be given out the teachings of Jesus Christ. For the infernal furies on their side have converted everything into teacher's chair and pulpit, whence descends upon us with implacable hatred and without ceasing all manner of

attacks on the teaching of Jesus Christ. Far then from condemning good novels, we grant them the same great mission and excellent task which belongs to the skilful confectioner of powerful antidotes to poison. They can destroy the fatal influence scattered abroad by the venom of evil novels. If anyone doubts this relative utility, or would like to measure the power and efficiency of this weapon in the hands of the Catholic writer, let him calculate, if he can, the countless disasters wrought by it in the hands of the wicked. But an antidote often sickens one who is not poisoned; so good novels may be injurious, as we have already explained, to those who have never been affected by the now common taint of this class of reading. Let us by all means set good novels against evil ones, seeing that we can scarcely turn the pages of a serious magazine article without weariness. But let not the passion for reading even good novels be awakened in those who, to their great happiness, are without so wretched a taste.

This is what was understood, substantially, by Saints of such giant stature as St. Jerome and St. Gregory. Thus too it has been understood by prelates like Cardinal Wiseman and priests like Canon Schmidt and by religious like Fathers Bresciani and Franco. It was thus understood by a distinguished Bishop, whom the Church of Spain will ever lament, when he wrote his judgment on one of those geniuses as rare as they are privileged, in the following words: "If I found in myself the talents of this author, I would willingly give myself up to write after this fashion, in the same way and the same form which he has used. I would do this, even though I had to omit some exercises of my holy ministry, so persuaded am I of the incalculable fruit which can be produced in our day by novels of this kind."

***

This is the idea—the only and exclusive idea—with which the directors of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART publish these modest stories. They are certainly novel-like in their form, but they are all based on historical facts, which is in its way an essential difference from the true novel whose subject is always a mere birth of fancy.

Let the readers of the MESSENGER then accept the dedication we offer them of these narratives. They are to be a weapon which love of the Divine Heart places in their hands, in order to

attract to good reading all those souls whose frivolity or lukewarmness or prejudice would hinder from seeking in more serious reading the teaching and the ways of the love of Jesus Christ. "The first step in divine perfection," says St. Basil, "is to remove oneself from evil; just as the first step in going up a ladder is to lift up the foot from the earth."

Let then these narrations be the first step to draw aside from evil romances so many souls that might, and indeed ought to find comfort and profit in works like the *Following of Christ.*

Books Received.—From Father Slattery, St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

Who is St. Joseph? By the Bishop of Salford. Paper, 32mo, 64 pages. An excellent five-cent manual that came to our hands too late to be noticed for the special season of devotion to St. Joseph. But he is the Patron of the Universal Church at all times, and many pious souls will like to hear of a little work published in the interest of the Colored Mission of the Josephite Fathers.

From the Sisters of Mercy, St. Louis, Mo.

Efficacious Prayers, and the Pious Practice of Perpetual Devotion to St. Joseph. Cloth covers, 32mo, 46 pp.

From St. Francis Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Devotion to St. Anthony of Padua. Paper, 32mo, 36 pp.

From P. P. Stump, 620 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

The Way of the Cross for the Priest, the Religious, and all other Souls especially consecrated to God, or who aspire to Perfection. From the French of Father Abt, S. J. Paper, 32mo, 56 pp., 10 cents; $1.00 per doz.

From Benziger Brothers, New York.

Catholic Worship, explained in questions and answers. By Rev. O. Gisler. Paper, 32mo, 150 pp., 15 cents.

The Will of God. Maroquette, 32mo, 120 pp., 20 cents.

The Religious State, and *On the Vocation to the Priesthood.* By St. Alphonsus de Liguori. Cloth, 32mo, 224 pp., 50 cents.

The Holy Mass. Volume XIII. of the valuable "Centenary Edition" of the complete works of St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Doctor of the Church. Cloth, 12mo, 469 pp., $1.25.

General Intention

FOR JULY, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

THE CONFESSORS AND DIRECTORS OF SOULS.

IT is a popular devotion among Catholics to consecrate the month of July in honor of the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ, shed for our sins: *Giving thanks to God the Father, Who hath made us worthy to be partakers of the lot of the Saints in light, Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of the Son of His love, in Whom we have redemption through His Blood, the remission of sins.* Elsewhere St. Paul tells us— *Without the shedding of blood there is no remission;* and he places our *confidence in the entering into the Holies by the Blood of Christ.* Again he explains the office of himself and of all the priests of Christ's Church: *God hath reconciled us to Himself by Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation. For Christ therefore we are ambassadors.*[1]

I.

Reconciliation with God through the Blood of Christ—the priests of Christ as the ordinary and appointed ministers of reconciliation: these two thoughts of faith at once spring up in the soul of every Catholic who desires forgiveness of sin and the friendship of God. For this reason the Sacrament of Penance, where the priest chiefly exercises this ministry, is often called the Sacrament of *reconciliation;* and in some languages, built up from the faith of a simple people, to go to confession is styled to *reconcile oneself.*

But in his *ministry of reconciliation* the priest is not a mere blind instrument, nor can he perform his office in it always in the same way, as he does in offering up the Sacrifice of the Mass.

[1] Colossians, i. 12–4; Hebrews, ix. 22, x. 19; II. Corinthians, v. 18, 20.

Here indeed he is the *ambassador of Christ*, and he must judge and give sentence, and counsel and console, according to the ever varying needs of the sinner before him. He must therefore have light from Christ in his understanding, and the love of Christ must make warm his heart and give him right impulses to act. For it is now many hundred years since Christ has acted visibly and outwardly by Himself; yet His work must ever go on, for He is the universal Saviour. It is the Church, of which He is the Head, that continues on His work through the visible and outward ministry of her priests, and the Apostle's words are still true: *For God indeed was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself . . . and He hath placed in us* (that is, in His priests and Apostles) *the word of reconciliation.*[2]

No ministry of the Christian priesthood is more important than this; for on our *reconciliation* with God depends our true life. And in no other of his ministries does the Christian priest approach so near to the faithful soul. On the one side is the humble confession of sin and—what is so often bound up with it—the craving for necessary advice and direction. On the other side is judgment of what has been confessed, of its grave meaning and the dispositions manifested; there is the kind sentence of punishment or "penance," by which the sinner may turn here rather than burn hereafter, and there is the supernatural absolution remitting the guilt of sin in the power of Christ, Who has sent priests into the world as His *ambassadors.*

II.

All this seems simple enough, as indeed it is; and of itself it requires rigorously only a very ordinary degree of Christian knowledge and piety. Both priest and penitent judge by the same principles of faith, and both have the grace of the Holy Ghost in their hearts urging them to say the things and live the life of faith. Besides all this, the priest has the special grace of his priesthood to assist him in the right performance of every priestly office. Yet there is still a double need for grace which

[2] II. Corinthians, v. 19.

it is the work of Christian prayer, in large measure, to draw down upon the priest in this tremendous *ministry.*

The first need is from the very nature of his office. The chief difference between a mere blind instrument and an intelligent minister lies in this, that the instrument does its work always in the same way and always in the full proportion of its power. Thus the pen writes on, exactly as it is guided, until it is worn out; and no one dreams of making it in itself a subject of praise or blame. It has always done its best, for it could only do one thing; praise or blame can fall only on its maker or its user. But the minister of another acts indeed as his instrument, but intelligently and freely. He can do better or worse, according as he chooses; and so good-will is required of him from the start. The pen is always ready to hand, along with the paper and ink; but the secretary may not come at the hour, or may not be willing to write what is dictated to him, or he may not take pains to do his work carefully and well.

So the minister of Christ in the confessional, over and above his being a good Christian and pious priest, has need of a special grace of good-will for this ministry. And what singularly complicates the case is, that his own good-will has very often to make up for the lack of good-will on the part of his penitent. Thus he is not even like the minister of other duties; for here, as the Apostle says, he is the *ambassador of Christ*—not the mere secretary or mouthpiece, but one charged to write intelligently in the thinking and feeling hearts of Christ's faithful, dealing with them personally—*God as it were exhorting by us.*[3] Now this he can hardly be without a special grace upon his *word of reconciliation*, a grace which, like all graces, can be won for him by the prayers of others.

But the priest has still another need arising from a further difference between his office and that of a common instrument or minister to another's will. No skill is expected from the pen; and even a secretary needs simply that practical knowledge necessary for transcribing his employer's words. But the priest

[3] II. Corinthians, v. 20.

is, once again, the *ambassador of Christ* to the penitent soul. He needs therefore to understand not only his Master's will in general, but its particular application to the souls that seek at his hands direction in the Christian life. Thus the prayers of the Christian people must also win this further grace for their priests —that of being wise in his direction as well as earnest in the confessional.

How important these graces are is plain to all. Even the enemies of the Church acknowledge the immense influence for good wielded by the priest in the Sacrament of *reconciliation*, where he comes nearest, in the name of God, to the souls of his flock. This influence is not for individuals alone; it is the great means of securing that steadiness in Christian piety which keeps large bodies of men and women, of old and young, faithful to their God. *Oh how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory!*[4] And all the great apostasies from the Church may be largely traced to the lack of this influence of the priests as the *ambassadors of Christ*. Our Holy Father Leo XIII. in a late Encyclical declares this. "If we seek for means to secure public safety as well as the salvation of individuals, there is no doubt that the clergy can have the weightiest influence over the one and the other." That the Holy Ghost may be with the chief exercise of their influence is recommended to our prayers during this month.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular, that priests, who by the Blood of Christ reconcile souls, may be earnest confessors and wise directors. *Amen.*

[4] Wisdom, iv. 1.

THE LEAGUE'S FIRST PRINCIPLES.

(*See April* MESSENGER, page 314.)

1. *How does the League differ from other pious societies?*

The League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, is not a confraternity, but a "Pious Work" (*Statutes, i.*), like the Association for the Propagation of the Faith and the Holy Childhood. It is a union of baptized Christians in the performance of certain elementary devotions to the Sacred Heart, *for the Church's welfare and their own mutual benefit.*

It has a Director General—a Father of the Society of Jesus, named by the Pope—and in each country there are Head or Central Directors, from whom the establishment of the League in the Local Centres and its necessary publications are obtained. For its introduction into a diocese the approbation of the Bishop is sufficient, and no particular act of erection is required for each separate Centre. It may be established in any parish, school, religious community, or other recognized ecclesiastical corporation. This is done by a Diploma of Aggregation received from the Central Director, which establishes the Local Centre; and the priest in charge of the parish or community is thereby appointed Local Director.

In thus establishing the League, it is necessary, at the proposed Local Centre itself, that attention should be paid to the following points:

1. To explaining the nature and the obligations of the League to those who are to be received into it. This supposes that the Director, or those chosen by him, themselves understand these things.

2. Care must be taken that the few things essential to valid admission are observed, and that the organization, which is simple in itself, is sufficiently perfected to secure the permanence of the work.

It would be better that the League should not be started in a community, than that it should be a mere name and not a true

work among its members, or that it should pass away and leave only an unsatisfactory remembrance behind.

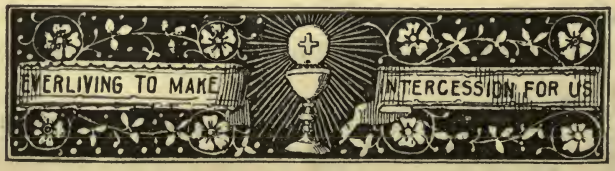
Also, unlike confraternities, the League has for its principal advantage the mutual communion in the prayers of all the Local Centres in the world (over 40,000) and of nearly all the Religious Orders. On this account it is called by Leo XIII. a "*pious League of those who pray*," and elsewhere "*the pious League of prayers in honor of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, under the title of the Apostleship of Prayer.*" As such he notes that it has been confirmed by authority of the Roman See, and comprises its Three Degrees—the practices of devotion in which its Associates *league* together in a mutual *Apostleship of Prayer* in union with the *Sacred Heart.*

2. *Does the Second Degree*, or daily Rosary decade, *require also the practice of the Third*, or Communion of Reparation?

No, the First Degree—*the Morning Offering*—is alone essential to either of the two others; but each of the latter can be practised without the other, although it is better, of course, that they should go together. These Three Degrees are nothing more nor less than elementary Christian practices. It is by promising them in union with others for certain *mutual Intentions* that the Associates make up the *League* of the Sacred Heart.

3. *Cannot these Three Degrees be practised in connection with other societies, and without any union with the League?*

Evidently, but this would not be the Apostleship of Prayer, which is essentially a League, for the reason that the devotions would not be done in virtue of any union with others, nor for their mutual *Intentions*, and consequently there would be no *leaguing* together, nor any sharing in the *mutual* benefits of this universal League of the Sacred Heart.



THE CONSECRATION OF FAMILIES.

[With great pleasure we lay before our readers the Official Letter of the Right Rev. Bishop of Leavenworth, who long since so earnestly welcomed our League into his diocese of large and scattered parishes. The *Lists* for the Golden Books will be kept open until late in the autumn, like the centennial exhibition, of which they will in some way offset the impiety. EDITOR.]

CIRCULAR

To the Rev. Clergy in Charge of Churches and Chapels of Religious.

On the 16th of this month we desire that the Consecration of the families of our diocese to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus take place in all our churches and the chapels of our religious. It is two hundred years since the revelation of the devotion to the Sacred Heart was revealed to the Christian world. It was at that time that Blessed Margaret Mary had the message to the King of France, then Louis XIV., that "he will gain the birth of grace and eternal glory by the consecration he shall make of himself to the Adorable Heart of Jesus." Whether the King heard of that message or not, the invitation was unheeded; and one hundred years later the great French Revolution broke out, sweeping his dynasty from the throne and inundating with bloodshed all France, and nearly all Europe. This year will be celebrated the centenary of that revolution against God. Let all our families be solemnly consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, as a consecration of nations seems to be impossible under present circumstances. The Rev. Rectors may arrange the times and ceremonies themselves. The heads of families that have consecrated themselves with their families may inscribe their names on special lists that each of the Rev. Rectors may obtain at a trifling expense, of Rev. R. S. Dewey, S. J., 114 South 3rd Street, Philadelphia, Pa., which lists will be bound into what are called the Golden Books, to be deposited at Paray-le-Monial, where the revelation of the Sacred Heart took place.

† LOUIS MARY, O. S. B.,
Bishop of Leavenworth.

NOTES.

1°. This consecration may be made by families at any time, either in common in the church, or in their private houses;

2°. Families that desire can have their name inscribed on special *Lists*, which will be sent to their address on demand;

3°. The Lists having the names of families thus consecrated are to be returned to the Head Director of the League, to be handsomely bound up into the *Golden Books of the Sacred Heart;*

4°. These *Golden Books* will be deposited in the sanctuary of Paray-le-Monial, where the great revelations of the Sacred Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary took place;

5°. A picture of the Sacred Heart, religiously kept in every household, will make lasting the memory of the family consecration;

6°. *Mothers*, most of all, cannot too often repeat over, in the name of their family, a consecration that is so powerful a safeguard of the best interests of their beloved children.

Issued, with the approbation of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Toulouse, by the Rev. Director General of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer.

[In memory of this consecration, each family can procure at the office of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, at a very low price, a fine *engraving*, after the design on steel by Imlé, large size and thick paper, suitable for framing, $5.00 per 100; single copies, or small numbers, 10 cents each. The leaflets of the very touching *Act* of *Consecration* are 20 cents per 100.]

REV. R. S. DEWEY, S. J.,
AMERICAN HEAD DIRECTOR,
Messenger of the Sacred Heart,
114 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

As the *Consecration of Families* promises to gain in publicity till the end of the present year, we offer the following helpful suggestions to those who have not yet held the ceremony in public, or who may wish to repeat it for the benefit of the many new families which, as it becomes more widely known, will gladly avail themselves of its privileges.

END OF THE CONSECRATION.—I. To answer the divine invitations of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus (in the revelations to Blessed Margaret Mary of June and August, 1689), and by this sign of our love to make reparation for the lamentable infidelity of families and of nations.

II. By this consecration of our families and homes to hasten the *Reign of the Sacred Heart over society*, and thus to supply a substitute for the official consecration of nations.

III. To place, solemnly and officially, families under the protection of the Divine Heart of Jesus, and to confide to Its strong safeguard the most sacred interests of our homes for time and for eternity.

Method of Consecration.—A consecration like this may be performed at any time, though it is best suited to some day of special devotion to the Sacred Heart.

I. *Private Consecration of a single Family, or Community.* On the day agreed upon, the whole family, as far as possible, should assist at a special Mass said for their intention, either at their parish church or in a private chapel. All should try to receive Holy Communion. At the end of Mass, the members of the family come together to the altar railing, each holding a lighted candle in the hand. The priest may address them briefly; then the head of the family, or the one who represents him, reads aloud the *Act of Consecration.* After this has been done, the priest, in the name of the Sacred Heart, blesses all the members of the family there kneeling before him, and then sings or recites the prayers given below.

At the close the priest may give to each member of the family a scapular of the Sacred Heart (the Badge of the League, if they have been admitted to its ranks, if not, the ordinary scapular or *safeguard*), and to the head of the family he delivers the Memorial Engraving which he is to sign in the name of his whole family. If allowed by the privileges of the chapel, Benediction would properly close all.

II. *General Consecration of Families of a parish, or congregation.* Here too about the same order may be followed, except that the few words will become a sermon; and the priest should read aloud, clause by clause, the *Act of Consecration*, which all the people will repeat after him. On such an occasion the service will naturally be closed by a Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The Memorial Engravings,

in such cases, will be given out according to circumstances, by the Promoters of the League or the officers of other pious societies or privately; and will be signed by the one consecrating his family at his own discretion. A *General Consecration* of this kind would also be suitably prepared for by a public novena, or Triduum. It is also always an appropriate ending for a Retreat or Mission.

V. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.
R. Qui fecit cœlum et terram.
V. Haurietis aquas in gaudio,
R. De fontibus Salvatoris.
V. Dominus vobiscum.
R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

OREMUS.

Respice, quæsumus, Domine, super hanc familiam tuam, pro quâ Dominus noster JESUS CHRISTUS non dùbitavit manibus tradi nocentium et crucis subire tormentum.

Familiam tuam, quæsumus, Domine, continua pietate custodi, ut a cunctis adversitatibus, te protegente, sit libera, et in bonis actibus tuo nomini sit devota.

Concede, quæsumus, omnipotens DEUS, ut qui in sanctissimo dilecti Filii tui Corde gloriantes, præcipua in nos charitatis ejus beneficia recolimus, eorum pariter et actu delectemur et fructu. Per eumdem Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Benedictio DEI omnipotentis Pa†tris et Fi†lii et Spi†ritus Sancti descendat super vos, et custodiat, atque dirigat vos, et maneat semper vobiscum. Amen.

Apostleship Notices.

New Approbations.—The Most Reverend Archbishop of Santa Fé and the Right Reverend Bishop of the Vicariate Apostolic of Utah have given their gracious approbation for the propagation of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in their dioceses.

Recent Aggregations. — To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (May 12 to June 12, 1889).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before parish or community aggregated.)

Brooklyn, New York: St. Joseph's Church, Brooklyn.

Buffalo, New York: Convent of Mercy, Batavia.

Cincinnati, Ohio: St. Patrick's Church, Bellefontaine.

Cleveland, Ohio: St. Mary's Church, Tiffin; St. Wendelin's Church, Fostoria.

Denver, Colorado: St. Ignatius' Church, Pueblo.

Dubuque, Iowa: Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Lawler.

Hartford, Connecticut: Sacred Heart Church, Bridgeport; St. Edward's Church, Stafford Springs.

Leavenworth, Kansas: St. Benedict's Church, Atchison.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: St. Æmilianus' Orphan Asylum (Sisters of St. Francis), St. Francis.

Monterey and Los Angeles, California: Sacred Heart Church, Los Angeles.

Nashville, Tennessee: St. Mary's Church, Memphis.

Natchez, Mississippi: St. Stanislaus' Commercial College, Bay Saint Louis.

Newark, New Jersey: St. Mary's Orphan Asylum (Sisters of Charity), South Orange.

New Orleans, Louisiana: Sacred Heart Academy (St. Charles Street), Sacred Heart Academy (Dumaine Street), and St. Mary's Dominican Convent, New Orleans.

New York, New York: St. Monica's Church, New York.

Omaha, Nebraska: St. Michael's Church, Spalding; St. Michael's Church, Fairbury.

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania: St. Paul's Cathedral, Church of St. Mary of Mercy, St. Malachy's Church, St. James' Church, and St. John's Church, Pittsburg; St. Peter's Church, Allegheny City; Sacred Heart Church, East Liberty; St. Michael's Church, and St. Aloysius' Convent of Mercy, Loretto; Holy Name Church, Ebensburg.

Providence, Rhode Island: Sacred Heart Church, Central Falls.

San Antonio, Texas: St. Joseph's College, Victoria.

Santa Fé, New Mexico: St. Michael's Church, Socorro.

Springfield, Massachusetts: Holy Rosary Church, and House of Providence (Sisters of Charity), Holyoke.

Utah, Utah Territory: St. Mary's Academy (Sisters of the Holy Cross), Salt Lake City.

News From Various Centres.

Chicago, Ill. — There were 3000 Communions in Holy Family Church on the First Friday of June.

East Farmington, Wis.—We are blessed in having the Apostleship of Prayer in our congregation. Some of the ladies are so interested and zealous that they come to me to push things instead of my urging them. Still I have to do something also. I have done now what Bishop G—— told me so many times to do. Before this I could not see my way to the introduction of the League, though I know I should have had it long ago.

Boston, Mass.—The work of the League is going on well. We have had a number of old sinners brought back to God by means of it—some of them of the worst description.

Meridian, Miss.—We have just finished the Forty Hours, and all the Associates were most faithful in making their visits. All gave a great deal of edification by wearing the Badge.

Lowell, Mass.—I have my reasons for believing that the Holy League will do a great deal of good in this parish. It has already stirred up many poor indifferent souls and has encouraged the members of the same family to band together. The mother can remind the husband and children of the Morning Offering and thus habits of prayer at home will be easily formed.

St. Charles, Mo.—Our pupils began the month of the Sacred Heart by going for prayers to the chapel, where a large heart was formed with candles around the tabernacle, thus enclosing our hidden Lord within the heart. Around the lights was another larger circle of natural flowers, which seemed to speak to us of the frailty of poor human nature. The children are all enrolled in the Apostleship and consider it a great privilege to make the Communion of Reparation, whilst the little ones would not fail for anything to say their Decade of the Rosary.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 *days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions recommended to the prayers of the League.*

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from May 12 to June 12, 1889.

	NO. OF TIMES.		NO. OF TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity	193,205	11. Masses Heard	104,744
2. Beads	361,140	12. Mortifications	239,908
3. Stations of the Cross . .	38,671	13. Works of Charity . . .	52,702
4. Holy Communions . . .	22,951	14. Works of Zeal	44,616
5. Spiritual Communions .	238,567	15. Prayers	1,122,682
6. Examens of Conscience .	89,343	16. Charitable Conversation	65,143
7. Hours of Labor . .	289,557	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	37,749
8. Hours of Silence	267,167	18. Self-conquest	83,398
9. Pious Reading	88,671	19. Visits to B. Sacrament .	123,995
10. Masses Celebrated . . .	791	20. Various Good Works . .	176,059

Total . . . . . 3,655,059.

The above returns represent two hundred and eighty-six centres. Sixty-two of these have been sent us by the Reverend Central Director of Canada and represent a Treasury of over one million good works.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, **53,944.**

——*Sing ye to the Lord a new canticle, because He hath done wonderful things* (Psalm xcvii. 1).——

New York, May 13.—We wish to make a special thanksgiving for obtaining a favor which had been recommended monthly to the prayers of the League during the past year—the return to the Sacraments of three old ladies, who had not approached them for nearly twenty years. By an unexpected chain of circumstances they were induced to see a priest and received Holy Communion on the 30th of April.

Abingdon, Va., May 26.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for an unexpected recovery of a person, who has since been baptized. For the return to the Faith of an excommunicated person.

——, ***May 29.***—I asked the prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart for help in a spiritual temptation and trouble and, as I have received the favor I needed, I want to ask the prayers of the League in thanksgiving for the help and comfort I have obtained, through the intercessions, from the merciful Heart of Jesus.

New York, June 1.—Some six years ago, I had a serious illness and was recommended to the prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart. In about four months I recovered and resumed

work; but, like the nine lepers in the Gospel, I did not give public thanks—through the MESSENGER. Rather more than two years since, I had a return of the same sickness and am not yet well enough to attend to business. I have heretofore recommended myself to the prayers of the League and still hope for a thorough, even if tardy, recovery.

What I now desire is, first of all, to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for my first convalescence and to beg pardon for my long neglect; then, to give thanks for all the favors I have received; and finally, to beg of our dear Lord a speedy and complete recovery.

Omaha, Neb., June 1.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the return of a mother to her religious duties, neglected for a long time. She was recommended to the League three or four months ago, and received the Sacraments on the First Friday of May.

St. Paul, Minn., June 3.—We beg to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the answer to our petition of last month. The young physician recommended has obtained a permanent practice.

Chicago, June 3.—A family returns praise and thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for favors obtained. Some months ago my husband was out of employment and could find no work. We all commenced a novena and had our intention sent in to the Holy League and before long, in a most miraculous way, he obtained a position which enables him to support his family.

Wheeling, W. Va., June 5.—We have numberless petitions for thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for this month. Among those for special thanks are the two following: The reformation of three persons who were drunkards, and the reconciliation of two families. A member of the League made the *Holy Hour*, and during it she recommended a person of whom she had heard but had never seen. A few minutes after leaving the church, the person for whom she prayed called on her and told her he had decided to take the pledge and make his Easter duty—both of which have been done. This person had been recommended for three years to the League.

New York, June 7.—Please thank the Sacred Heart for

having obtained a reconciliation between two persons. One was very bitter in her enmity. They are now on good terms, meeting at a friend's house almost daily. Also, thank the Sacred Heart for having granted a most miraculous change of heart to a poor unfortunate sinner, who had been for three years completely given up to the Evil One, in ways which would be almost impossible either to describe or write about.

Philadelphia, Pa., June 7.—I return a thousand thanks to the Sacred Heart for a husband who had been a constant drinker for twenty years, and was abusive and bad at home. Now he has not drunk one drop for over four months.

Wilmington, Del., June 8.—One of our members wishes to return thanks for the remarkable cure of her brother, a young man. About a year ago he was seriously affected by a sunstroke, so much so that he was unable to do anything. Various able physicians were consulted, but in vain. He could do no work, and was constantly melancholy and morose. A few days after his name had been sent in to our monthly meeting and prayed for, he was suddenly healed, being cured in an instant, to the great surprise of his family and friends. This took place two months ago and ever since he has enjoyed the best of health.

——, Mass., June 9.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a temporal favor received on the very day on which I most desired it. Please cause this to be published in the MESSENGER in token of gratitude to our dear Lord.

Various Centres.—Thanks for ten persons who have just gone to the Sacraments after an absence of eighteen years or more.—The conversion of two brothers addicted to drink. They joined the League, stopped drinking, and go to Mass regularly, which they never did before.—For a mother who has just made her Easter duty after more than twenty-five years' neglect.—The return of three persons to the Sacraments after several years' neglect.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

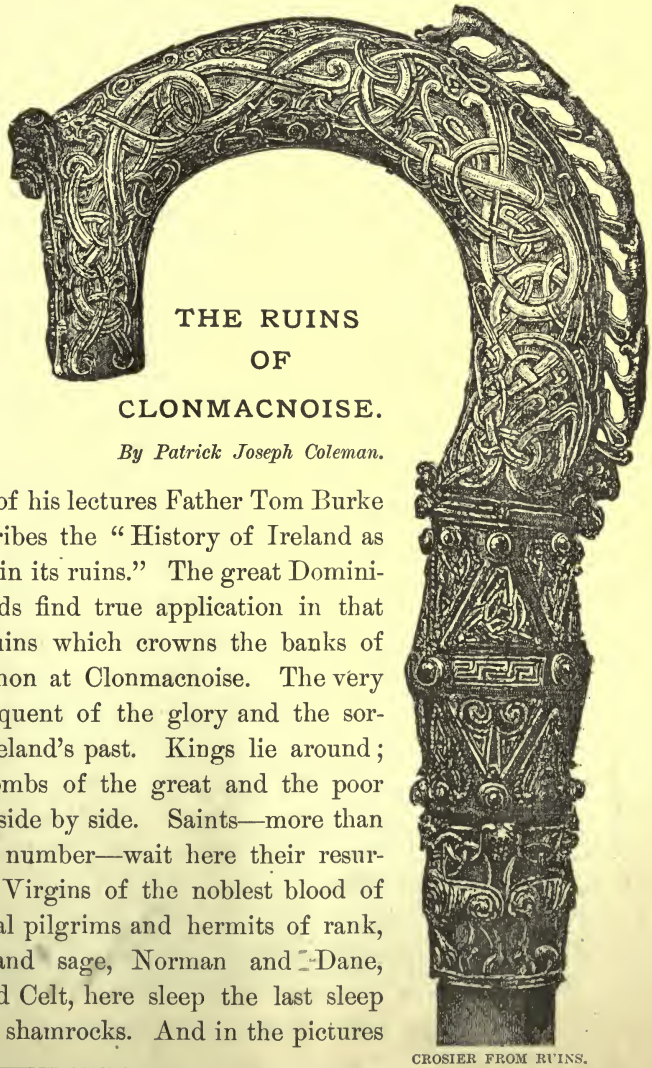
(AFTER THE PAINTING OF JUAN DEL CASTILLO.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

NEW SERIES. AUGUST, 1889. VOL. IV (XXIV), No. 8.



CROSIER FROM RUINS.

THE RUINS OF CLONMACNOISE.

By Patrick Joseph Coleman.

IN one of his lectures Father Tom Burke describes the "History of Ireland as told in its ruins." The great Dominican's words find true application in that city of ruins which crowns the banks of the Shannon at Clonmacnoise. The very soil is eloquent of the glory and the sorrow of Ireland's past. Kings lie around; for the tombs of the great and the poor here rise side by side. Saints—more than man can number—wait here their resurrection. Virgins of the noblest blood of Erin, royal pilgrims and hermits of rank, warrior and sage, Norman and Dane, Saxon and Celt, here sleep the last sleep under the shamrocks. And in the pictures

Copyright, 1889, by Rev. R. S. Dewey, S. J. All rights reserved.]

that start out of the past the havoc of the Reformation and the sufferings of the old race are offset by the former glory of the land. We are touched to tears at the devastation of the Irish Church; but we rejoice at the faith that would never die.

Athlone is the rendezvous of tourists to Clonmacnoise. The road down the river is charming. Historic ground is on either side. Gray and grand rises old Athlone on the Westmeath bank, telling of the slaughter when Sarsfield stood at bay.

> This is the town beside the flood—
> The walls the Shannon washes—
> Where Freedom's seed was sown in blood,
> To blossom into ashes.

It is a fitting place for deeds of arms—valor here, and there, further down the river, faith. This short stretch of river is representative of the Celtic character in history: a blending of war and religion, of light and shadow like that on the river-meadows.

Presently out of the plain rise the ruins of Clonmacnoise, picturesquely grouped on an eminence above the river. The round towers look out over the land like gray-browed sentinels—ghosts out of that dim past of Ireland, so crowded with heroes and saints, silent watchers through the centuries, guarding the bones of the dead, standing like the faith of the land amid the overthrow of the churches.

Hither came one of the seventeen St. Ciarans, or Kierans, of old—historians say in the year of grace 546—to Diarmid, King of Erin, asking ground for his abbey. Diarmid gave it and Ciaran laid the foundation of his city. Soon rose up a university—to which students thronged even from beyond the seas—the cloisters of a community, and the Seven Churches. Groups of seven were favorites with the old Irish monks. We find them at Glendalough, the vale of St. Kevin, on Arran Island, in Lough Derg, and in other parts of Ireland.

As the centuries rolled by the city grew in wealth and splendor. Monarchs of Erin vied with one another in enhancing its architectural beauties and enriching its sanctuaries.

DISTANT VIEW OF THE RUINS.

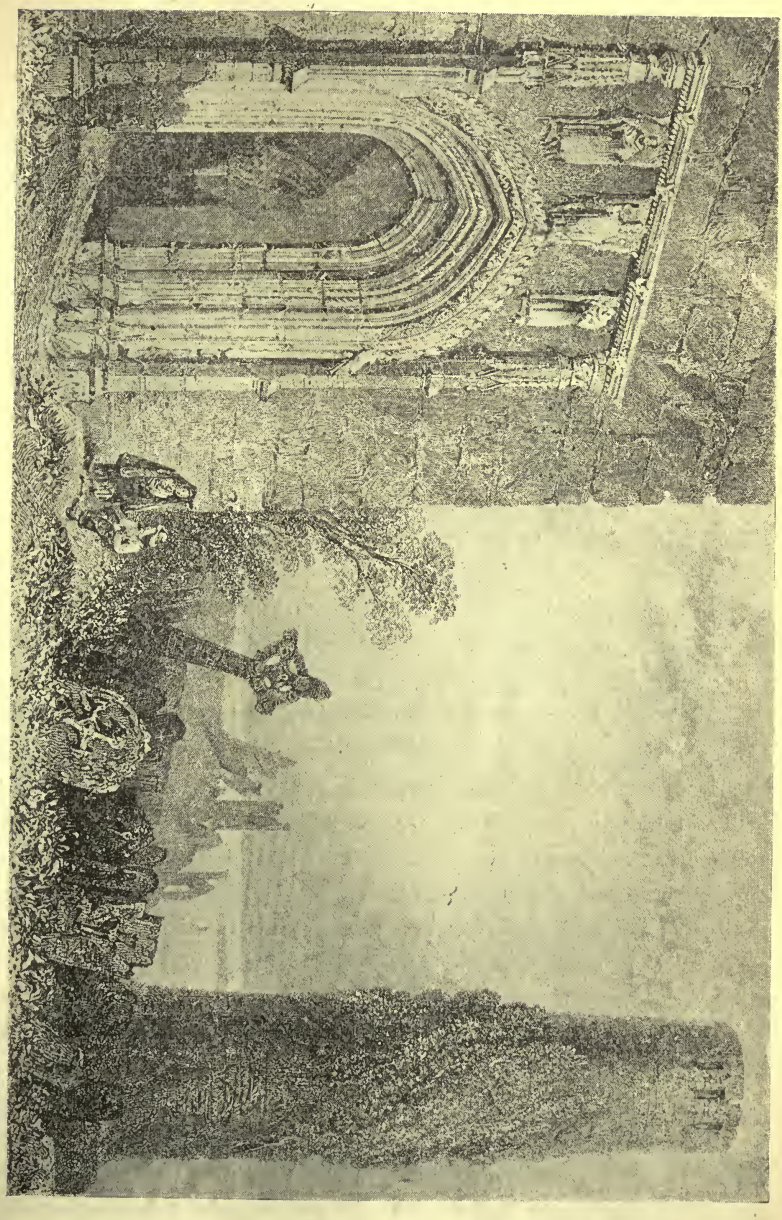
Of all the benefactors of the place, the MacDermots, now of Coolavin in Sligo, were ever the most munificent. Freely they gave of their gold to its altars; their chiefs and bards were often its abbots and bishops, and their sons in its cloisters. And when danger menaced the brethren, the Clan-na-Mulrooney—brave MacDermots—were ever in the van of the battle in its defence. They were its protectors, its patrons, its princely bulwark. The chief ruin of Clonmacnoise, famed for its architectural beauty and its size, is the cathedral of this family—*Teampull MacDiarmuid.*

The MacCarthys, Lords of Munster, have recorded their munificence to the place in a beautiful church. The O'Rorkes of Breffney have given their name to one of the two round towers; the O'Conors of Connaught, the O'Coghlans of Roscommon, the O'Neils of Ulster, the O'Ferralls of Annaly, the O'Briens of Thomond, and others of the septs have left their bones to lie here among the saints. For burial near to sainted Ciaran was ever the dearest boon of the Irish princes.

Could we decipher the old Gaelic epitaphs that date back into the centuries, how they would speak! What a tale of heroism, of devotion, of glory, of ruin and desolation they could tell us! Students from afar, and religious men and women from the four bounds of Erin—all lit here the lamp of their learning and their piety. From these doors went forth missionaries to other lands; and here the light of sanctity shone forth like a torch in the darkness of pagan Europe.

But a noon of war succeeded the long morning of peace. Ireland reeled before the onset of the North; and up the waters of the Shannon—his way marked with fire and bloodshed—up from smoking Limerick and Scattery Isle, sailed the Dane Turgesius. His pirates wasted Clonmacnoise, the monks were butchered, the holy place profaned; and in Teampull MacDiarmuid the tyrant held wassail, throned on the high altar and using the sacred vessels for his mead.

But a worse enemy succeeded to the Danes, and hither one morning came Devorgail—"falsest of women"—to do penance for her sin, which drew the curse of British invasion on Ireland.



DOORWAY OF TEAMPULL MacDIARMUID.

One other day, over from Roscommon, came Roderick O'Conor, last *Ard-Righ* (High-King) of Erin. He had died in Cong, bowed down with the cares of a stormy reign, heart-broken at the impending ruin of his country. Alone and single-handed he had sustained her against the faithless Normans. But treachery and divisions had foiled his work. He resigned his crown in the cloisters of Cong, and was brought here to lie beside St. Ciaran.

Then followed years of alternate prosperity and adversity. Norman and Irish—sad to relate—vied with one another in wasting the holy place. The *Annals of the Four Masters* contain many such entries. Finally, in the year 1552, when Henry VIII. was "reforming" the abbeys of his dominions, we read:

"Clonmacnoise was plundered and devastated by the Galls (English) of Athlone, and the large bells were carried from the *Cloictheach* (belfry or Round Tower). There was not left, moreover, a bell, small or large, an image or an altar, or a book, or a gem, or even glass in a window, from the wall of the church out, which was not carried off. Lamentable was this deed, the plundering of the City of Ciaran the Holy Patron."

Well might the simple chroniclers exclaim "lamentable." It was "thorough." The later Irish policy of Wentworth, the legalized plunder of the west, was anticipated by a century. Still, a tablet in the wall of Teampull MacDiarmuid tells us that "Charles Cochlan, Vicar-General of Clonmacnoise, at his own expense restored this ruined church, A. D. 1647." That was in the brief season of native government, consequent on the Confederation of Kilkenny, some years before Cromwell came on the scene to reduce Clonmacnoise to its present state of desolation.

But let us pass on to the buildings, the silent witnesses of all this. The Irish ivy and moss grow green on the walls of Teampull MacDiarmuid. They do not hide the ruin, but they beautify it. The wounds of the Temple may not be healed, but time has laid a finger of soothing upon them and touched them into grace. The dead are silent below in their graves, and the blue sky is above. The altar is gone, but the croon of the Shannon without is their endless requiem.

Beyond the western door, arresting attention by its site, rises the famous *Cros-na-Sceaptra*, or *Cross of the Scriptures.*

Irish art has enriched it with teeming allegory. Inscriptions

ANCIENT IRISH CROSS.
(*After a Photograph of Lawrence.*)

on the body of the cross make clear its origin. Upon the west side we read—"A prayer for Flann son of Maelsechlain"—and upon the eastern—"A prayer for Colman, who made this

Cross on the King Flann." So that Colman, once Abbot of Clonmacnoise, who died in 924 or thereabouts, set it up on the grave of Flann King of Ireland, who built the Great Church, A. D. 909, and died in 916.

The subjects of the sculpture on the Cross are scenes taken from the life and Passion of our Lord. The Redeemer is conspicuous, and there is much allegory concerning which opinion is at variance.

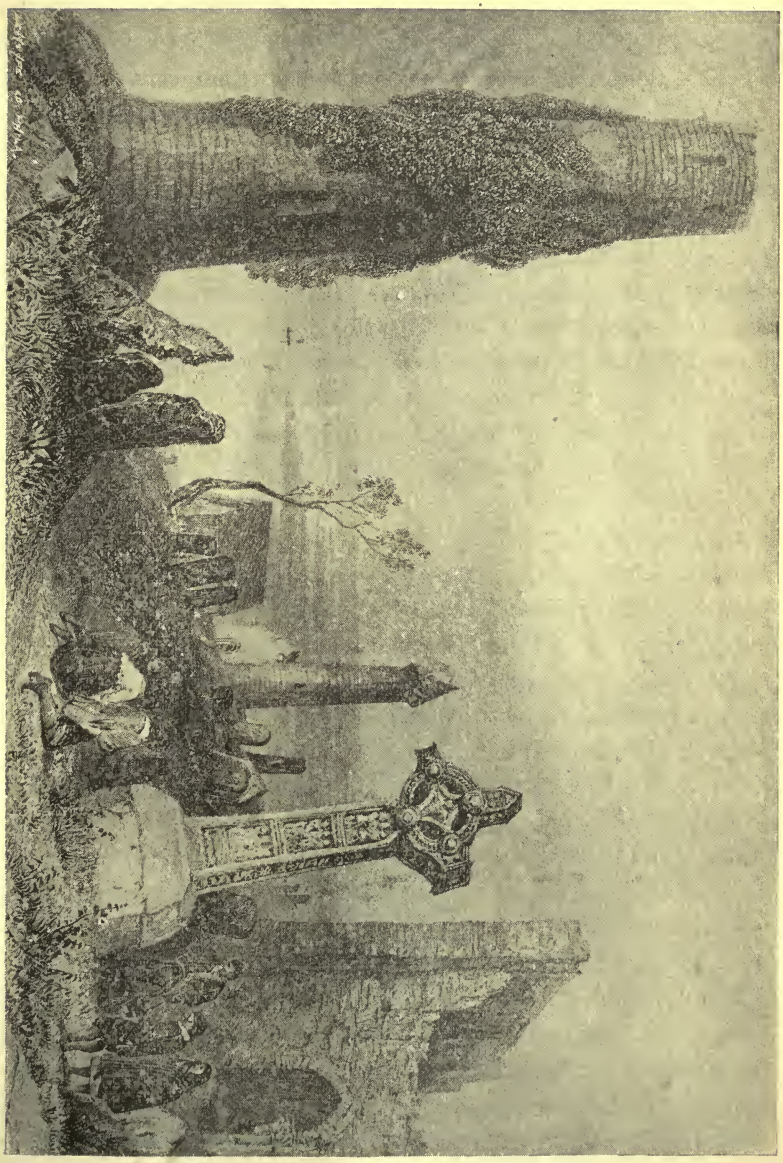
The more appropriate theories are summed up in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for January of this year. The full-length figure is the Redeemer, not St. Kieran, as some thought.

"In the one respect He is the Christ of the Scriptures, dying for love of mankind, in the other He is the Judge, bearing in one hand the sceptre, in the other the cross, emblem of His power and justice. The figures on either side represent the reward of the just, and the punishment of the wicked, the former in an attitude of exultation, the latter departing to their doom in despair, driven by the devil in the shape of an animal, described as a dog by Dr. Ledwich."

Scarcely can we bestow a glance on the second of the Crosses, rich as it is in Irish ornament. Passing too is our survey of Temple Dowling, close at hand, with its group of ruins and the fragment of the Cross of Banagher, commemorating the death of Bishop O'Duffy, in the year 1297, by a fall from his horse.

The Round Towers fascinate us. They are the landmarks of the landscape, an irresistible magnet to the eye. Their great student, Dr. Petrie, shall tell us how he saw them more than fifty years since. His youthful heart was then being drawn to those studies of Irish antiquity which he, more than any other, has made popular and in which he remains a great authority. His touching reflections on the later state of these venerable ruins may fitly close our own desultory thoughts.

"I have been for two days at Clonmacnoise, a wild spot on the bank of the Shannon, where there are the remains of ten or eleven churches and two round towers. . . . The road from Shannon Harbor to *Cluain-McNoise* presents no interesting fea-



AMID THE RUINS.

ture. Extensive views of flat moory ground partake indeed of the character of desolation that surrounds and harmonizes with the solitary ruins we were journeying through, but not sufficiently so to affect the minds, and we look in vain for the Irish Ganges, the mighty Shannon, which is shut out from view by a range of calcareous hills along the eastern shore, to relieve the mind from the oppression of the surrounding dreariness.

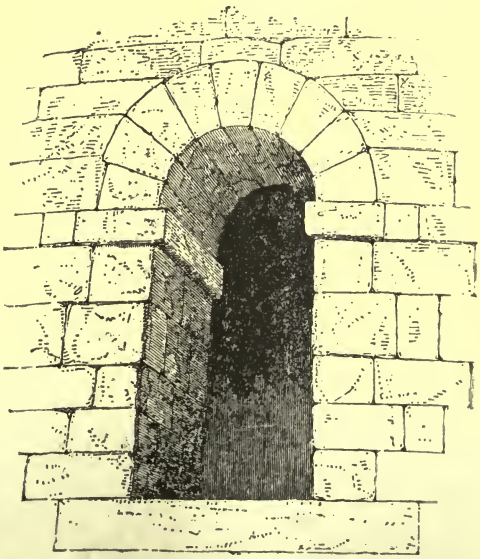
"At about a mile from Clonmacnoise we ascended these hills and saw the ivied round towers on an eminence below us, but the Shannon was still concealed, and neither the towers nor the scenery assumed a striking character till, on descending through these hills, we found ourselves suddenly among the ruins on the bank of the great river. Here, indeed, we looked at each other with expressions of excited astonishment and involuntarily exclaimed, 'This is worth having travelled for.'

"Let the reader picture to himself a gentle eminence on the margin of a noble river, on which, amongst majestic stone crosses and a multitude of ancient gravestones, are placed two lofty round towers and the ruins of seven or eight churches presenting almost every variety of ancient Christian architecture. A few lofty ash trees that seem of equal antiquity and sanctity, wave their nearly leafless branches among the silent ruins above the dead. To the right an elevated causeway carries the eye along the river to the ruins of an ancient nunnery, and on the left still remain the ruins of an old castle, once the palace of the bishops, not standing but rather tumbled-about confused masses on the summit of a lofty mound or rath, surrounded by a ditch or fosse, which once received the waters from the mighty stream, now no longer necessary. The background is everywhere in perfect harmony with the nearer objects of this picture; the chain of bare hills on either side now sear and wild, but once rich with woodland beauty, shut out the inhabited country we so lately left, and the eye and mind are free to wander with the majestic river in all its outlines of graceful windings in an uninhabited and uninhabitable desert, till it is lost in the obscurity of distance!

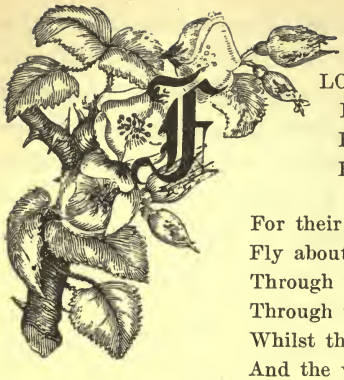
"Loneliness and silence, save the sounds of the elements,

have here an almost undisturbed range. Sometimes, indeed, the attention is drawn by the scream of the wild fowl which inhabit this solitary region, or the shot of the lonely sportsman. At other times we could hear the measured time of the oar, or rather paddle, of a solitary boat, long before the little water became visible, and the melancholy song of the shepherd or the milk-girl might sometimes be heard in the boggy flat, although the singer was too remote to be visible. To such sounds I have been glad to turn for company during the course of the day.

"This landscape, so striking and harmonious, is rendered still more affecting by the appropriate figures of groups of pilgrims that give at once increased interest and picturesqueness to the scene. . . . Their simple costumes of every varied color, give animation to the landscape, while the character of their countenances presents subjects for observation of the deepest interest."



WINDOW IN TEAMPULL MAC DIARMUID.



THE HONEY BEES.

FLOWERS are the prayers of earth,
From her beating heart they've birth;
From them, as from censers, rise
Perfumes toward the summer skies.

For their sake the honey-bees,
Fly about through summer trees,
Through the fields in gladsome mood,
Through the blossoming under-wood:
Whilst the gale, athwart the hills
And the valleys, throbs and thrills
With the fragrance of the morn
On his pinions soft upborne—
Up unto the hallowed sky.

Thus when slower lips are done,
From the heart the soul's desire
Soars on wings of living fire,
Swift ascends to God on high.

With their loud and drowsy hum,
From the busy hives they come,
From the busy hives they go—
Hither, thither, to and fro,
Through the gardens chanting low,
Through the orchards and the meads—
Gathering from the flowers and weeds
Honey for their treasured store,
As a scholar doth his lore.

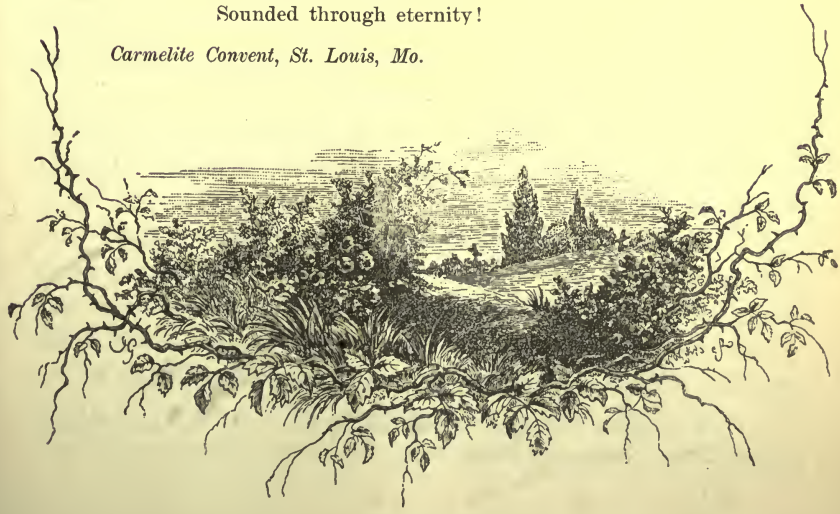
Thus the angels from above,
From the spirit-land of love,
Down-descending to the heart,
Bear away the better part
Of our sorrow and our care,
With their songs of praise and prayer.

Souls this side the veil await,
In the shades their doubts create,
Till God's messenger appears;
Then, beneath love's glance, their fears
Vanish in a mist of tears!

Shadowed so, at heaven's gate,
Doubts earth through her darkened state;
Till the day-star, steeped in song,
Lifts the veil that o'er her hung.
Lifts the mist that round her clung,
And the day glows glad and strong;
Then the murmurous morning breeze,
Wafted over solemn seas,
Whispers to the honey-bees;
And they fly with joy elate,
In the prayerful morning hours,
To the bosoms of the flowers.
Lives of bees and blossoms blend,
As the burthened flowers bend,
Bowing meekly to their fate,
Sweetest they that bear most weight.

Be not troubled then, O friend,
Since the woes our God may send
Prove but blessings in the end;
And the honey that we give,
In the love of God shall live,
In the land of God increase;
While from out His realm of peace
We shall pass not, nor shall cease
Golden chords of rhapsody,
Music of rich praise, to be
Sounded through eternity!

Carmelite Convent, St. Louis, Mo.



AN AMERICAN DOCTOR OF MORTIFICATION.

Right Rev. John Nepomucene Neumann, D.D.

Fourth Bishop of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Born, March 28, 1811, died Jan. 5, 1860.[1]

By M. L. Meany.

I.—Early Traits.

SHORTLY after Bishop Neumann's decease, a little group was discussing his varied merits in a Catholic book-store, when one chanced to say that there was even some prospect of his being, in the near future, a candidate for the honors of canonization, adding with vivacity as some dissented from this: "You may not believe it, but I do. *I* always thought him a real saint."

"Certainly our late Bishop was a saint," interposed a priest who had been listening gravely to the rather frivolous chat; "his life was humble and mortified."

A sudden silence fell on the group. Humility and mortification! What words for American ears! Surely a "free people" might be entitled to plead with sanctity—Take any other form and thou shalt be welcome! Yet almost every page of Father Berger's charming volume brings these two unpopular characteristics before us. The little student of Bohemia, the young missionary in America, the holy Redemptorist of maturer years, the honored prelate of Philadelphia—in every place, at all times, he was "humble and mortified."

It is gratifying, however, to know that he was not "in love" with those grim virtues, though he practised them faithfully. Thus, before an examination, he writes in his journal:

"Our new professor will examine us to-morrow. O my God, give me strength and courage! But should my desire proceed from vanity, hear not my prayer! Yet, Lord, my heart still bleeds from former wounds, have mercy on me now!" His sensitive shrinking from bodily pain was often ridiculed by his

[1] Life of Right Rev. John N. Neumann, D.D. By the Rev. John A. Berger, C.SS.R. Benziger Brothers, 1884.

coarser companions, as is seen in this exquisite unburdening of his heart: "My God, Thy hand lay heavily upon me to-day! Shame, sadness, and vexation were mine. My cassock came home, but it did not fit around the neck. The students all laughed at me. My neck was the source of greater vexation to me to-day than my sore throat some time ago. But I thank Thee, O my Jesus, for this opportunity of mortifying my vanity! I see now that I ought to have recourse to Thee more frequently."

This glorious servant of God was, in fact, a true child of the nineteenth century. We cannot find in him any of those old-fashioned characteristics which discourage imitation of the old-time Saints. He was eager in the pursuit of knowledge, at once enthusiastic and earnest in his projects, friendships, and labors. The following anecdote, too beautiful to be abridged, shows us that even as a child of ten years his passion was for deep knowledge:

"He dived into first principles, and not unfrequently his abstruse questioning puzzled both parents and teachers. About this time John and his little brother Wenceslas roomed together. One night the latter ran to his mother complaining that John would not go to sleep. The mother anxiously arose and hurried to see if anything ailed her boy. What was her indignation, on entering the room, to hear her young philosopher propounding to her the question: 'Mother, how is it that our earth floats in the air without falling?' 'Let it float! you have not to hold it,' was the curt answer. 'God takes care of that. All you have to do is to go to sleep and not disturb your brother.' And the obedient boy turned on his pillow to follow the maternal injunction."

There would be more obedient boys if there were more such mothers. "God takes care of that!" If only all our inquisitive young philosophers were thus relieved of their tormenting doubts and fears as to the "how"!

The universal desire to know something of the childhood and youth of great men, is generously supplied in this book. We make the acquaintance of the truly Catholic family of the Neu-

ASSUMPTION UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

manns, go with John through the various phases of his first twenty-five years, his straitened circumstances as a traveller to the New World, partake of his hopes, sympathize in his continual disappointments, and gain an insight into the *uncatholic* nations which still bear the *name* of Catholic without the *spirit.* It is only at page 150 that we come to the welcome heading: "John Neumann is raised to the dignity of the Priesthood;" and we feel both joy and pride that it was in America he received it.

Landing in New York on the Feast of Corpus Christi, 1836, he was joyfully received by the venerable octogenarian, Bishop Dubois, "who," says the grateful young Levite, "in his surprise and joy, knew not whether to welcome me in Latin, French, or English."

II.—Missionary Life.

To instruct, in their native tongue, the Germans of St. Nicholas' Church, to catechise their children and prepare them for their First Communion, served instead of a quiet Spiritual Retreat to the young stranger. Throwing himself with his wonted energy into the work, it proved the fitting preparation for the dignity to which he aspired, and on June 26th, when he said his first Mass, he had the happiness of giving to thirty children their First Communion. How privileged was that little band!

There is a natural desire to know *just how a priest feels* at the time of his elevation to this incomprehensible dignity. We have some glimpses into Father Neumann's soul through his journal:

"June 23d. My Jesus, I know not how to spend this day, the eve of that on which I shall receive the great Sacrament! My God, what shall I do? Ah! nothing else than remain here by Thy lowly but glorious Crib, near to Thy delightful Banquet, by Thy holy Cross. Ah, how confused is my poor soul before Thee! My God, how couldst Thou love me so much? . . . Oh, how near am I to the object of my desires! Thou art my All, my Lord, my God, and I shall receive Thee every day. Oh,

how This union with Thee will strengthen me in good, will sanctify me!" And on June 25th:—"O Jesus, Thou hast conferred upon me the power of offering Thee, my God, to Thyself —my God to my God! . . . O grace of the Holy Spirit, how I glory in exalting Thee to-day! how I glory in being able to thank Thee, my Creator, my Redeemer, for Thy three great gifts, Creation, Redemption, and our Holy Church! O joy above all earthly joys, I am a member, a servant of that Holy Church!"

Some such outpourings of the heart we might expect, but what immediately follows must amaze all who have been trained to a false opinion of the school of detachment from all but God. "I pray Thee, grant to me and to all the living and the dead forgiveness and sanctification. Now I can efficaciously pray for myself, my parents and relations, my dear friend N. N——, and for all in Bohemia who have recommended themselves to my prayers."

The faithful biographer adds: "Here follows a long list of individuals, confraternities, etc. In his love and gratitude he forgot none with whom he had been connected; all mankind shared in his prayers."

Three days later the new priest set out for his first charge—the missions around Niagara Falls. On July 12th he arrived at Buffalo, and was heartily welcomed by the German Redemptorist, Father Alexander Pax, who accompanied him to Williamsville, ten miles distant, which was to be the "head centre" of his scattered parish. A little room in the humble dwelling of one of his parishioners became his first home, and here he joyfully penned his sentiments at this poor installation:

"O God, my desires are now accomplished! I am in America; I am a priest, a missionary; and I have a flock! My Jesus, Thou must have strengthened me by Thy grace, since Thou dost entrust to me so dangerous a post!"

How dangerous and burdensome that post was, he soon experienced. At Williamsville a church had been begun, on ground given by a Protestant; but scarcely were the walls built when difficulties arose among the creditors and contributors,

so that on Father Neumann's arrival he found all in discord, and a so-called "church" having neither roof nor floor, benches and an altar of rough boards alone attesting its claim to the title. With equal prudence and zeal he restored peace and re-awakened the generous purposes of the original designers. His first sermon was well received, as he records, adding: "I ascribe its success to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, to whom I have promised to introduce among the children the Confraternity of the Most Blessed Sacrament." At the various stations dotting the ground from Williamsville to Niagara, many miles distant, the condition was even worse. At one, the poor hut in which Jesus deigned to dwell, afforded a theme for a discourse on the humility of that beloved Lord, which his tears ended abruptly. At another, the Rosary said on Sundays and festivals in a log cabin was the only attempt at divine worship. Everywhere the children were untaught, so that he could well cry out in bitterness of heart, "O God, how melancholy is the spectacle in this part of Thy kingdom!"

The non-Catholics around were bigoted, as persons wholly unfamiliar with the true character of the Church inevitably are. Scowls, imprecations, threats of violence, the young priest of God had to bear; attacks were made on the church walls during Mass by boys armed with stones, for the "fun" of disturbing the congregation; gross slanders against him were freely circulated—frequently, alas! by his own flock. Personal fatigues and dangers, the endurance of cold, heat, storms and perils of all kinds, belong, as matters of course to a missionary's life: yet they are peculiarly touching when recorded of one so gentle, loving and guileless as the "Bohemian Mountain Boy"—to use the title he was fond of applying to himself.

"O my Jesus, help me to sanctify my children! O Holy Mother of my Lord and my God, pray for me and my flock! O that these tears of mine could blot out my own sins and the sins of my people! Holy Mother Mary, St. Joseph, all ye Holy Virgins, caress the dear Infant Jesus for me; beg Him not to be displeased with my poor children!"

How well such petitions were answered by Him Who holds all hearts in His hands, was made manifest in the summer of 1837, when the venerable Bishop visited this part of his diocese. Amazed at beholding the changes wrought in one short year, he openly expressed his satisfaction with the young pastor's labors and his people's cordial co-operation.

The history of his four years' missionary labor in this region is as interesting as a romance. One anecdote must be given as a specimen of his ready wit and ingenious way of dealing with all. Several Baptist ministers, having proposed a public discussion on points of religious controversy, "the little priest," as they called Father Neumann, assented, and a popular lawyer, who was of no religion, was chosen as umpire. Being defeated on the Scriptural passages they quoted, one of the ministers boasted he could prove that he was personally enlightened by the Holy Ghost.

"Proceed, then," said Father Neumann. "But first answer me one question. Does the Holy Ghost dwell in you?"

"Most undoubtedly!" was the cool reply.

"Prove it, my friend," returned Father Neumann.

"My whole life proves it," began the preacher, with an air of righteous assurance. "Once I was a sinful man. I used to steal my neighbors' horses and cows; I often cheated them in many other ways. But since my conversion I have been a changed man."

Father Neumann here turned to the assembly and, with a twinkle of amusement in his eye, asked:

"My friends, you have just heard one of your preachers confessing his past delinquencies. He assures us that he once cheated and stole, etc. Now can any of you inform me whether he ever made *restitution* for his ill-gotten goods?"

"No, no!" shouted a chorus of voices. "He *never* did!"

"Then," asked the priest, highly amused, "is his conversion a genuine one?"

"No, no, no!" resounded from all sides. "He is the same old rogue that he ever was!"

The moral victory was with the Catholics, of course; the

shrewd umpire merrily congratulated Father Neumann as they shook hands, and the preachers had a proof, not only that the little priest was more than their match, but that Popish confession required more than the Protestant practice did. What wonder that his journal speaks of whole families brought into the Church during his brief missionary career.

Varied and wide-spread as were his labors, they did not content his apostolic zeal. As a seminarian in his native land he had planned a mission-house to supply America with priests, and his letters home continued to urge this matter warmly on his former companions. In one letter he writes:

"The moment has now arrived for me to remind my dear friends in Bohemia of the words of Jesus Christ: 'Go into the *whole world*, and teach all nations.' . . . The zeal of our young Catholics and their eagerness for knowledge are simply astonishing. Last year during my three weeks' stay at Williamsville, preparing the children for First Communion, most of them had to come six miles to instructions, and this they did even in the worst weather. In that short time they learned not only the principal truths of Christian faith and morals, but they made greater progress in reading and writing than could be done in Europe in many years." The most extravagant praises of Young America pale beside this! How *encouraging* he is, too: "Right Rev. John Hughes, Coadjutor-Bishop of the diocese, told me recently that he would admit seven or eight candidates. It is not necessary for them to speak either English or French; they can easily learn both languages in this country, and that very quickly. Good health is a qualification very desirable in a priest destined for America; for the missions entail much travelling, fasting, and preaching. Still, indifferent health should not deter any one, since God supplies when strength fails. As for myself, I am fully satisfied with the labors of the sphere assigned me, for I came here to atone for my sins and to win souls to God. Nowhere, I think, can a better opportunity be found for doing both than here in America."

The great, Christ-like soul exacts but one thing:—candidates

for the mission must be sure "their religious principles agree with the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church; otherwise it would be well for them to provide the means of a speedy return." A volume of eulogies on the prelates of our young land!

"The district, embracing about five hundred miles between the Erie Canal and the Hudson River," Father Neumann describes as "peopled by Germans who, for the most part, are destitute of all spiritual assistance. Coming to this country after a certain age, a German scarcely ever learns English. He knows not even how to bid *good morning* in that language. The words of the Lord, 'In strange tongues I will speak to My people,' are verified in them. May God vouchsafe to hear their prayers, and send them priests of their own nationality!"

Here is a little specimen of the missionary's word-painting:

"Many of our Catholics are in extreme poverty. They live in miserable shanties, some of which have not even the luxury of a window. As a general thing, chairs and bedsteads are unknown. I have seen the dying stretched on a bundle of straw or moss. To hear their confessions and prepare them for the Sacraments, I have to seat myself by their side on the ground. When the priest enters an Irishman's shanty, the whole family, young and old, make the sign of the cross and salute him with, 'Welcome, Father!' How consoling such a salutation from faithful hearts!"

In the calm, reserved Bishop Neumann of a few years later still glowed that impassioned love of his adopted country, which burns in every line to the favorite fellow-student of college days. "May I not indulge the hope of seeing you again, of seeing you in America—in that land whose name, after the sweet Name of Jesus, so often conjured up the brightest visions in the years we passed together? Yes, that name was so dear to us that it formed the theme of our daily conversation. Time never hung heavily with us, though we constantly interchanged the same sentiments. The idea of the American missions was at that time so closely interwoven with our one great thought, the service of God and our neighbor, that any other road leading thereto, how well known or secure soever it might be, appeared to us foreign and

distasteful. You still sigh, if I may credit your own words, for America and your friend of by-gone days. Why, then, do you not come? Why are you not even now on the road to the new world?"

He never came. "The Missionary Society, whose formation he had so much at heart," says Father Berger, "was destined never to spring into existence; moreover, not one of Father Neumann's former companions ever found his way to the shores of America."

III.—The Redemptorist.

Four years of labor and austerities broke down the young missionary's strength, or rather subdued that buoyancy of spirit which had served him instead of the vigorous constitution he was supposed to possess. The nervous temperament that had brought ridicule on the student from his robuster comrades, conquered in the spring of 1840, during a long attack of intermittent fever. On his partial recovery he with difficulty obtained from Bishop Hughes permission to leave the secular ministry, and at Pittsburg was received into the Congregation of Redemptorists on the 18th of October, in the same year.

We cannot even glance at the twelve years that followed. Father Berger describes him as "constantly travelling from place to place, in order to give assistance in the different houses of the Congregation," or "for long intervals left wholly to himself; laboring outside his convent; attending to the innumerable duties of his ministry;" while "temptations both interior and exterior" beset him, as well before as after his religious profession on January 16th, 1842. On March 5th, 1844, Father Neumann became Superior of the Redemptorists in Pittsburg. To him is due the erection of the beautiful Gothic church of St. Philomena, and the convent attached to it, which is said to be the most commodious house of the Redemptorists in this country. Appointed superior of the American province, February 9th, 1847, "he effected extraordinary and lasting results for the good of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer," and after two

years of faithful administration, joyfully saw his successor installed in office, and anticipated the enjoyment of quietly following the vocation of which he had once said to a lay-brother: "Oh what a blessing it is to live in the Congregation, especially here in America! Here we can really love God. We can labor much for Him, and all so quietly, quite unnoticed by the world."

IV.—"The Angel of Philadelphia."

"My dear Father, you had better see about getting yourself a mitre."

Thus pleasantly the amiable Archbishop Kenrick announced to his confessor, Father Neumann, an important piece of news from Rome. The tears and prayers of the holy religious moved him, as many other influential friends were moved, to strive, even against their own wishes, to avert the coming dignity, which poor Father Neumann regarded as a crowning calamity. But Pius IX. replied to their entreaties with that spice of pleasant sarcasm which in him was so charming: "I am confident that God will not refuse me the light to discern what the good of the Church in general and of the Congregation in particular demands of me. Therefore I sanction the choice of the Cardinals, and I command Father Neumann under formal obedience to accept the diocese of Philadelphia without further appeal."

On March 30th, 1852, Philadelphia received her new prelate, the worthy successor of her glorious Kenrick, and probably one day to be placed on her altars. How little that was dreamed of then! The Quaker City, so staid and conservative, had infused enough of her own spirit into Catholics to disincline them toward one whose love of poverty was more befitting the cloister than the episcopal throne. One clergyman, who dreaded for him a frigid public reception, hit on the happy expedient of celebrating his arrival by establishing a Catholic school as a memorial of the event, thus delighting the humble and unselfish Bishop, while giving a unique expression of his flock's rejoicing.

The first Pastoral Letter of Bishop Neumann contained a paragraph which, in view of the wonderful increase of Catho-

licity may almost be deemed a prophecy. Urging the completion of several works begun by his predecessor, notably the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul, while approving the zeal and generosity already evinced, he proceeds thus:

"But whilst the gradual increase of wealth on every side, the accumulation of all the comforts and luxuries of life, attest the prosperity to which this favored country has already attained, in which prosperity many of you participate, let us beware lest the reproaches of the prophet should prove well founded in our regard: 'This people saith, The time is not yet come to build the house of the Lord. And the word of the Lord came by the hand of Aggeus the Prophet, saying, Is it time for you to dwell in ceiled houses and this house be desolate? And now thus saith the Lord of hosts: Set your hearts to consider your ways. You have sowed much and brought in little; you have looked for more, and behold, it came less; and you brought it home, and I blowed it away: why? saith the Lord of Hosts. Because My house is desolate, and you make haste, every man to his own house.' To these complaints of the Holy Spirit what answer did Israel give? With zealous emulation, they went in and did the work of the Lord of Hosts, their God; and the temple was not yet finished, when they heard—From this day I will bless you. Take courage, all ye people of the land, and perform; fear not, for I am with you—and My spirit in the midst of you, saith the Lord of Hosts.'"

The result of the new Bishop's efforts and plans for the completion of the Cathedral fully justified the eulogy of Bishop Michael O'Connor, who had witnessed his building successes in Pittsburg: "The Redemptorist Father Neumann knows how to erect fine churches with small means." The massive work went on for seven years, slowly and with many interruptions from the want of funds (for he would not allow of debts), and in September, 1859, the exterior of the Cathedral was finished and the cross placed in position amid the rejoicings of the faithful. He had a horror, not only of debt, but of the customary devices to obtain bargains and advantages. When the Church of St.

Alphonsus was to be put up for sale to meet the demands of creditors, it was suggested that it could be bought in at public sale for less than its liabilities; but the "just man" set himself to raising funds by which the building was honorably freed from debt and the creditors satisfied. He disliked to have religious houses depending on the tolerance of creditors. "Let us trust in God and St. Joseph," he would say. "Procure whatever is necessary. Be satisfied with what is needed for the present day, and confide the future to God. This, I know well, exacts great self-denial," he added, with the candor that is so encouraging in a spiritual adviser, "but it is the surest way of acting."

A Sister whom he had questioned as to the condition of her convent, told him sometimes they had no coal to make a fire, and when they had coal there was nothing to cook. Pointing to the crucifix hanging close by, he told her there was a book which, if read and studied, would lighten her trials. Then turning to her superior, he added playfully: "As I usually distribute medals among the Sisters, I must not omit to do so now; but to-day I am going to give you Yankee medals," handing her fifty dollars in gold. How much more solicitous the good Bishop was to afford them every spiritual aid possible, need not be mentioned.

Bishop Neumann's episcopate lasted not quite eight years. The multiplication of religious institutions, societies, schools, and churches in that short period was marvellous. Nor was strictly devotional progress less marked. His success in putting the Theological Seminary on a firm financial basis, and his preparatory Seminary for little boys, which had seemed a Utopian undertaking to even the most sanguine, crowned the whole. When in October, 1854, he visited Rome on the solemn occasion which rejoiced the whole Catholic world by the dogmatic decree of our Lady's Immaculate Conception, the Holy Father could well address him: "Bishop Neumann of Philadelphia! Is not obedience better than sacrifice?" What, indeed, had not obedience in this case wrought for the glory of God, the good of souls and his own sanctification? Even in the Eternal City his humble, mortified traits were noticed. It was only on *State occasions* that

he wore the insignia of his rank; in the worst weather he walked rather than incur the expense of riding, and his walks were often solitary, "as he could find no one willing to bear him companionship!"

From Rome, Bishop Neumann made a brief visit to the scenes of his childhood where he was welcomed with general acclamations. One of the bystanders exclaimed, "Oh that his mother were alive to share in this happiness!" To which the Bishop quickly replied: "She sees us, she sees us! My good mother is looking down upon us; she is rejoicing with us!" The few days he passed amid those well remembered scenes were holidays to the delighted populace, who in every way testified their pride and affection.

Returning home in March, 1855, he found religion flourishing throughout his diocese. Especially was he delighted with the spread of the "devotion of the Forty Hours." This he had established before his departure amid almost general opposition, being encouraged thereto by a marvellous vision in which our Lord said to him: "Hesitate no longer to carry out your designs for My glory." To Bishop Neumann belongs also the honor of urging on in the United States the Catholic parochial school system, now so successful.

Like St. Gertrude, the great Neumann rather desired than feared a sudden death. "It spares us, as well as our attendants, many a temptation to impatience," he said; "and besides, the devil has not so much time to trouble us." He had also predicted that he would die before his fiftieth year. On Thursday, January 5th, 1860, both previsions were realized. The last effort of his life was thus related by his Coadjutor and successor, Archbishop Wood:

"As we sat at dinner that last day of his life, Bishop Neumann, though evidently suffering, told us the following story: 'How simple-hearted,' he began, 'are the good people in the Old Country! When, having finished my studies, I was making preparations for my journey to America, the report of my intended departure spread throughout the little town. Neigh-

bors and relatives flocked to say farewell and to wish me a safe voyage. One of my friends from the country drew me aside, and in a low voice said: "John, you are going on a long and dangerous voyage. Now, take my advice. Here are two gold pieces. When you go on board the ship, just slip them into the Captain's hand and say, 'Captain, here are two gold pieces for you, on condition that you always steer the ship in shallow water near the land.' For you see," continued my friend, "if anything should happen to the ship, you could save yourself by swimming."' We laughed heartily at this piece of simplicity, little thinking that it was the last anecdote we should hear from the lips of our beloved Bishop."

His place in heaven was ready. "I have a strange feeling to-day; I never felt so before," were his words after dinner, when a visitor, noticing the glassy appearance of his eyes, inquired about his health. "I have to go out on a little business, and the fresh air will do me good."

What ensued was touchingly described by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore in his funeral oration on the following Monday: "Just after he had attended to a legal transaction by acknowledging some instrument before a magistrate, in apparent health, leaving the office he crossed the street, sat down on the steps of a house, fell, and died. How melancholy an end! Without the comforts of home, the aid of physicians, the solace of friends, the consolations of religion, as a houseless stranger he expired. But what matters it, brethren? He was prepared to die at any moment, for he lived by faith and walked with God. . . . What matters it that God knocked not at the door of his heart to apprise him of His coming? The prisoner who sighs for liberty loses nothing of satisfaction by the sudden opening of the door of his dungeon at a time when he thinks not that his liberation is at hand. We have reason to believe that, after the few sighs and groans which nature gave as tokens of departing life, the spirit of the good prelate joyously soared aloft, to commingle with the holy pastors who in every age ruled well their respective portions of the flock, and now triumphant wear the unfading

crown with which the Prince of the shepherds had rewarded their fidelity. His soul now communes with the Ambroses, the Augustines, the Gregories, and especially with the sainted Alphonsus, whom he imitated so diligently. With them he praises God for the multitude of His mercies, and gives Him homage."

Those who remembered the prudent reserve for which the illustrious preacher was remarkable, found in this language a sure presage of the "good Neumann's" future canonization. Then the modest little secrets came out, here and there, such as are related only of saints. The plain, shabby appearance, which had often given scandal, was now mentioned with exulting pride. The simple, almost uncouth manners, the rustic ways and unpretending speech were thought of as glorifying the vast erudition the dead Prelate had so ingeniously hid: whispers went about telling of certain favors both in the temporal and spiritual orders obtained through his intercession, and the *voice of the people*, prudently but with unmistakable fervor, called for the ecclesiastical processes, and they now await their slow course with joyous confidence.

My son, do thy works in meekness,
And thou shalt be beloved above the glory of men.
The greater thou art, the more humble thyself in all things,
And thou shalt find grace before God.
For great is the power of God alone,
And He is honored by the humble.

* * * * * * *

A wise heart, and which hath understanding, will abstain from sin,
And in the works of justice shall have success.

* * * * * * *

—God provideth for him that sheweth favor:
He remembereth him afterwards,
And in the time of his fall he shall find a sure stay.

Ecclesiasticus, iii.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

I.—The Winning of the Grace.

By a Missionary Father.

WHILE helping at a mission Father F. went out one afternoon for half an hour's breathing-spell before the confessions should begin and keep him engaged till eleven o'clock. Piously musing as he went, he was suddenly started from his reverie by the sound of a carriage dashing hurriedly in his direction. Looking up, he saw a man waving his hand to him from the carriage window. He paused in surprise at the curb till the carriage drew up and the occupant, very much excited, stepped out and addressed him:

"You are a Catholic priest, I presume?"

"I am indeed," said the Father; "are you in any distress?"

"Yes," was the answer, "my wife is dying in a hotel a few blocks from here and begs me to call a priest. I am not a Catholic myself, but I haven't the heart to refuse her. Step into my carriage, if you please, Father, and we'll drive there at once."

The bearing of the man was that of a gentleman, his language, though hurried, being exceedingly courteous, but the priest hesitated for a moment.

Might this not be some trap? Cases were not unknown where priests had thus, for various evil purposes, been spirited away and suffered much, even death itself.

Only a few years before, some bigoted ruffians in Orange County, New York, had endeavored to lure him from his house at night under pretence of a sick-call; but their conduct was so suspicious that he had refused to go till morning, and meantime discovered that they had been armed with clubs to assault him cruelly as soon as he reached some lonely corner.

In the present case, however, he felt persuaded that the man was honest, and so, making the sign of the cross and saying a prayer to our Lady, he entered the carriage.

"It is very strange," said the man, "that my wife should send for a priest. She never showed any signs of being a Catholic

before, and, though we have been married three years, I never suspected it."

"Probably," answered the priest, "she was a Catholic in early life, and now feels remorse for having so long neglected her religion."

The carriage soon reached the hotel, and a moment or two brought the priest and his guide into the chamber of the dying.

The first thing the priest noticed was the utter absence of anything like religious feeling. A group of well-dressed gentlemen, talking in a subdued voice, crowded the room, but none of them showed the least sorrow or concern or uttered a word on the subjects that should be uppermost at such a solemn time. They bowed politely to the priest as he entered, and then stepped aside to allow him to reach the couch of the sufferer.

The woman presented a sad picture. Though she could not yet have reached middle age, streaks of gray had begun to mark her hair, and long deep lines gave her face a haggard appearance. She was thin and nervous, and apparently was suffering more in mind than in body.

"Father," she whispered, "I am so glad you have come. I want you to hear my confession. I know I am dying, dying fast, but, oh! I cannot die till I am reconciled to God."

"Certainly, my poor woman," said the Father, and turning to those present, he continued: "Excuse me, gentlemen, but you will have to leave the room for a few moments till I hear this lady's confession."

The request astonished the men, and they were about to refuse when the woman begged them to go.

"Yes, yes," she pleaded, "it is necessary—you must leave."

Thus adjured, they withdrew and the Father left the door slightly ajar behind them.

The penitent's story was indeed a mournful one. It was of a life full of waywardness, a life that had been given up wholly to the enjoyment of evil pleasures. It was, however, accompanied by such a flood of tears and other signs of the deepest contrition and the greatest loathing of her sins, that the priest after all could not help feeling comforted.

Here was a brand snatched from the burning. This soul had been standing on the brink of everlasting ruin, and, lo! how the grace of God had saved it!

When the woman concluded her story, the priest could see that her protestations of contrition were sincere, and he gave her absolution with mingled feelings of pity and joy. Yet what was the secret of this conversion? Was it known to God alone, or could it be that she had performed some heroic act of virtue long ago the brightness of which had still lingered to illumine her sinful career?

"Tell me," the Father asked, "was there no good deed in your life to which you can attribute the present grace?"

The woman was lost in thought a while, and then answered with great satisfaction: "Only one thing, Father, but that was enough. When a child at the convent in Spring Street, New York, I had learned to love the Blessed Virgin dearly. The Sisters had taught us never to retire at night without at least one *Hail Mary* in her honor. I ran away from the school in a fit of anger, but I never forgot that practice. It became such a habit after a while that I was afraid to go to bed without saying the prayer. Believe me, Father, I always meant what I said. *Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners.* It gave me such hope! Again and again would I bewail my sins, but the devil always returned stronger than before, and see now, I have barely escaped his clutches for all eternity. A long purgatory must be awaiting me, but when I know that hell should be my lot, I embrace any torments willingly."

"Truly," said the priest, as the woman sank back sobbing, "it is Mary who has saved you. Her Divine Son cannot cast from Him forever a soul that really loves His Mother. But, as you say, the risk was a fearful one. How easily might not your sins have beclouded and destroyed that love, and then what hope for you? But rest quietly. To-morrow morning at seven o'clock, I shall bring you the Blessed Sacrament as a pledge of Jesus' forgiveness because of Mary. Meantime be as little concerned as possible with worldly thoughts, and prepare yourself by

frequent acts of contrition, faith, hope, and charity for that last great journey which you must make so soon."

Then Father F. bade the men return to the room. When they gazed again on the dying woman, and saw the marvellous peace and resignation which replaced her former restlessness and fear, they felt, in spite of their prejudices, that some divine power had wrought the change.

II.—Her Own Penance.

By a Sister of the Good Shepherd.

How well I remember the narrow lane bearing the name of Broe Street, and running east of St. Mary's to the St. Lawrence, at the foot of which was the first location of our House of the Good Shepherd. At the entry into a rather large vestibule, there was a descent of six steps; at the right hand was a small parlor entirely closed from the adjoining room by a black grating, over which black canvas shut out the view of the next room. It was there I went to make my first application to be received into the Congregation of the Good Shepherd.

By the door, a woman stood as if she were awaiting an answer. In a few minutes the Mother Superior appeared, saluted me smilingly, and going over to the woman, said the following words: "Poor Mary! so you are going to wander again? Well, my dear child, remember the Good Shepherd's door is open to you." Then looking at me she said: "Here is a young lady coming to do penance and to pray for you."

The woman threw herself on her knees to receive the good Mother's blessing, said something in a smothered voice, and entered the chapel door. After some moments passed with the Mother Superior, I also went into the chapel and saw the woman still there.

Some weeks after my admission into the Novitiate, I was told one evening to accompany the first Mistress of the Penitents, to preside at their recreation. I was shown a chair at the end of a long and narrow table, on both sides of which there were twelve or fourteen Penitents sewing. At the same time they were talking and amusing themselves very joyously.

It was my first appearance in the class, in charge of these poor "children," as the inmates of the Good Shepherd convents are called. I felt rather timid, feeling that I was being examined from head to foot by my new pupils. In a few minutes, I felt quite at ease, as they welcomed me very heartily. Then one left her place, came to kneel before me, and asked me if I recognized her.

As she was wearing the Penitent's uniform I did not, and told her so.

She said: "Dear Mother, you have been my saviour."

"Indeed! How can that be?"

"Well, Mother, you came to the parlor as I was leaving. I knelt at our Mother's feet to receive her parting blessing; she gave it to me and said, sorrowfully,—'God bless you, my poor child, and save you from the dangers to which you expose yourself. In your wanderings, my poor Mary, remember that the Good Shepherd is ever merciful, that this house is open to you. Now, my child, here is a young lady, she is coming here to work for souls, she will pray for you, and do penance for you.'—My heart broke at these words.—'Oh, indeed, the darling! Well, I will not give her the chance. I am going to do my own penance.'—And I flew to the chapel, promised on my two knees that the devil of intemperance should never get the better of me again. I feared to go out. I went back to the parlor, from there to the class, and here I am, dear Mother. Is it not true you saved me?"

"Oh, no, but I happened to be an instrument, of which God made use at the time."

Well, years passed on, and many a storm poor Mary encountered in her penitential course. Her fiery and jealous disposition gave her a long war. Sometimes she was almost beside herself, but the spirit of prayer, which she possessed in a high degree, enabled her to overcome every temptation. Never did Mary ask again to return to the world. In time she became a 'consecrated' Penitent, and added to her name of Mary that of the Seven Dolors.

Oh, you who pass by an asylum of penance and, perhaps,

throw a look of disgust at these victims of human passions, how little you know of the heroic reparation which is done during a whole life long for a few years of dissipation! The veil is down and will not be lifted before the great day of remuneration, then these words of our Lord will be verified: *The last shall be first.*

Thirty years have passed. Mary was to be seen all transformed by penance, and the young Sister had become a mature nun and gone to the missions. There she had witnessed other penitent souls bravely going on their way, sword in hand, as it were, to the region of expiation and sacrifice. Sometimes some outside business of the community would recall her to the Alma Mater, where her happy youth had been formed to the religious life. On those occasions a visit to the class of Penitents was a real treat for children and Mother, and she went away consoled and edified by the account of those dear ones whose perseverance had won the crown.

On June the 21st, 1884, the fortieth anniversary of the foundation of the house, the same Sister went to visit the class once more. But Mary had left the ranks of the Penitents' Hall. She had died the preceding March, leaving word to her "darling Mother" that she would pray for her in heaven, whither she was going.

"One Hundred Years, Father!"

By a Hospital Chaplain.

Dear Messenger: An interesting and strange fact had been related to me some fifty years ago. As there was hardly any hope that it could be authenticated, I was afraid it could never be put on record. But I have had the good fortune to ascertain it beyond a doubt.

Toward the end of the last century, the only priest who was then at Halifax, Nova Scotia, was called to attend a dying man. He knew all the members of his flock, but he had never heard of that man. Wondering who he might be, he hastened to the place. It was at some distance from the city. He found the cabin as had been described. It was beginning to be dark when he arrived, and there was no light within.

He pushed open the door: "Is there anybody here?"

From the corner a feeble voice answered, "Yes."

"Is it you who sent for the priest?"

"Yes."

The priest went forward. "How long is it since you went to confession?"

The sepulchral voice answered: "One hundred years!"

When the priest had recovered from the shock of the awful answer, he asked again: "What do you say? What do you mean?"

"Just one hundred years ago, at the battle of the Boyne, I was a powder-boy, carrying powder to the soldiers. When I saw God gave the victory to the English, I swore I would not serve Him any more. He has waited one hundred years for me; I must surrender!"

The priest prepared the old soldier, who died a Christian death.

Now, how was I made sure of the fact? A few years ago, old Father J. Carroll, of Chicago—who has just died at the age of ninety-six years—came to New York, and I had a talk with him. He mentioned his having been ordained at Halifax, sixty-five years before. It occurred to me he might know about the old soldier; and when I related to him the history, just as I have done now, he exclaimed at once: "My uncle was the priest who prepared the old soldier; I heard him relate this history a number of times!"

That priest, his uncle, was Father Burke, who became Vicar Apostolic, and was the first Bishop in Halifax.

D——.

PILATE FRESH FROM COLLEGE.

By Padre Coloma.

Pilate, being willing to satisfy the people . . .

V.

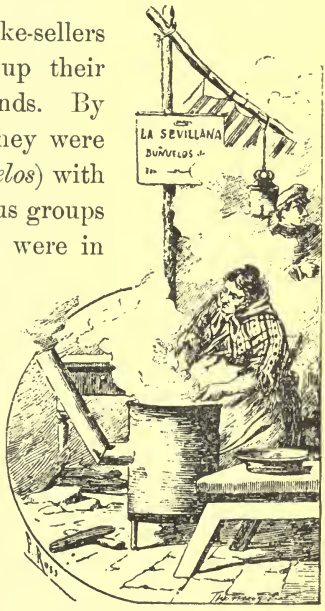
SEVILLE—the graceful Andalusian that washes herself in the waters of the Guadalquivir and perfumes herself with orange flowers—is only a poor young girl, rather gay, foolish perhaps, yet not able to forget that her parents have brought her up to be pious. Even on those days when she sets out for the bull-fights, with silken petticoat and embroidered slippers, with mantilla of white fluffy lace and tortoise-shell comb, a hundred bells awaken her with their call to Mass before the dawn.

Joyful and sonorous is the echo of the brazen bells for whoso leaves his rest with tranquil conscience and, as he listens to the loving—"Come! Come!"—smilingly answers—"I go! I go!" Solemn and grand and full of promises it reaches the ear of him who breaks from the sleeplessness of a heavy heart and dries his tears as he turns to that voice which says—"Hope! Hope!" Gloomy and full of fear and threatenings it resounds in the stained conscience of him who stops his ears that he may not hear, yet for all that hears from that brazen tongue—"Fear! Fear!"

It was thus those solemn tones ought to have sounded in the ears of three men who, in the livid morning light, turned the corner of a blind alley to take their way in silence to the Grounds of the bull-fight. One was Prodigal, the second was Garcia, the other was Gabriel. But it was no longer Gabriel full of joy and smiles, with his cravat of white and blue—the colors of the Immaculate and the cherished present of his mother. It was a pallid Gabriel, hollow-eyed, crest-fallen, with his hands in his trousers-pockets and his coat-collar turned up, for he was cold

through his whole body. His eyes were lustreless, dreary as the waters of a lake where the sun enters not, for he was cold through his whole soul as well.

The pale light of the dawn was already beginning to scatter abroad its corpse-like hues, surprising in deserted streets dogs that seek their subsistence in the heaps of garbage, and those other strange beings of every sex and age, of a type unknown by day, but which in populous cities come out of their burrows by night only to shrink back like some wild beast of the fields when the first rays of the sun appear.



In spite of the early hour, the cake-sellers at the Triana gate had already set up their stands by every entrance to the Grounds. By a light from an iron candlestick, they were handing out their classic buns (*buñuelos*) with cups of aniseed-water to the numerous groups of people from the suburbs. These were in a hurry to enter the Grounds in order to be present at the driving of the bulls into the enclosure, and at the fighting of the "Brandy Bull." This is an ordinary custom in other populous centres of Andalusia, but is not always the case in Seville. There it is commoner to drive up the bulls into their enclosure about midnight and with closed gates, and altogether to suppress the Brandy Bull of tradition. He is so called on account of the much spending and drinking during this sample-fight, in which anyone can take part who has paid his four quarters for admission.

The Grounds inside did not show that picturesque particolored air which belongs to the solemn fight, when all is alive with enthusiasm and the luxury and grace of life and motion. On the contrary, there was to be seen a crowd of men and women of the lowest populace, filling every place from the lowest steps to the

grand stand, with the frightful cries which are also heard later on, but at this hour seem viler and more discordant. Hundreds of vendors pushed their way about in every direction, each with his little glass, soiled and greasy, and a green flask of brandy, which they hawked about with the words—"Who'll I make a fighter of?" A question full of meaning, to which answer was to be given by the liquid within the flask, strong enough to give the courage of a Paquiro to anyone willing to raise it to his lips.

Gabriel and his companions had seated themselves on a box directly in front of the barrier. A brandy-seller passed by with his green bottle, and Prodigal called him, saying to his friends: "Now, then, gentlemen, let's kill off the snakes!"

And, as if the "snake" he had in his stomach were a veritable boa, each threw down his throat three glasses, Prodigal without stopping for breath, Garcia making faces, and Gabriel with swift determination and shut eyes, choking down the violent nausea to which the beverage stirred him, as if he would also choke other violent qualms that tormented his soul.

Just then the "Peppers" began running from one side to the other along the barrier, clearing the arena with all haste. At the same time flew open the two great gates, placed opposite each other and giving entrance into the circle, one beneath the stand of the President and the other beside the stables. Then deep silence reigned, and every eye was turned to the gate of entrance underneath the President's stand. First a far-off cry was heard; soon the bells of the ox-leaders rang out in the distance, and two minutes later there came rushing into the open space, in the midst of clouds of dust, the seven bulls for the fight, with leaders accompanying them, and herdsmen, drivers, and a free contingent of gentleman-amateurs, the latter genuine types of Andalusia, quite as much at their ease in full evening dress as in the skin coat and with the goad of the bull-driver. An infernal racket of cries, whistling, and knocks against the boards now rose up, halting short the affrighted bulls in their swift career. They turned uneasy eyes on every side, started back as if for a stampede, but at last yielded to the calls of the leaders and the

slings of the herdsmen, and disappeared in a bunch through the door of the stables, still amid the cries of the throng and clouds of dust.

One alone, black as night, turned aside from the very entrance of the stalls, and dashed back to the arena, charging furiously at the jackets, or other pieces of clothing or rags which the crowd flourished at him from the barrier. At length he took his stand in the middle of the arena, rolling his ferocious eyes in every direction, tossing his head haughtily in air as if demanding from the President's stand enemies worthy of measuring their strength with his own. The herdsmen on their horses, with their hooked javelin-like goads in rest, hurried forward with all speed, sweeping round the beast, with a lightness and grace inherited from the Arabs, in long circles. Others came forward on foot, cracking their slings and driving ahead of them one of the ox-leaders who sounded measuredly the harsh signal of his bell. Then the bull, more sensible than the men around, yielded to the emissary of peace, lowered his head, trotted up to the tame leader, and along with him entered into the stable like a wayward child led home by his mother.

The wide gate closed behind them, and a multitude of men and boys then began leaping over the barrier on all sides into the circle of the arena. They were armed with old trappings and garments of the fights, with ornaments of the gala dress, with

cudgels and broken sticks of the banderillas. A trumpet sounded: the door of the "sty" was opened, and the Brandy Bull leaped into the arena. He dashed toward the human wall, which broke before him in every direction, some falling to one side, others jumping to the other, and the greater number flying, without a moment's loss of time, until at a single leap they had gained the saving shelter of the barrier. For a long hour the orgies of the bull-fight went on, during which there was an alternation of blows and overthrows, of obscenities and blasphemies, of running forward and alarms backward, of man's barbarity and beast's brutality. At last the tired animal, who was already old and untrained for the fight, fell back against the barrier and made face to the foes that followed him close with blows of their sticks, even pricking him with their banderillas in the nostrils for the sole pleasure of hurting him. Ah! man is the cruel one—not the king, but the tyrant of all the animals—complaining if a tiger eats him up, and yet capable of devouring any number of tigers if his cooks would but make cutlets of them, or if the managers of fighting bulls should haul them into the ring with clipt claws and offer him instead of bulls—Brandy Tigers!

Meanwhile the cups which our friends had taken "to kill off the snakes" were producing in them divers and distinct effects. Prodigal was filled with talk to the elbows, abounding over and above the faculty nature had given him in that inspired of alcohol. Garcia, tumbled over a bench, was experiencing the stomach- and heart-breakings which belong to a regulation drunken bout. And Gabriel, the innocent Gabriel, violently changed and beside himself, with his unbuttoned shirt leaving a blue scapular and a golden medal hanging from a chain of the same material to drop forward into sight, shouted and struck out with his hands, in a kind of dizzy fever like the terrible *delirium tremens* that lays hold of those long sunk in the mire of intemperance in alcoholic drinks.

Suddenly the bull, harassed by a banderilla which some ragamuffin from the Triana had fastened in his haunch, crossed the ring with the swiftness of an arrow, and took new shelter in the

corner of the barrier over against the seat of Gabriel. The President gave a sign, and another trumpet then sounded, calling to the leaders to entice away the unlucky beast and give him over at last to his executioners. Just at that moment something came to pass which often, indeed, happens in the rings of the bull-fights, where every liberty is allowed, and insolence and effrontery are guaranteed their full swing in all safety. Three of the students who had been in the company of our heroes the night before, hunted out Prodigal from the row of seats they were occupying, and, desirous of giving an ill turn to the enemy of Alligator Joe, they began screaming and knocking their banderillas against their sticks, as soon as ever the herdsmen and the ox-leader that were to take away the bull appeared in the ring.

"Let Prodigal kill him! Let Prodigal kill him!"

The cry ran around with the speed of the electric spark, and the next moment the whole throng was shouting together, to the sound of measured blows. "Let Prodigal kill him! Let Prodigal kill him!"

This grotesque ovation so exasperated the bull-fighter that he tried to get out of the throng, darting at them from his mouth the most cutting things he could say, shouting in his rage: "Let the fever and ague kill him, by Jingo! Let the lightning fall on him, *canastos!* The next thing will be for you to have Powder-horn Bill wipe the nose of a circus cow!"

Gabriel too was shouting and waving his hat, and he held on to Prodigal by the waistcoat. The latter pushed him off with a blow of his fist, and stretching out his arm toward the bull, he screamed, trembling with anger: "There's open field for you, you chicken! Scalp him yourself, if you dare!"

"I—a chicken?" cried Gabriel beside himself. And with

lightning speed he threw off his coat and with a single bound leaped into the ring. Garcia tried to hold him back, but he could only manage to get hold of his hat, which remained in his hands. Then he jumped after him, reeling drunkenly; but he was too late. Gabriel was in face of the bull, and holding up his coat was stamping on the ground to challenge him. The animal lowered his head, showing his bloody tongue; then he stood back against the barrier, brushing his muzzle against the ground and moving his ears. And then—with a bound he raised his head in the air.

A terrible cry—one of those cries that seem to issue forth from a thousand breasts by a single throat—went up from the throng. They saw Gabriel tossed in air and falling to the ground on his face, with arms outstretched, heavy and lifeless as a bag of sand.

VI.

Gabriel opened his eyes and found himself in a narrow bed, poor but clean. A white curtain shut him in at the right, a similar one was at his left, and a third hung across the foot in front of him, all together enclosing him as in a linen casket. Gabriel looked up behind him, and saw against the naked wall a black wooden cross, fastened up above his head, and below it a tablet on which, in characters also black, was written the number 33. Then it seemed to him that behind the curtain on the right he heard a painful breathing, and behind that to the left, from time to time, a racking cough. The movement of Gabriel in turning his head made his bed creak. At the noise the curtain at the foot was gently raised, and his astonished eyes saw a Sister of Charity appear. Gabriel's head sank back in his pillow as the Sister came forward, as if he had before him an apparition from the other world.

"How are you now?" said the religious kindly, as she leaned over the bed.

"But where am I?" murmured Gabriel in affright.

The Sister looked at him with a deep expression of sadness, and answered gently: "In God's house, my brother."

Gabriel abruptly pulled himself together in the bed, and seizing hold of the Sister's sleeve, he said with eyes starting from his head: "In the Hospital?"

"Did I not say—in God's house, my brother?" replied the religious, softly moving back.

"I am in the Hospital! In the Hospital!" cried Gabriel in a fit of terror; and his shame and horror caused him to fall once more into unconsciousness.

Gabriel was indeed in the Hospital, whither they had brought him on a litter, without being able to identify his person. Prodigal had disappeared, and Garcia, who was drunk as any old toper, could give no accurate account of what had happened; and when he found himself alone in the arena, wound up by tumbling into a corner where they found him still snoring at the hour of the bull-fight.

When brought to the Hospital, Gabriel still remained unconscious. A physician examined him with care, and at last turned his back on him, saying: "Bah! Brandy and a good blow. Let the young monkey sleep quietly, and someone watch him to see if the shock will have any result."

The fine quality of Gabriel's clothes and the delicacy of his hands, with an air of distinction which, in spite of his pitiful state, still marked his person, showed a careful observer that he did not belong to the class of men that people the hospitals. Still they placed him in the common ward, and a Sister—the one we have seen coming forward at his first motion—stayed near to watch him.

As Gabriel fainted away again, the Sister put a phial of some ardent fluid to his nostrils. He opened his eyes, and then closed them anew, sighing heavily.

"Courage!" said the religious; "this is nothing."

Gabriel kept silence and remained for a long time with eyes shut, motionless and pale as a corpse. Suddenly his fine eyes

opened again, filled with tears, and he said with a trembling voice: "Sister, am I going to die?"

"No, my brother," cried the religious deeply touched. "It is nothing at all. Just a shock, no more. The doctor only ordered a couple of days of watching and complete rest."

Gabriel again closed his eyes, and two big tears rolled down his cheeks, dropping slowly on the pillow. The Sister saw him moving his lips as if he prayed, and pressing against his breast, under the covering of the bed, something she could not see. Thinking he was at last quiet, she moved away on tiptoe, leaving him alone. Alone in a hospital bed! Alone with his lost innocence!

Gabriel drew from beneath the coverlet the golden medal which he wore at his neck, and began kissing it amid his sobs. It was the medal of his First Communion, and his mother had had it struck for the occasion. On one side was the figure of the Immaculate Virgin; on the other the date—8th of December—and the inscription—*Monstra te esse Matrem* (Show thyself a Mother).

"Show thyself a Mother!" cried Gabriel, wetting it with his tears. And his sobs—the bitter sobs of repentance, to which forgiveness, once it is granted, lends such unspeakable sweetness—filled up his throat, finding vent in keen and prolonged sighs, like darts of grief issuing straight forth from the heart.

For two hours he kept on in this state of painful sorrow, during which he thought himself going crazy a thousand times. God had been offended, his mother made desolate, his name dishonored: these were the three ideas which his imagination confounded and jumbled together in a frightful whirlwind, putting together the true with the imaginary, the certain with what he feared, that which humbled him with that which terrified, in a way that utterly broke down his heart, as if those three great barriers of his soul—God, his family, and honor—had toppled over upon him, burying all thought of consolation and every gleam of hope, under the ruins of his sin and ingratitude and disgrace. The impious breath of despair, like the simoom of the

desert, swept over his soul, drying and withering it up, inspiring diabolical ideas which the poor boy cast from him, holding tightly in his terror to the medal of the Virgin, with the anxiety of one who sees himself falling and overwhelmed, yet would not cast himself down.

"Show thyself a Mother!" he cried: "Show thyself a Mother!"

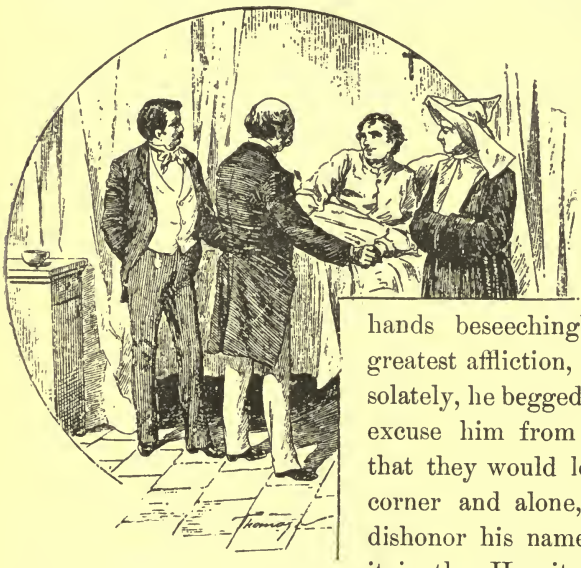
It happens at times, in these great storms of the heart, that while the imagination, like some maleficent sea-nymph, stirs up and increases the tempest, some ordinary incident, some simple observation, perhaps some other distinct grief, is enough to give a new direction to our thoughts and a new impulse to feeling, and so to overturn the gloomy castles in the air that had been built up by the foolish enemy of reason which so torments mankind.

A noise of steps and voices produced this effect on Gabriel. Little by little the sound drew nearer, ceasing at frequent but short intervals. At last he heard it close to his bed, behind the curtain, and then a single feeling took possession of Gabriel, stifling all the others which had been so tormenting his soul. It was shame! He hid his face in the pillow, and covered his head with the sheet without daring to move. Then the curtain was drawn, and the physician, accompanied by the Sister and his assistant, presented himself for his usual visit.

This was Gabriel's great expiation. "What will they say of me?" This vain phantom of cowardly human respect had led him headlong, step by step, to the dreary bed in the Hospital, and it all came before him now as a chastisement, under colors so frightful and with shades so disgraceful that the unhappy Gabriel felt the red blush of shame mounting up in his face, and within he was weighed down with the bitterest heart-sinking of pain. He kept curled up in his bed without venturing to stir or even to breathe, hoping they would pass him by in the belief that he was sleeping.

But the physician came up to the bed and turned back the sheet that muffled the countenance of Gabriel, which now appeared livid with confusion, the eyes lowered and letting threads of tears

escape from their lids—a lively image of the confusion which must have been shown by our first parents when surprised in their guilt. The physician pitied him, and kindly asked a few questions about his present state, which Gabriel, without lifting his eyes, answered in monosyllables. Then the assistant asked for his name and residence, that it might be placed on the register. This unexpected request terrified Gabriel. He clasped his hands beseechingly, and in the greatest affliction, weeping disconsolately, he begged that they would excuse him from that formality, that they would let him die in a corner and alone, rather than so dishonor his name by registering it in the Hospital to which not poverty, but his own folly and wretchedness had brought him.



The physician was moved at his words, and placing a hand on his forehead tenderly brushed aside the auburn curls that covered it, and said with kindness: "Very well, my young friend, it is not necessary. Take courage and learn judgment. If you go through the night quietly, and without any internal trouble, you can sleep in your own house to-morrow."

Gabriel impulsively kissed the caressing hand, and the three bystanders, greatly touched, at length withdrew, leaving the curtain closely drawn.

Ah, how clearly Gabriel then saw, in the vivid light of heaven which humiliation brings along with it, the guilty contempt of God, the senseless fear of the world, and the blind lack of common sense which are bound up with human respect! How

prudent and fatherly now seemed to him the warnings of Father Velasco, and what foresight there was in that saying which had so irritated his pride—"Little Pilate! Remember Pilate!" For, even as Pilate and worse than Pilate, he had sold the Christ, not through fear of a provoked populace or the wrath of a Cæsar, but through fear of the jibes—oh, what shame!—of a dissolute beardless youth and a rabble of buffoons. To escape the noisy jokes of those contemptible creatures, he had exposed himself to the just scorn of honorable souls who had but now seen him in the abject hospital bed, and there still awaited him—oh, what grief!—the bitter reproaches of his mother, and the just censure of all those who should come to know of this episode of his life, as terrible as it was ridiculous, and at the same time as guilty as it was disgraceful!

"What blindness!" exclaimed Gabriel, raising his hands to his forehead. "How senseless I have been! The opinions of men will never agree, for passion is the rule of their judgments, and the passions are different in them all. And since you can't please everyone, is it not blind folly, senseless stupidity, to prefer the applause of the wicked to the approbation of the good? To deserve the just scorn of right-thinking people—like my mother—in order to escape the unjust jibes of a low set—like Garcia? What could that profligate fellow have said anyway? And this Sister so holy, and the doctor who is so good, and my mother—what will they say? Mother of my soul, it will break her heart to know the shame and disgrace of her poor son!"

Gabriel's sobs interrupted him once more, until with a new and high and holy emotion he went on saying to himself: "What mean wickedness, what ridiculous infamy, to sin out of human respect! To sin, not for the enjoyment of some forbidden pleasure, nor to obtain some forbidden gain, but just through fear of mocking laughter! To venture to defy God's anger because one does not dare to face the laughter of men! As if the mockery of men were not the surest warrant of the approval of heaven! As if at the moment when the world is reproaching the just man, he did not already wholly belong to Jesus Christ!"

Such reflections strengthened the soul of Gabriel, leading him to draw from the bitter root of guilt the tasteful fruit of amendment, and lifting him gently up to the influences of grace in search of a remedy for his hurt. Then his eyes naturally turned to those good religious who had watched over his innocence and had prophesied his fall, and with loving foresight had taught him the means of raising himself up again. The Jesuits had a college in Seville; but Gabriel had never been in it, and he did not know if any Father of his acquaintance lived there.

"What does it matter?" he said, mustering more and more courage. "Isn't it the glory of the Jesuits that they all have the same heart and mind? Everyone of them would receive me to his arms of love, and direct me with prudence. Everyone would reconcile me with my God, and help me to console my mother. Mother, mother! My poor mother! How much she is going to suffer!"

And so the poor child went on weeping—weeping in his loneliness—but already in sight of the remedy, and with a heart open to hope. Sleep and rest quite restored him before day dawned again; and when the Sister made her first round and silently drew back the curtain, she found him still sleeping, with the medal of the Immaculate Mother in his hand, two great tears on his cheeks, and a light smile upon his lips.

(*To be concluded.*)

Winnow not with every wind, and go not into every way.

* * * * * * *

Extol not thyself in the thoughts of thy soul like a bull:
Lest thy strength be quashed by folly,
And it eat up thy leaves and destroy thy fruit,
And thou be left as a dry tree in the wilderness.

Ecclesiasticus, v.

THE MEANING OF THE SCAPULAR.

III.

BEFORE describing the various uses and benefits of the Scapular, it is well to go back a little along the thread that binds all devotion with the centuries gone before.

With the exception of the Rosary, there is no exterior devotion more popular in every region of the world than that of the Scapular; and, as we have seen, the Scapular links together the centuries from our own age of steam and rapid communication, back through the days of the Roman Empire, to the time when Elias prayed on Carmel. There he saw rising from the sea below it *a little cloud, like a man's foot. And while he turned himself this way and that way, behold the heavens grew dark with clouds and wind, and there fell a great rain.*[1] Thus sudden was the origin of the devotion of the Scapular, and thus it spread and evermore pours down the rain of God's grace upon the world.

The first use of the Scapular is to be taken from what it primarily signifies. The person who receives and wears it becomes a member of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. This Confraternity is an offshoot of the great religious order of the Carmelites. By means of it lay men and women of the world are united in devotion with the inmates of the cloister, and are given a share in their merits. It has not so strict a bond as the later Third Orders, but it is a true union or brotherhood—something drawing yet closer that Communion of Saints which binds together all Christians.

[1] III. Kings, xviii. 44–5.

Brotherhood of this kind, like all society, must have its exterior signs. These depend on the order to which it is attached, and also on the general rules of the Church which recognizes such brotherhood. The general rule is that the proper authorities, namely, the Superiors of the order and the respective Bishops, shall exercise their authority in establishing a confraternity, and that as many as enter its ranks shall have their names permanently kept on its register. Less than this can scarcely be done, if there is to be any outward seeming of a society at all.

In the Confraternity of which we now speak, the receiving of the Scapular is also an essential condition of membership. On account of the special privileges and graces attached to the wearing of the Scapular, this first meaning of the Scapular—that it is a sign of brotherhood—is likely to be overlooked.

Indeed, the Scapular is not a simple badge. It represents, in life and in death, the gracious religious garment, flowing down to the feet, worn by all the friars and nuns of Carmel for hundreds of years. It is a sign of brotherhood with them and of union with their prayers. We who wear the Scapular are of the same family with them. If God looks with kindness on the children because of the mother's holiness, so he will look kindly on us because of the Carmelite Saints, from Elias the Prophet to the great St. Teresa and those hidden saints in our own day whom we know not.

For this reason, when the Scapular is given and one is received into the Confraternity, the priest at the same time admits him to be a sharer in all the graces and spiritual blessings of those who make up this immense brotherhood.

Besides thus signifying the spiritual communion of all who wear the Scapular, this little habit has yet another meaning which will strongly attract minds that look rather for God's glory than their own selfish good. In the prayer recited when it is conferred, it is said that "the Holy Fathers approved this kind of garment as a sign of innocence and humility, to be worn by those who renounce the world."

The spirit of Carmel is summed up in mortification which

preserves innocence, and in the love of God through prayer based on humility. Lay Christians, who live their life of freedom in the world after their own will and, too often, only to gratify their own selfishness, ought to think of this when they see the Scapular which they wear. It has not been given them as a mere privilege, but it bears its burden with it also. Why indeed should they forever feast daintily, while delicate Carmelite nuns in the solitude of their cloister are fasting?

In these strict convents the mortification practised, though sweet and easy enough in itself to those called by God to endure it for His love, would seem harsh indeed to many pious Catholics of the world. Thus meat is never eaten, and there are two Lents in the year, as though one were not sufficient. Then every day is virtually a fast to our modern habits. There are long hours for prayer, often repeated, and the inmates of those convents have no exterior work to distract them or to build up for them a little world in which there shall be news of the day to relieve their minds from the thought of God alone.

This does not mean that the vocation of the Carmelite Order is either gloomy or morose. But it is a severe exercise of Christian virtue, to which only those who are called can aspire, and its kindly rigors should be an incentive to all wearers of the Scapular to moderate their appetites. It is what St. Paul says: *For the grace of God our Saviour hath appeared to all men, instructing us that, denying ungodliness and worldly desires, we should live soberly, and justly, and godly in this world.*[2] Then the Scapular will have had its true meaning in their lives.

A second class of benefits derived from the wearing of the Scapular is made up of the Indulgences granted by the Church. These may be found in detail in any authorized manual of devotion. Some of them are attached to the recitation of certain prayers, but all have for their foundation the pious and habitual wearing of the Scapular.

Last of all, and that which has undoubtedly had most influence in determining the Christian people in favor of this devo-

[2] Titus, ii. 12.

tion, are certain supernatural promises made in its favor. These are far beyond the reach of the Church's power, and concern either the moment of death, or the time immediately following death. The consideration of these promises brings up a whole line of thought in regard to other similar promises of our Lord, their meaning, their approbation by the Church, and the effect they are likely to have on the lives of Christians. Their truth also supposes a vital connection between prayer and grace, most of all, the last great grace—God's free gift—of final perseverance; and this demands careful and detailed treatment. We may remark that such promises are paralleled in the Old Testament. Thus: *Honor thy father and mother, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee, that thou mayst live a long time, and it may be well with thee in the land, which the Lord thy God shall give thee.*[3] On this account, St. Paul calls this *the first commandment with a promise.*[4] This promise, in its literal fulfilment, ceased with the doing away of the letter of the Old Law by our Lord. But the commandment itself remains strong from the natural law that is written in the hearts of all men; and St. Thomas, quoting the promise, applies it to the long life in the world to come. Other promises are found, as *they that instruct many to justice, shall shine as stars to all eternity.*[5] And in the New Testament, our Lord Himself declares that the receiving of the body and blood of Christ in Holy Communion is the seed of eternal life and of the resurrection to glory.[6]

(*To be concluded.*)

[3] Deuteronomy, v. 16. [4] Ephesians, vi. 2. [5] Daniel, xii. 3. [6] St. John, vi. 47–59.

THE SEVENTH PROMISE: *Fervent souls shall quickly mount to high perfection.*

In the eyes of the world it is already much that a Christian should be fervent—"thorough" in the practice of religion, attentive to what faith teaches and careful to receive the Sacraments and to profit by all the other means of grace. But to God and the fervent soul this is by no means enough. His love is a living flame that mounts ever upward. It is not enough that the soul should seem beautiful before the dim eyes of men, but God's Spirit is ever calling to the higher beauty which is seen by Him alone.

This perfection of the soul is in the increase of grace and charity, by which it becomes one with God. Thus the soul in the state of grace, and therefore God's friend, is different before Him, more intimately bound to Him, if when night comes the day has seen supernatural acts performed. This is from the nature of merit, which is not mere future payment in glory, but a direct increase of grace in the substance of the soul here and now. In this way, every Christian act renders the soul in the state of grace more lightsome, more splendidly adorned before God.

His glory is in the scattering of rays of His goodness—of His own fulness of being—through His creation. Most of all, it is in the perfecting of His intelligent creatures by grace. The ages pass by with their multitudes of men, and in each and all there is some working of His almighty love. Even the wicked would be worse were it not for His fatherly hand, holding them back; and though they use their own free will at the last to refuse His love, and so are cast into hell, still the flames of the self-love of hell are not so violent by far as the heart of man would have fanned them to be, had it not been for the grace of God poured out on sinners.

But the greatness of His glory is in the saved, who have accepted His law and His love. And the glory is greater according to the perfection which they have allowed Him to work in their hearts by the loving triumphs of His grace.

One of the Promises made by our Lord, through His servant Blessed Margaret Mary, in regard to the devotion of His love, is that fervent souls, through this devotion to His Sacred Heart, shall rise quickly to high perfection. This may be best pointed out in the words of the blessed seer herself, rather than in the more formal explanations of spiritual writers.

It is evident that she was not without the feeling of discouragement which so often assails those who really would desire to serve our Lord better and better each day. She writes to her director:[1] "The thought which comes, from time to time, to console me is that the Sacred Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ will do everything for me, if I let Him work; He will wish, He will love, He will desire for me, and He will supply all my deficiencies."

To a young lady of the world,[2] who was troubled about her vocation, she writes of the nature of perfection, that is, of what it demands and supposes on our part, and the fruits which little by little it causes to spring forth in the soul. For, after all is said, perfection in itself is the work of the right hand of God, Who clothes the soul round about with His own charity and living grace. Thus, "our Lord is to be our strength for reaching perfection." For this, "we must offer ourselves to Him without making any reserve, with heart and affection, to be His servants, entirely given up and sacrificed to Him." She goes on to speak of the long way that is before us, demanding fortitude and unwearied constancy.

"Will you have courage enough to put these words in practice, that is to say, to die continually to your own inclinations, passions, and satisfactions—in one word, to all that belongs to immortified nature, so as to make Jesus Christ to live in you by His grace and His love? Not content with this self-crucifixion by yourself, He will accept yet more willingly that which others may work for you, by their corrections of you, by mortifying and humbling you; and often He will take pleasure in crucifying you Himself, by afflictions from within and without. But what

[1] Father Rolin, S. J. [2] Mlle. de Chamberland, 4 February, 1684.

matters it to a soul that has so many good desires as you show of being all for God, how and along what way He leads you? If He is content, it is enough for us, without entering into trouble because of our own little trials. They usually come from our not working enough at mortifying and simplifying ourselves, by cutting off the turning and looking back of self-love. By this it comes about that we wish to suffer only that which we *wish*, and we ill use the occasions with which God's Providence furnishes us without our having sought or foreseen them."

To her novices she speaks further of those means which, fully taken, will raise any soul to this high perfection, and which are above the reach of none, provided they are as faithful in their endeavors to win the friendship of our Lord as they are in the passing friendships of this world.

"I say then that the grace which our Lord has begun showing you will bring you to high perfection, provided you give it free scope by faithful correspondence on your part. You must act so that your life's way will go on and increase like the dawn into the day.

"You must not flatter yourselves; for, even if your names are already written in this adorable Heart, it is as yet only with ink, which signifies the beginning of grace in you—the grace come to help you to combat and conquer your imperfections, especially that proud self-love which thrusts itself everywhere and stains and blots the holiest of our actions. This beginning, moreover, is signified by the black letters, which must become light and shining like gold in the crucible, cleansed from the dross of earth. In the same way our inclinations and actions must be purified in the furnace of His love from everything earthly and human, and from the self-seeking of our own interests.

"Then, as progress keeps on, and all is changed to letters of silver showing purity of heart, you must not stop there, leaving the work imperfect. You must go on to the gold of charity, which will write your names in letters that can never be blotted out. And then, like whole burnt-offerings, you will be consumed utterly in the burning flames of the loving Heart of Jesus.

"But we must reach this by the way of love. We must suffer through love, doing ourselves continual violence, mortifying and humbling ourselves by love, and we must be very glad when we find a chance of thus expressing our love for this only Friend of our hearts.

"All that I have said shows the beginning, the growth, and the end of your life-work. The crown will be given, not to the beginners nor to those who are making progress, but to the conquerors who persevere unto the end."

In the promises made in favor of devotion to the Sacred Heart two things must always be kept in view.

The first is, that the practice of the devotion will gain from God the *grace* promised. In the present instance, our Lord will give to souls devout to His Sacred Heart the grace of high perfection, so that it will only depend on themselves whether they shall make use of it or not. Henceforth it will be in vain for them to plead—"I am not a saint because I have not received the wondrous grace of innocence given to an Aloysius or of penance to a Margaret of Cortona." The grace has been given, not assuredly in the same way but quite as really, to all souls who are fervent in this devotion; and the grace is "high perfection."

The second thing to be noticed is, that *correspondence* with the grace gained by the devotion is nothing more than a continued and true practice of the devotion itself. The grace is given; that is our Lord's share in the work. Be faithful to true devotion to the Sacred Heart; that is to be the soul's part. Then high perfection is sure to follow.

This is explained by the great servant of the Sacred Heart, Father Henry Ramière, in writing of his life-work—the League of Christian hearts with the Sacred Heart in an Apostleship of Prayer. His words will have the further effect of doing away with a very false notion of this devotion, which would limit it to a few prayers said and a meeting of some pious society regularly attended, and never recognize that the essence of this devotion is friendship with Jesus Christ in very act: and the soul's perfection is union with God by charity, which is nothing else than the love of friendship.

"Friendship, St. Thomas tells us, is a love of good-will (*benevolence*), returned, and accompanied by a mutual communication of good things. This definition could not be more completely realized than it is in the devotion to the Heart of Jesus. For its object is the most touching manifestation of the good-will of Jesus Christ toward men; and its end is to stir up men to an unbounded devotedness to Jesus Christ. Wherever then this devotion is taken up and understood, it cannot fail to bear the fruit for which our Divine Saviour has so toiled and suffered. It will bring forth new friends to Jesus Christ, and thus satisfy the desire which He made known to His Apostles at the moment of fulfilling His last sacrifice for winning their love. *I will not now call you servants. . . . But I have called you friends.*[3]

By thus laying down the distinctive character of this devotion, we exclude none of its particular points of view. We still keep for the practices in use among the faithful all their usefulness. Let them honor the representations of this Divine Heart, let them have recourse to It for every kind of grace, let them take It as their Model and strive to make reparation for the great wrongs It is ever enduring. All this goes perfectly well along with the essential end that has been pointed out. A Christian who is really the friend of Jesus Christ, will of himself perform all these practices of devotion, either in consequence of his love or in order to keep it alive. But the performance of all these practices together, unless his heart were kindled with the love of friendship for the Heart of Jesus, could never be considered as a well-understood devotion to the Sacred Heart." [4]

[3] St. John, xv. 15.

[4] *The Apostleship of Prayer* (new edition, appendix), p. 182.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

By Father Henry Ramière.

[In his work—*Les Espérances de l'Eglise* (The Hopes of the Church)—Father Ramière devotes the first chapter of the second part to the "social tendencies" of our times. He sees in these the second foundation for the hopes of the Church—the first being the "laws of Providence," and the third (the last part of the volume) the "promises of God."

The titles of the twelve articles which compose this first chapter are most enticing. They are:

The Church and human dignity—The Church and the independence of reason—The Church and the diffusion of knowledge—The Church and moral liberty—The Church and civil liberty—The Church and political liberty—The Church and liberty of conscience—The Church, equality and democracy—The Church and fraternity—The Church and the spirit of association—The Church and the brotherhood of nations—The Church and the principles of 1789.

This last article seems very appropriate to the centennial of the "evil year." In the sweetest spirit of charity the priest of the Sacred Heart contrives to give a new aspect to the famous French Declaration of the Rights of Man.]

* * * * * * * *

According to the revolutionary interpretation of the Declaration, the controverted articles are but the epitome of Jean Jacques Rousseau's *Social Contract.*

We know the theory of the Genevan sophist. He holds that God exists, but does not concern Himself in human affairs: He has, therefore, no sovereignty over society, nor do social duties repose in any manner on His will. What, then, is the basis of these duties? The free will of mankind. Independent by nature, exempt from all mutual obligation, men, upon a certain day, judge it advisable to unite themselves in society. They make, then, a contract, by which each one is obliged to work for the good of all, on condition that every one employs himself for his own advantage. Freely made, this compact may be freely revoked; but, as long as it exists, every citizen belongs to the society, which may, therefore, dispose of himself and of all that is his. Society alone marks out limits to its rightful sovereignty. That sovereignty is so inherent in society that it can never divest itself of it, but is even obliged to use every means of recovering it if taken away. As society cannot, of itself, exercise this

sovereignty, the duty is confided to certain officials who command in its name, so that in obeying them society is obeyed. This delegation is not made by a contract obligatory on both parties; the society has full liberty to revoke it at pleasure. Insurrection becomes even a duty for all citizens, when the depositories of power exceed the limits which the nation has traced for them.

Between this theory and the doctrine expressed in the Declaration of the Rights of Man, it is impossible not to see a great analogy.

In that declaration, as in the work of Rousseau, the name of God is pronounced, but there is no mention of His rights or His sovereignty. On the contrary, it is said in express terms that the principle of all sovereignty resides essentially in the nation; that no body of men nor individual may exercise any authority but that which emanates expressly therefrom (Article 3). It follows that any power which does not emanate expressly from the national delegation, or which oversteps the limits appointed by that delegation, is an oppressive power; and resistance to oppression being an imprescriptible right of man (according to the Second Article), insurrection against such an authority becomes a sacred duty. According to the author of the Declaration, no less than with Rousseau, law is nothing but the expression of the general will; and as no one may hinder what the law does not forbid, it is evident that there are no other duties than those of which the general will is the source. Again, the law alone determines absolutely the limits of its rights; consequently, the morality of human actions is settled by the law only, and all the elements of society's very existence are furnished from the same source—the law alone.

That the Church cannot admit this doctrine, it is needless to say. But why may she not admit it? Because such a doctrine is at once impious, immoral, tyrannical, and therefore, eminently anti-social.

If we prove this assertion in all its parts, we shall have a right to conclude that, in rejecting this doctrine, the Church renders to society the greatest of all services; and that so far

from increasing the difficulty of a reconciliation between her and society, it should facilitate their union in defence of their common interest.

* * * * * * *

We affirm, first, that the doctrine of national sovereignty, understood in the revolutionary sense, is an *impious* doctrine.

What is it, in effect, but the negation of God's authority, and consequently of His existence? It is impossible to escape this consequence. If you maintain, in the absolute sense of that formula, that the principle of all authority resides essentially in the nation, you deny that the principle resides in God. But if the principle resides not in God, God is not sovereign, because he alone is sovereign in whom the principle of sovereignty resides. Besides, if, as you maintain, no individual nor body of men may exercise authority which does not emanate expressly from the national delegation, then God is not free to establish in the midst of men an authority which may manifest to them His truth and His purposes. But if God be not sovereign, and if He be not master to delegate His sovereignty to whom He pleases, evidently He is not God. In vain, then, do you speak magnificently of the Supreme Being; your doctrine is nought but social atheism.

* * * * * * *

It is *immoral*, in the first place, because it destroys, with the principle of all obligation, the very foundation of morality.

According to it, all duties have their origin in the human will. But this is a manifest absurdity. The idea of duty involves the idea of superiority; but man is by nature the equal of man, and cannot of himself impose any duty.

You may say that men are equal and independent in a state of nature, but by uniting in society they oblige themselves to respect their mutual independence, and each of them consents to have his individual rights limited by the rights of other men. They oblige themselves, you say; but toward whom? They consent; but what guarantee do they give that they will not revoke their consent? Is it a duty for them thus to oblige themselves? That obligation once contracted, is it a duty to accom-

plish it? If it be a duty, it is anterior to all compacts. Duty springs from a law which is not the expression of the general will; it is imposed on man by a sovereignty whose principle resides not in the nation.

But if there be no other sovereignty than national, no law but that made by men, if the social pact is the source of all duties, it is clear that the pact itself is not obligatory, and that the duties derived from it lack a foundation. Nothing then remains of either duty or rights. The two ideas are plainly correlative. But who fails to see that, with rights and duties gone, morality will likewise vanish, and there can be no longer a distinction between good and bad actions? Now if there is anything immoral on earth, is it not such a doctrine?

Again, this doctrine is immoral, since it allows no independence to the interior rule of morality—Conscience.

If the general will be the principle of all obligation and the sole judge of the bounds to its rights, to resist it can never be permitted. As a citizen may never be constrained to do what the law has not ordered, in like manner he may never believe himself authorized to do what the law forbids or to omit what it ordains. Rousseau admits this consequence without hesitation. But then what becomes of liberty of conscience?—Choose between two problems: shall it be said that the general will is infallible and can never command what is unjust; or must one admit that the citizen who is commanded by law to do something unjust has the right to resist? By admitting this right you come back to Catholic doctrine; but you oblige yourself to recognize a principle of morality superior to any human institution, and thus reject the principle of revolutionary morals. Rousseau and his school would not consent: they preferred to attribute absolute infallibility to the general will. But is not this, again, a manifest absurdity? What is the general will but the majority of individual wills? These, taken separately, may be mistaken; no sooner are they united in a sufficient number to establish any obligation whatever, than they become infallible! And should the majority be composed of but two voters, these

two endow the party to which they join themselves with the attribute of infallibility! And should sickness hinder them from voting and giving a majority to their party, that sickness renders unjust what would otherwise be just, and *vice versa!* No immutable rule of justice and honesty! Morality follows the fluctuations of parties: one intrigue destroys, a new one restores, its existence. Amid all these contradictory prescriptions the conscience of a citizen has but one part to act—that of the slave constrained to execute blindly whatever task may be allotted him.

(*To be continued.*)

The Reader.

Now that so many covert attempts are made to win sympathy for the spirit of Revolution, even from those who love Christian law and order, it is good to bring back the serious words of the Dublin *Lyceum*, a monthly journal of current thought edited by the Irish Jesuits:

"The young orator who, speaking at Michelet's grave, said that the one object of 'the master's' life had been 'the de-Christianization of the Latin races," summed up in this phrase the aim of continental revolutionists. This has, for more than a century, been the task of that party. Not satisfied with the secularization of education, from the primary schools up to the universities, they carry on a most infidel propaganda, not only through rationalist professors such as Renan and Michelet, but through their whole revolutionary press, which opens its columns to atheistic writers, and publishes every week thousands of cheap brochures and journals which are spread from end to end of the country by special hawkers and news-agents. It is difficult for us here in Ireland to realize the diabolical activity and hatred with which this propaganda is carried on, though its results are easy of comprehension. When a poor working man, a peasant, or mechanic has learnt to deny his God, to believe that he has no soul, no life

to come, 'that he must help himself, for assuredly there is no God to help him,' he is, as the Commune of 1871 has shown, ready to deny all the sanctions of morality, and adapt his conduct to the code of ethics which preaches the irresponsibility of criminals and the necessity of individual acts of crime."

***

It is pleasant to turn from revolutionary France to what we fear, however, is a roseate view of the progress of the Church in England. It is from the charming *Field and Hedgerow*, by the late Richard Jefferies. On the "Country Sunday" he has this, among other interesting notes:

"— Or possibly the [Dissenting] pastor himself may be overheard discoursing to a bullet-headed woman, with one finger on the palm of his other hand, 'That's their serpentine way; that's their subtlety; that's their casuistry;' which arguments you may imagine to refer, as your fancy pleases, to the village curate, or the tonsured priest of the monastery over the hill. For the tonsured priest, and the monastery, and the nunnery, and the mass, and the Virgin Mary, have grown to be a very great power indeed in English lanes.

* * * * * * * *

"Consider the thousands of broad English acres that now support great monasteries and convents in quiet country places where one could scarce expect to find a barn. The buildings are there; that is a solid fact, take what view you like of them, or take none at all. There are men about country roads with shaven crown and cassock, whose dark Continental faces have an unmistakable stamp of priesthood; faces that might be pictured with those of the monks of old Spain. Women in long black cloaks, black hoods and white coif, women with long black rosaries hanging from the girdle, go to and fro among the wheat and the clover. One rubs one's eyes. Are these the days of Friar Laurence and Juliet? Shall we meet the mitred abbot with his sumpter mule? Shall we meet the mailed knights? In some places whole villages belong to English monks, and there is not a man or woman in them who is not a Catholic; there are even small country towns which by dint of time, money, and territorial influence have been re-absorbed, and are now as completely Catholic as they were before Henry VIII."

It is strange how the spread of printing has led many people to commit themselves carelessly to published statements which true scholars would scarcely hazard in private conversation. Mr. Charles De Kay, a young man of New York, has on several occasions of late aired his opinions derived from a cursory reading up of things nearly or remotely connected with the Christian history of Ireland. In a recent number of the *Century Magazine* he ventured to declare that St. Patrick's mission had no connection with the Roman See. Whether any of the very sharp criticisms made on this very gratuitous assertion reached him or not, in a further number he has somewhat modified his statement.

It is wonderful that, whereas it is perfectly well known that the France of St. Patrick's day was as "Romanist" as now, and when no one denies that St. Patrick's education had been in that "Romanist" France, anyone should seriously bring into doubt that his mission to Ireland was under the sanction of the Roman See. It is not the place here to take up any special subject of controversy, but this single indirect argument is in itself so satisfactory that there has never been any answer to it. We do not hesitate to say that no answer will ever be forthcoming. However, in the last of his articles young Mr. De Kay has even surpassed his former treatment of St. Patrick; he seems now to have discovered that the St. Bridget of Irish piety was only—the Sun!

***

The short sketch, running through two of our numbers just a year ago, devoted to the life of the newly beatified John Baptist de la Salle, the Founder of the Christian Brothers, has been issued separately in neat pamphlet form, with two handsome plates and the addition of several pages concerning the Institute and vocation of the Brothers. Their work is too admirable and too necessary in this country not to be known by our Catholics. Moreover, this life is a striking model of priestly sanctity.

A superb specimen of book-making is the large life of the same Blessed Founder, issued on occasion of the beatification. The many and rich illustrations are the same in the English and French editions, though, unhappily, we are accustomed to such magnificence only in other languages. This book is a worthy piece for the collector of books of choice and value, but we do not know if copies are on the market.

General Intention

FOR AUGUST, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

I.

WHEN Christ our Lord came into the world, human society was almost everywhere built up on slavery. In each city and state there were a few thousand "citizens" that ruled and controlled all the movements of life, while beneath them toiled millions of slaves.

St. Paul claimed this privilege of free citizenship before the Roman tribune who had ordered him *scourged and tortured. . . . When they had bound him with thongs, Paul saith to the centurion that stood by him: Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?— Which the centurion hearing, went to the tribune, and told him, saying: What art thou about to do? For this man is a Roman citizen. —And the tribune coming, said to him: Tell me, art thou a Roman?—But he said: Yea.—And the tribune answered: I obtained the being free of this city with a great sum.—And Paul said: But I was born so.* St. Luke adds: *The tribune also was afraid after he understood that he was a Roman citizen, and because he had bound him.*[1]

Yet it was among the despised slaves that the Christian faith made quickest way, and the Apostle, in his messages of love to his children far away, joined the Roman slaves in his greeting of Christian brotherhood. *All the saints salute you, especially they that are of Cæsar's household.*[2]

Neither our Lord nor His Apostles and His Church after Him tried to break down the system of slavery by violent revolution. This is not God's way. But, as the world became Christian,

[1] Acts, xxii. [2] Philippians, iv. 22.

little by little, slavery was bound to disappear before the teaching of the equality of all Christians in the heart of their Mother the Church. *For in one Spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond or free. . . . For you are all one in Christ Jesus.*[3]

The new Christians among the slaves were even bidden—*Be obedient to them that are your lords according to the flesh, . . . with a good will serving, as to the Lord, and not to men.* On the other hand, *Masters, do to your servants that which is just and equal, knowing that you also have a Master in heaven.*[4] This obedience on the part of the slaves was not without its special hardship, often ending in martyrdom. Yet St. Peter—the Head of Christ's Church—explained their duty to the new converts with all plainness. *Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward. For this is thanks-worthy, if for conscience towards God, a man endure sorrows, suffering wrongfully.* And, instead of preaching to them a passionate uprising that could gain freedom only at the price of blood and unnumbered woes, he lifts their thoughts to their God Who *debased Himself, taking the form of a servant:—For unto this you are called; because Christ also suffered for us, leaving you an example that you should follow His steps.*[5]

II.

Although the Church's action in regard to settled institutions of slavery was never marked by the ruthless destruction of fanaticism, yet there is an evil of slavery which she has never endured to see.

It is the slavery where not only the labor and activity—the *use* of the man, as it were—is given over to another, but where the *person* of the man is no longer his own, where his rights as a man and a Christian, as a husband and a father, are not protected. Such slavery she cannot tolerate, even as a lesser evil; for it is against the natural law of God's creation.

[3] I. Corinthians, xii. 13; Galatians, iii. 28.

[4] Ephesians, vi. 5, 7; Colossians, iii., iv. 1.

[5] Philippians, ii. 7; I. St. Peter, ii. 18–21.

In point of fact, no Catholic nation, however degraded, has ever dared legally to disregard the integrity of the marriages or the parental rights of slaves. Among civilized peoples, only those who have broken away from the Church's morality, have in our day thus utterly denied human rights to their slaves. This too has now ceased; and, owing largely to the spirit of the Church, legalized slavery—even in its milder forms where one man can use the unhired and therefore involuntary, though not uncompensated labor of another—has been practically done away with.

An example of the Church's action in regard to this violation of the rights of barbarous men by civilized peoples, was seen, down into our own century, in the case of the slave-trade. Pope after Pope, by authoritative teaching, by exhortation and appeal to the nations, by divine menace and the heaviest censure, opposed —for a long time, almost single-handed—the infamous traffic. And this too has practically ceased from among the nations claiming admission into the circle of Christian civilization.

III.

But the Church is not only the nursing Mother of Christians. She looks across the seas to the many in the shadow of death, and yearns still for children whom she may bear to Jesus Christ.

Shortly before the late war, the United States authorities captured a slave-trader, whose cargo of many hundreds was brought to our shores. Among them were new Christians whom the merciless dealers had harried away from the Catholic missions on the western coast of Africa.

Since then, the missionaries have advanced ever farther and farther into the "Dark Continent." Their hearts are no longer torn by seeing their converts ravished from them, to be carried to some distant land where, after all, there might still be hopes of their retaining the faith of their baptism. But—worse than all that has been known of slavery since the world began—the missionaries have seen the trade in flesh and blood, carried on by the Arab slave-dealers that infest every part of Africa, grow to an

extent that threatens well-nigh to depopulate a whole part of the world.

At the head of the great movement which the entire Catholic Church is now taking up against this evil, under the guiding hand of Pope Leo XIII., is Cardinal Lavigerie. His long missionary life in Africa has made him thoroughly acquainted with the greatness of the evil, and a few words from him will explain clearly the magnitude of the work which has been begun, and how worthy it is of all our support as well as of our prayers.

"Our missionaries at Tanganyika write to us," he says, "that there is not a single day in which they do not see pass caravans of slaves which have been brought from afar as carriers for the ivory, or from the markets of the interior, like human cattle. Never in any part of the known world, or in the pages of its history, has there been such butchery and murder, and such contempt for human life. Already millions of human beings have thus been murdered during the last quarter of a century, but the numbers increase continually, and on the high plateaux of the interior the figures given by our missionaries surpass those given by Cameron for the slave-trade of the Zambesi and the Nyassa."

A non-Catholic writer, who has interested himself seriously in this matter, adds this: "One would have thought the figures of Cameron here referred to impossible to beat. Every minute," he wrote lately in a magazine, "a fresh victim is seized on by the slave-stealers; not an hour passes without more than fifty being killed or torn from their homes; and during this month of August in which I write, forty-five thousand more victims are being added to the number of those who appeal to us for aid and protection from some of the foulest criminals that ever disgraced the earth."[6]

There is no doubt that the great Antislavery Crusade, which is being inaugurated by the eloquent Cardinal to combat this gigantic evil and which has already spread throughout Europe, will finally reach our own shores. Meanwhile we can but nurse our zeal by remembering to offer our prayers for this holy cause.

[6] Prof. Henry Drummond.

Africa is not a nation; it is an integral part of the world. America is no more strange to it than any other of the great divisions of the globe. But it is not only as men, having compassion on men, but as Christians that we should look out to that dark land so filled with injustice and suffering. For there is no prospect of any permanent conquest to the Catholic faith until the crimes of an unnatural slavery be done away with. It is the abolition of slavery in those places which the influence of the Western world can reach, that will most help to the suppression of the infamous slave-traffic, with which only an armed police could deal directly. It is the total abolition of the evil which we are to ask in our prayers during the coming month.

Command Thy strength, O God: . . .
Scatter Thou the nations that delight in wars. . . .
Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands to God.[7]

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular, that the unnatural slavery which, especially in Africa, slays the bodies and holds the souls redeemed by Christ, far from His grace, may be utterly abolished. *Amen.*

[7] Psalm lxvii. 29–32.

ENCOURAGEMENT FROM ROME.

Two favors granted by our Holy Father Leo XIII., in connection with the late Feast of the Sacred Heart, show plainly that, in the mind of the Head of the Church, this heaven-sent devotion is to go forward, ever increasing and bringing forth fruits of salvation.

The first was a Plenary Indulgence for this bi-centennial year's consecration, on the feast or Sunday following—at the request of the Head Director of the League in Rome: the rescript arrived too late for publication here.

The second permanently raises the Feast of the Sacred Heart to a higher rank (double of first class) for the universal Church.

THE LEAGUE AT THE NEW YORK CATHEDRAL.

ON the last Sunday of October, 1888, the League was established in the New York Cathedral. There are now more than ten thousand members registered at this Centre. It may be interesting for the MESSENGER readers to know the methods used to produce this result.

After the League had been established by one of the Jesuits, the Local Director began a series of sermons explanatory of the details. The Three Degrees, the Badge, the Motto, the Intentions, the Treasury of Good Works, and the MESSENGER were spoken of, in succession, on the First Friday of the different months, and their meaning and importance made clear to the people.

Meanwhile a special visit was made to each Sodality of the parish for the purpose of securing the most zealous members as Promoters. The children were also organized, the best boys and girls having been selected for the honor of having charge of the League Bands.

The Promoters met once each month in the School Hall. At these meetings, when the Prayers as set down in the *Handbook* had been recited, a Conference was given by the Director. The subjects of the first six Conferences, which were for the special benefit of those on probation, were as follows: 1st, Organization—the object and plan of the League; 2d, Personal Reform; 3d, Zeal; 4th, Prudence; 5th, Human Respect; 6th, Perseverance. After the Conference, questions proposed were publicly answered;

Promoters' Lists were received, and corrected for recording; and the various supplies were distributed.

An evening was set apart each week by the Director for the transacting of special business of the League. Promoters who had been unable to attend the regular meeting, and any others who might need particular instructions, could then have an opportunity for receiving the desired information.

The Badges were publicly conferred on the Associates about two months after the establishing of the League. When the six months of probation were finished, two hundred ladies and gentlemen had qualified to receive the Diploma and Cross. On the First Friday of May, the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan blessed the silver crosses and conferred them on those who had satisfactorily made their probation. The new Promoters fully appreciated the distinguished honor of receiving such marked approbation. They all highly esteem these crosses, and most of them wear them publicly. The Promoter's silver cross may be seen dangling from the lady's graceful chain or from the watch-guard of the gentleman; while the boy wears it over his manly little heart; and the girl has it suspended from her neck, as a prize honorably gained—all reminded by it of the love wherewith the Heart of Jesus has loved them and of the devotedness they owe It in return.

The amount of *supplies* used by the Cathedral Branch has been surprising to the MESSENGER office. Within eight months there have been ordered by this Centre: 17,000 Certificates of Admission; 1,700 Promoters' Lists; 1,600 Intention Blanks; 7,600 Badges; and 1,150 Handbooks. Six hundred sets of Rosary Tickets are sent monthly; 4,200 families are recorded as having made the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart, and two hundred and fifty have subscribed for the MESSENGER and *Pilgrim*.

All this means effort and work, but the cause is more than worthy of it all. The League is the Apostleship of the laity. Promoters who have the true spirit will be most eager to aid their pastor in every good work.

IN MONTREAL.

(*From the Toronto Catholic Review.*)

The month of June ebbed out to-day in a wave of devotion to the Sacred Heart, for to-day was the Solemnity of the Feast. The Church of the Gesù, which is dedicated to the Sacred Heart of our Lord, was especially beautiful in its decorations, and all the services held there to-day were deeply impressive. First, in the morning at the early Masses came the dedication to the Sacred Heart of the families of the League, then after the 10.30 o'clock Mass, an Act of Consecration was read on behalf of the congregation. The music at this Mass was exquisite, and worthy of the reputation of Father Garceau's choir. After the Consecration there was a Procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the church. At the 8 o'clock Benediction the Fathers and Brothers of the Society of Jesus renewed their consecration to the Sacred Heart.

Throughout the entire month of June the evening devotions in the Gesù have been thronged by immense crowds of the faithful, the attendance having been much more numerous than in former years.

The public consecration of families held to-day in the Gesù took place in the middle of the month at the two great parish churches of Montreal. Those who assisted in these ceremonies say that the effect was touching in the extreme, both at St. Patrick's where the pastor, who for so many years has led his flock heavenward, solemnly voiced their sentiments of faith and love, and at the great parish church of Notre Dame, where over fourteen thousand heads of families placed the souls confided to their keeping under the special protection of the "Heart that has so much loved them."

The growth of the devotion to the Heart of our Lord in Canada seems to keep apace with the march of infidelity beyond the seas. Infidel France celebrates the centenary of the revolution—Catholic Canada celebrates the bi-centenary of Paray-le-Monial.

In connection with this devotion the League of the Sacred Heart has long done good work among the French portion of the

faithful, and the English-speaking branch of the same League, which was only established in our midst some eighteen months ago, displays a spirit of pious rivalry.

There are in this latter branch of the League some three thousand Associates, organized into bands of fifteen persons, each headed by its Captain or "Promoter," who distributes faithfully, before the first Friday of each month, the Rosary tickets and MESSENGERS. Of 200 Rosary sets received last month from Philadelphia, not one now remains upon the Director's table. Eight hundred MESSENGERS of the Sacred Heart circulate through the body of the League, carrying into Catholic families a powerful antidote against the poisonous literature of the day. The work of circulating these tickets and magazines would appear to be enormous, but the Rev. Director says it gives him very little trouble.

—The correspondence of the *N. Y. Catholic Review* adds the following details:

The month of June in Canada has been witness of some notable celebrations. First, the consecration of families to the Sacred Heart, which took place at each of the principal churches in Montreal. Notre Dame, or what is better known as the Parish Church, under the care of the Sulpicians, led the way. It is estimated that not less than fifteen thousand persons filled the immense edifice on this occasion. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Nolin, S. J., being of course in French. The Rev. Curé Sentenne also addressed a few impressive words to his congregation, expressing his joy at seeing them assembled in such numbers for such a cause. At St. Patrick's, the chief Irish church of Montreal, the consecration was also made with the greatest solemnity, Father Dowd, the pastor, himself preaching, and taking the opportunity to recommend the devotion to the Sacred Heart to his people.

But at the Jesuits', where there were two public consecrations, one in French and another in English, it was something in the nature of a family festival. All that relates to the Sacred Heart relates also to the Jesuits. They, being Its chosen apostles,

are constantly devising new methods to commend It to the attention of the world at large. The consecration for the French was held about mid-month, in the evening. The Church of the Gesù was crowded to its utmost capacity. Father Nolin, Director of the League of the Sacred Heart, made the address. On Sunday morning, the 30th, at the 8 o'clock Mass, or rather at the Benediction following, the solemn consecration was made in English, the Rev. Father Connolly, S. J., preaching. The Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart were present in great numbers, wearing their badges. It was the day of their monthly Communion, which took this time the form of a pilgrimage Communion, people coming from all parts to this shrine of the Sacred Heart. In the afternoon the Promoters of the League renewed their act of consecration, and those who had become Promoters within the last year received their diplomas. In the evening at Benediction the annual consecration of the Society of Jesus to the Sacred Heart was made. Friday, the Feast of the Sacred Heart was observed at the Gesù with the greatest solemnity. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed during the day, and was visited by a continuous stream of devout adorers.

* * * * * * *

A feature of the procession—[the great Corpus Christi procession through the streets]—was the League of the Sacred Heart, Apostleship of Prayer. The French branch were in large attendance with their Director, Rev. Father Nolin, S. J. The English branch, or rather fifty male representatives of it—it numbers between two and three thousand—walked for the first time this year, under the Director, Father Connolly, S. J. They were truly a representative body and excited universal attention. The women of the League were not behindhand, some fifty of them being also in line.

Apostleship Notices.

Recent Aggregations. — To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (June 12 to July 12, 1889).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before parish or community aggregated.)

Boston, Massachusetts: St. Joseph's Church, Boston; St. Francis de Sales' Church, Roxbury; St. Mary's Church, Everett; St. John's Church, Quincy; St. Peter's Church, Plymouth; Sacred Heart Church, Weymouth.

Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory: St. Lawrence O'Toole's Church, Laramie.

Columbus, Ohio: St. Patrick's Church, McLuney.

Detroit, Michigan: Sacred Heart Convent, Grosse Pointe.

Dubuque, Iowa: St. Bridget's Church, Ida Grove.

Hartford, Connecticut: St. John's Church, Stamford; Assumption Church, Westport.

Helena, Montana Territory: St. Paul's Mission, Belknap.

Leavenworth, Kansas: St. Patrick's Church, Bourbon.

Mobile, Alabama: St. John Baptist's Church, Tuscaloosa.

Natchez, Mississippi: Sacred Heart Church, Canton.

Newark, New Jersey: St. Lucy's Church, and St. John's Church, Jersey City.

New York, New York: St. Gabriel's Church, New York.

Omaha, Nebraska: St. Patrick's Church, Omaha.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: St. Bridget's Church, Falls of Schuylkill; St. Agnes' Hospital, Philadelphia.

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania: St. Joseph's Church, North Oakland; St. Patrick's Church, St. John's Church, and St. Bridget's Church, Pittsburg; St. Patrick's Church, Brownsville.

Portland, Maine: St. Dominic's Church, Portland.

Sacramento, California: St. Joseph's Church, Forest Hill.

San Francisco, California: St. Charles Borromeo's Church, San Francisco.

Springfield, Massachusetts: St. Vincent's Orphanage (Sisters of Charity), Holyoke.

Trenton, New Jersey: Immaculate Conception Church, Camden.

Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.

Diplomas of affiliation received from the *Prima Primaria*, have been transmitted to the following:

Baltimore, Maryland: St. Jerome's Church, Baltimore.

Belleville, Illinois: Holy Cross Church, St. Wendel.

Chicago, Illinois: St. Mary's Church (2), Polo; St. Mary's Church (2), Oregon.

Detroit, Michigan: St. Charles Borromeo's Church, Detroit.

La Crosse, Wisconsin: St. Francis Xavier's Church, Superior.

New York, New York: The Cathedral, New York.

Northern Minnesota, Minnesota: Church of the Assumption B. V. M., Barnesville.

Omaha, Nebraska: St. Catharine's Academy (Sisters of Mercy), Omaha.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: St. Gertrude's Church, West Conshohocken.

St. Louis, Missouri: St. Francis Xavier's Church, St. Louis.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

A sure sign of the League's progress and of the spirit of generosity it inspires is shown from the monthly increase of the Treasury. The past month has exceeded all others in the number of spiritual offerings for the three years just elapsed. In many Local Centres the benefit from the practice of the Treasury is recognized, particularly in the college or school class-room, and the work is actively promoted.

The Visitation Academy, St. Louis, sent an offering of the community and pupils for the feast of the Sacred Heart, having

among the good works 194 Rosaries, 139 Masses, and 102 Communions. This was handsomely written in golden ink on two parchment cards, which bore on their face exquisitely hand-painted flowers and were joined together by a gros-grain, picot-edged, white silk ribbon.

A cardboard of similar design was also received from the Sacred Heart Academy, Philadelphia, offering 1,000 Rosaries, 10,500 prayers, and 500 visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

In St. Catherine's Academy of Mercy, Omaha, the pupils of the various classes strove, with zealous rivalry, to gather together the largest number of spiritual offerings. Other Centres are not less active in encouraging a practice which, with reparation, forms an essential part of all devotion to the Sacred Heart—self-consecration.

This monthly increase of the TREASURY should give fresh confidence to the Associates, since all these works and prayers are offered for their individual Intentions. No wonder, with so many prayers, the Thanksgivings each month mount up into the ten thousands!

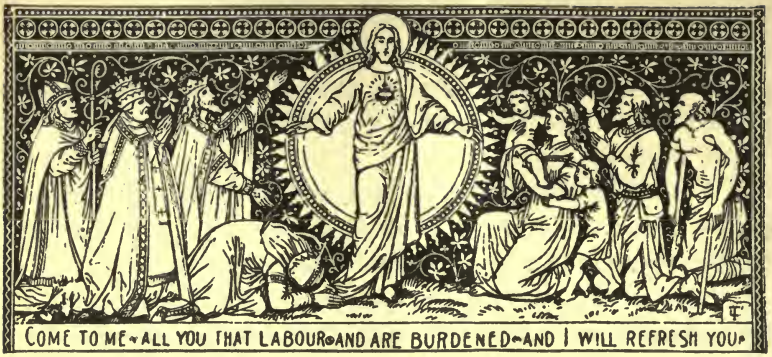
Associates can gain 100 *days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions recommended to the prayers of the League.*

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from June 12 to July 12, 1889.

	NO. OF TIMES.		NO. OF TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity	133,821	11. Masses Heard	58,514
2. Beads	145,665	12. Mortifications	157,279
3. Stations of the Cross . .	18,861	13. Works of Charity . . .	21,792
4. Holy Communions . . .	24,386	14. Works of Zeal	22,939
5. Spiritual Communions .	129,924	15. Prayers	1,971,567
6. Examens of Conscience .	54,331	16. Charitable Conversation	76,452
7. Hours of Labor	233,636	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	11,990
8. Hours of Silence	138,957	18. Self-conquest	276,678
9. Pious Reading	63,234	19. Visits to B. Sacrament .	76,793
10. Masses Celebrated . . .	723	20. Various Good Works . .	131,807

Total . . . . . 3,750,019.

The above returns represent two hundred and twenty-nine Centres.



IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, **34,747.**

——*I give Him thanks, Who hath strengthened me* (I. Timothy, i. 12).——

Ypsilanti, Mich., June 23.—The result of recommending certain poor souls, so dear to the Sacred Heart, made itself visible during the past two or three weeks by their frequenting the Sacraments. So we ask you to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the following: The conversion of a brother who had not been to his duties for three years; for a father who had neglected his duties for seven years; for an uncle who had not approached the Sacraments for many years; and the return of several persons to the Church, two of whom had been away for twenty years.

Omaha, Neb., June 25.—A lady returns thanks to the Sacred Heart, through the members of the Holy League, for the immediate cure of a child afflicted with a dangerous attack of the croup.

——, ***Md., June 26.***—A young man has recently returned to his family, after an absence of two years, under most consoling circumstances. He had been several times recommended to the prayers of the League. Please also thank the Sacred Heart for the zeal with which those under our influence have received and spread the practice of the *Consecration of Families.*

Point Pleasant, N. J., June 26.—Thanks are offered to

the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the great blessing of a young man making his Easter Communion. He had not been for years and during all that time the prayers of the Associates had been asked for him.

Pawtucket, R. I., June 29.—I return my heartfelt thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for granting a favor. Some months ago I asked the prayers of the League for the conversion of my father, who had not been to confession in fourteen years, and seldom went to Mass. I had him recommended to the prayers of the League, and he has since gone to confession and Communion.

Winchester, Ills., June 30.—Special thanks to the Sacred Heart for a young man who obtained employment as soon as he left college. He was recommended for three months.

Also for the return to the Church and Sacraments of a lady after a space of twenty-five years. She married outside the Church, and lived and spoke as if she had abandoned the faith. She was recommended for ten months.

Utica, N. Y., July 2.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a favor received. The nephew of a member of the League of the Sacred Heart had been ill for two years and a half with a form of epilepsy. The child, only three years old, would fall without any warning every time the fit attacked him. His body, and particularly his head, was severely cut and bruised. Five doctors were unable to cure him. Six weeks ago he was recommended to the League. Two weeks after the petition was sent, his fits ceased. He has not had one since and his bruises are almost healed, and the child seems entirely well.

Philadelphia, July 4.—A mother returns thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for her son, who had been a drunkard for fifteen years. He has stopped drinking and attends now to his duties, after having obtained for him the prayers of the League.

Philadelphia, July 5.—I desire to return thanks, through the prayers of the League, for a woman who had absented herself from the Sacraments for a number of years. She was recommended to the prayers of our League in May and June, and last

Sunday received Holy Communion for the first time in five years. She was so comforted by her return to our dear Lord, that she remarked after confession: "This is the happiest day I've had in five years; my heart was never so light."

Lancaster, Pa., July 5.—Allow me to give most grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart for the favor of obtaining for me a position which I had prayed for through the League several times, and for which I said I would offer thanksgiving in the MESSENGER, if obtained.

——, July 7.—I desire to publish in the MESSENGER my thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of my sister from a long illness. On Monday, June 10th, I went to see her and found her no better, and almost without means of support. I went directly to the Sacred Heart and commenced a novena. On the ninth day, I received word that she had entirely recovered and had, moreover, obtained a position which placed her beyond the need of assistance.

Washington, D. C., July 9.—I recommended some months ago a young lady in the last stages of consumption, promising to have it published if she were cured. Although her cure is not a perfect one, still she has so far recovered as to be able to perform many of her duties, thanks to the Sacred Heart. Will you please acknowledge this in the MESSENGER?

Various Centres.—Special thanksgiving is made for the vocation, perseverance and happy death, after religious profession, of one of the Indian girls of the Sioux Nation, recommended to the League. She died at the Standing Rock Agency, Dakota, June 14. Her name in religion was Sister Mary Gertrude of the Sacred Heart, O.S.B.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a man's return to his duties after thirty years' neglect.—For an almost miraculous help in a temporal affair.—For the reform of a father and re-union of a family, whose members were scattered on account of the father's drunkenness.—For a sister's marvellous escape from the Johnstown flood.—For the recovery of a mother's sight.—For means to educate my children.

DEATH AS A FRIEND.

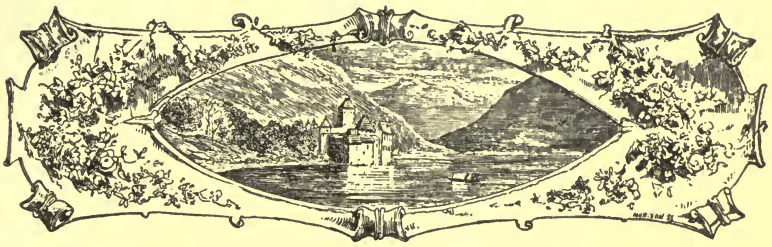
(Composition of Alfred Rethel.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

NEW SERIES. SEPTEMBER, 1889. VOL. IV (xxiv), No. 9.



THE OLD SEXTON.

(Inscribed to Alfred Rethel.)

By William Allingham.

[In the April MESSENGER, accompanying a Spanish illustration, was a Christian answer to the despairing verses from the French which form the text of a well-known picture of Du Maurier. The latter was itself inspired by the composition of Rethel, which we now reproduce as a frontispiece, with lines from the last volume of the Irish poet Allingham.—EDITOR.]

'Twas nigh the hour of evening pray'r;
The Sexton climb'd his turret-stair,
Wearily, being very old.
The wind of Spring blew fresh and cold,
Wakening there Æolian thrills,
And carrying fragrance from the hills.

Through a carven cleft he lean'd,
Eyeing the landscape newly green'd;
The large sun, slowly moving down,
Flush'd the chimneys of the town,—
The same where he was first alive
Eighty years ago and five.

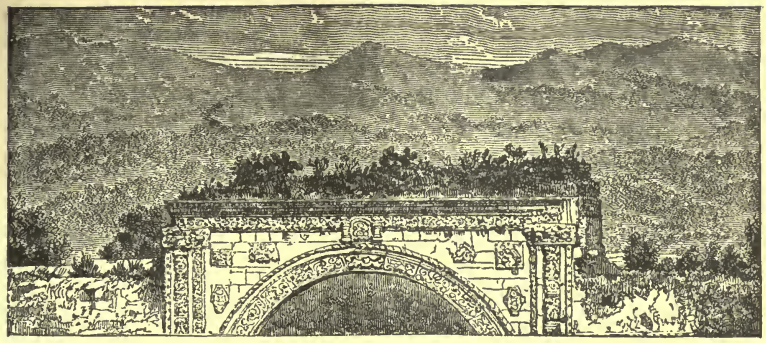
Copyright, 1889, by Rev. R. S. Dewey, S. J. All rights reserved.]

Babe he sees himself, and boy;
Youth, astir with hope and joy;
Wife and wedded love he sees;
Children's children round his knees;
Friends departing one by one;
The graveyard in the setting sun.

He seats him in a stony niche;
The bell-rope sways within his reach;
High in the rafters of the roof
The metal warder hangs aloof;
All the townsfolk wait to hear
That voice they know this many a year.

It is past the ringing hour;
There is silence in the tower;
Save that on a pinnacle
A robin sits, and sings full well.
Hush—at length for prayer they toll—
God receive the parted soul!

MADONNA IN A GLORY.
After Fra Angelico.



ARCH IN CEMETERY AT TLAMANALCO.

WANDERING THOUGHTS IN MEXICO.

By Manuel Kennedy.

I CANNOT pretend to a direct personal knowledge of things in Mexico beyond the generation now passing away. But I have sat at the feet of a venerable priesthood whose remembrances went back to Spanish days. A near relative of my own also was in the first shock of the aggressive American tide against the Mexican, then somewhat stranded, along the frontier of Texas.

Texan independence and annexation to the United States were not as yet. The city named from the illustrious President Sam Houston (pronounced, in its first syllable, *hūse*, not *hoos*, much less *house*) was then only plain San Felipe—after St. Philip, one of the first Christian deacons. The latter's name and faith were obscurely known, I suspect, to the Texan Ranger of that day; hence his preference of a title recalling a live border statesman to one that only told him of some dead foreign Saint. In like fashion, Trinidad soon became Doyle's Crossing and Rosario Powderhorn Bay!

I do not wish to say that the early Mexican of the frontier had any religion to spare to the enterprising Americans who came down upon him. The former too often had nothing to instruct him in his Catholic faith but the traditions handed down in his little community so far away from all the rest of the world.

Why this should have been so, is one of those questions which I venture to think receive an imperfect answer among us.

The latter were Protestants in the main, in virtue of about the same kind of traditions. They were seldom baptized in any of the backwoods forms of religion, they could not have given a straight answer when asked if Jesus Christ were God, and surely they did not know the Ten Commandments by heart; but they had an almost superstitious reverence for the Bible—as a bound volume—and they thought it proper, at least back in Kentucky, to "experience religion," and they were cock-sure that the Mexican "Greaser" was an ignorant idolater, paying over all his money to the priest—by the way no better than he should be—in order to get souls prayed out of purgatory! To be fair, however, it must be said that this earliest sort of Ranger was hostile only to the Mexican priest, as he imagined him to be. His Protestantism sat on him but lightly, and he welcomed, with many a good turn in need, the self-denying French missionaries that began their apostolic work when the country became American.

The condition of things fifty years ago in the Mexican provinces of the frontier has given rise to many legends and prejudices, true or false, that have found lodgment in the American mind. To tell how this condition came about will be fairly to account for the strange mixture of good and evil, down to our own day, among this Catholic people.

The old wagon-road still leads from the Rio Grande on to Monterey and beyond; and I learned much while I watched it with the longing eyes of youth, long before the railway had carried nineteenth-century life through the heart of Mexico. From a sky of painful brilliance the sun beats pitilessly down on the white track winding away to the horizon between the dust-laden mesquit bushes. This variety of the acacia, with its short branches leaved in open-work lace, covers the endless prairies. It grows to man's height, crowding together in ragged clumps so as to shut out the view of one afoot, yet treacherously suffering him to wander between, hither and thither over the sweet mesquit

grass at their feet—like themselves needing little water, and giving pasturage to countless herds—until at last he has strayed far from the beaten track and is hopelessly lost. There is nothing so monotonous as this road, along which the great canvas-covered wagons, drawn by span upon span of hardy little mustang horses, used to take their way into the far interior of the mysterious Mexican land.

Such a road branches off into all manner of high- and by-ways; and by the time it has reached the central heights around the city of Mexico, and has turned aside to either ocean down slopes of many thousands of feet, or has gone straight on along the horribly rough and lonely overland road to Guatemala—by which my priestly friends came painfully after their expulsion forty years ago—the wayfarer has had set before him all the elements of Mexican story.

Its present interest for us is in its Catholic religion; and the signs and monuments of the Catholic Church are everywhere.

Perhaps it is some lovely ruinous arch—a Franciscan arch, such as those friars built up with no other assistance than their Indian flock—seen clear-cut in the pellucid air against a background of mountains where the vivid green climbs up to cloud-kissing peaks of shimmering amethyst and gold. Gorgeous tropical weeds wave their flowers from its unfinished wall, softening the pathos of ruin like the ivy on ruined monastery walls in colder climes.

For, in spite of the hold which the Catholic religion has upon the dwellers of this fair land, the outer glory and seemliness of the Church is in decay. A subtler and more dangerous persecution than that which left the faithful Irish their ruined abbeys only as blessed ground for burial, has worked here in Mexico for many long years. It is a persecution which the average American seems unable to understand, though, however unwittingly, he is largely responsible for it.

II.

I will not defend the stern, harsh treatment, almost invariably meted out by Spain to her colonies. It is enough to remem-

ber the arbitrary manner in which she deported the Jesuits from her dominions in the last century. Here in Mexico alone they had thirty-seven colleges—one in nearly every city of any size throughout the country. These gave, free of charge to every comer, substantially the European classical and mathematical education of the day. Their influence was still felt thirty years later when the famous Humboldt visited Mexico and found it, as he evidently deemed, far more advanced in science and art than our own new American republic. There was no republic yet in Mexico to need men thus solidly educated. When the need came the education had long passed away without being replaced.

The separation from Spain was bound to come by the natural law of growth. But if all true higher education in Mexico had not been thus rudely checked, the nation might perhaps have been spared the last half-century of Catharine-wheel political revolutions wherein the only constant element is religious persecution with, of course, the plunder of ecclesiastics.

Spain, led by English theorists and French revolutionists, ended badly; but she had begun her work well. Military adventurers and greedy of gold as the *conquistadores* were, they still had sane Christian ideas on vital points. They did not claim the right of the northern Puritans to exterminate the Indians, of whose country they had taken possession, as unregenerate heathens. No, they would regenerate them, and with them form one Christian people. Then they would not have this Christianizing regulated or restrained by agents at a military post or by civil town-meetings. No, the priests of the Church were called of God for this work; to them it would be a matter of conscience, and not of money-making or political caprice.

So the Spaniard poured out his gold to all missionaries that would come and live in the land, and stoutly warded off all interference with their labors. Hence, amid fertile slopes sheltered by ascending hills, or where the trees gave grateful shade beside some water-course of the plains, arose the lofty churches, with bell-tower and front, half-Moorish and half-Renaissance and all hewn and moulded and put in place by the priest and his people,

with perhaps a convent for the friars stretching alongside—such as still make the marvel of inland Mexican towns to the unreflecting traveller.[1]

Hence, too, after three hundred and fifty years of European conquest, a present Mexican population of which the original race can claim one-half, while a large four-fifths of the remainder has running in its veins the true "native American" blood. One of the Montezumas became a Jesuit college professor, and the clergy has always been recruited impartially from every race

TEZCUCO (16 MILES FROM MEXICO).

dwelling in the land. Even the late President Juarez—a pure-blooded Indian, who led his unhappy countrymen in their ungrateful, unnecessary, and altogether useless and ruinous persecution of the Church that had borne and preserved them with a mother's love—owed his education to the friars he expelled.

It is clear that, under this early Spanish system, the estab-

[1] I have chosen my designs mostly from the photographs of Charnay and others, taken over thirty years since, before deterioration had yet made its present progress.

lishments of the Church were destined to become enormously wealthy. This came about by the force of things, and not from any greed of filthy lucre. What at first barely supplied the needs of the mission, as the country became populous and rich, increased a thousandfold in value.

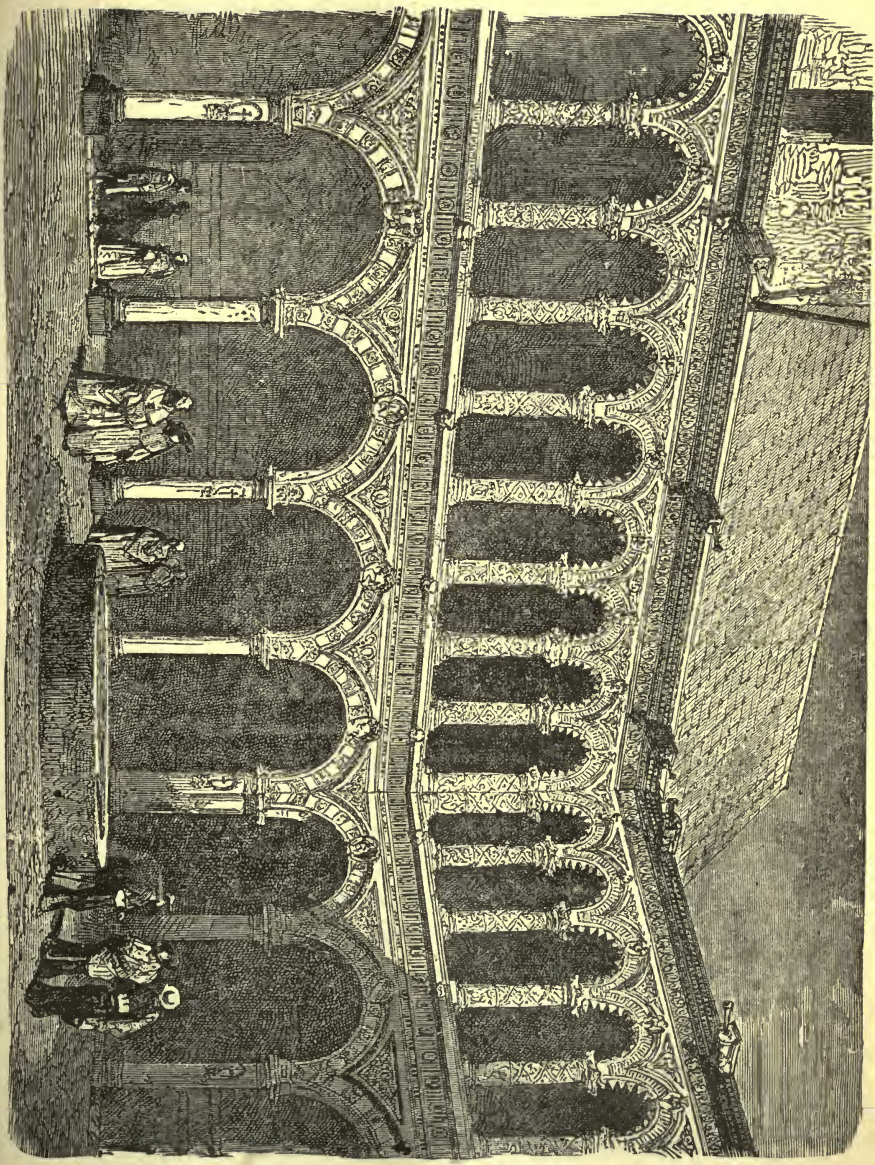
The revenues were in the main well expended, as may be gathered from the immense institutions of charity and learning and devotion, of which, alas! only the remains, for the most part, now remain, scattered up and down through Mexico. The tenants of ecclesiastical estates shared in this well-being; and the friars themselves may easily be pardoned if they so far took advantage of it as to build up splendid and lightsome cloisters, like those where the Mercedarian Fathers still walked gravely thirty years ago. Moreover, the strong hand of Spanish discipline still prevailed for many years after this natural enrichment of religion; and, though riches never form a favorable atmosphere for Christianity, still no great evil as yet resulted from their possession.

III.

The inner history of the Mexican struggle for independence from Spain yet remains to be written. The influence of the United States, except by way of example, seems to have counted for little. Napoleon's upturning of the head government in Europe produced agitation in the colonies; and there was undoubtedly a strong feeling that Spaniards from across the sea stood socially and civilly in the way of all native Mexicans, no matter what their descent.

It is certain, too, that sympathy with the national aspirations existed among a great number of the clergy, for they were Mexicans, pure and simple, for the most part, and reared in the colleges and seminaries of the country. The Bishops—they numbered about a half-dozen all told—held out in the beginning for Spain, by whose government they had been appointed; but their after course showed that this was rather from a dread of unsettled rule than from any desire of holding to Spain at all costs.

On the other hand, it is true that the private character of at



CLOISTER OF THE MERCEDARIAN CONVENT, CITY OF MEXICO.

least one of the priestly leaders of revolt—Morelos (from whom the city of Morelia, once Valladolid, has its name)—will not bear scrutiny, while Hidalgo, also a priest and the chief hero of Mexican Independence, was known as a reader of the French books of the period, which is certainly no good sign of sane Catholic opinion. In spite of all this, however, there seems to have been a universal desire among all parties to preserve untouched the Catholic religion of the Mexican people; and the seal of death was given to the sincerity of the patriots in many cases.

Unfortunately, when independence really came, the reign of confusion began. Spain had already struck a death-blow at all solid education by driving into sudden exile the Jesuit teachers whom it could not replace. They, like the other religious orders, were made up in great proportion of native Mexicans; but they were also in close relation with their heads at Rome, thus assuring regular discipline. They received too—chiefly for their extensive Indian missions—reinforcements from Europe, and notably from Spain and Germany.

Revolution is sure to breed a false nationalism. This now demanded that only "natives" should be left in the great monasteries and convents, at least in the settled parts of the country and in positions of superiority. The change was effected, without any provision being made for the maintaining of discipline under untried and often untrained hands, and little by little the religious orders, still retaining their great wealth, sank into a state of relaxation unknown before.

The clean sweep then made of all Spaniards and their sympathizers extended to the parish clergy as well. It resulted in the extinction of many mission stations of the religious orders, and so lessened the number of working priests outside of large cities as to oblige the government itself to interfere. This it did in a thoroughly "national" way by gathering up, from the remotest provinces and humblest classes, boys who were too often without a sign of vocation, and stuffing the seminaries with them.

Thus it happened that sometimes a full-blown priest would be turned out—moral theology and all—in less than half a

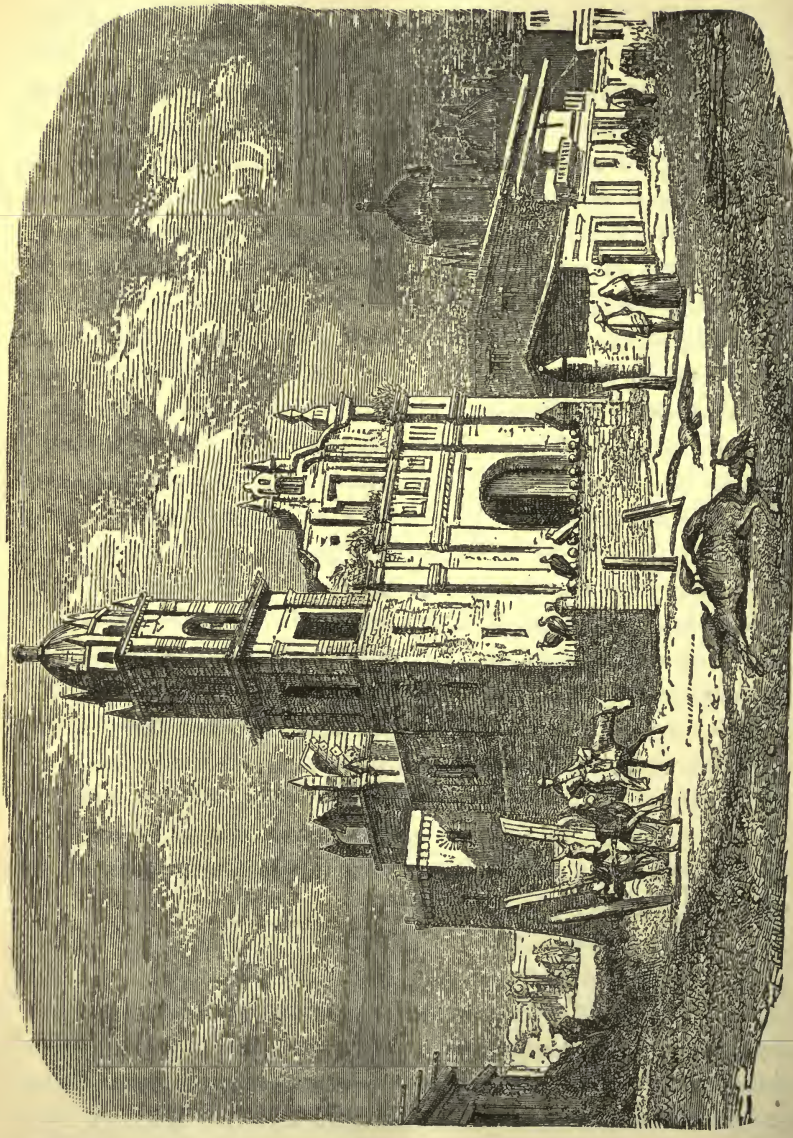
dozen years after he had learned the alphabet. This was not all. In his far-off frontier parish he would often be fifty miles away from the nearest priest, whom he could see only at long intervals. He was himself without training, and had not the safe retreat of a religious house to which he might retire for spiritual comfort from time to time, as his friar predecessors had had before him. Under these circumstances he was to work out his own and his people's salvation!

That matters were not a thousand times worse is to the great credit of the Mexicans, priest and people. Only it is such an unfortunate state of things, chiefly in remote districts, which has given the Mexican Church her bad name among Americans. In fact, it was during the years from 1830 to 1850—just when the American was everywhere invading the northern frontier—that the Church suffered most from this evil in her own ranks. Even so, the state of things was often ridiculously misconceived by the prurient imaginations of men accustomed from childhood to a veritable superstition in regard to popery and its priests.

I remember the immense scandal of a strict Sabbatarian at seeing a *Cura* presiding of a Sunday afternoon over a cock-fight for the same congregation in whose behalf he had said Mass in the morning. I do not see how they were any the worse for his presence, and, really, they might otherwise have been much worse employed. Certainly, the proceedings were not quite ecclesiastical; but on the American side of the river, where there was neither morning Mass nor the mild gaming of the afternoon in the priest's presence, the Rangers' Sunday was an abomination in work and word.

Another result of State interference—scarcely less disastrous—was seen during all these years in the utterly insufficient number of bishops. It was the "nation" again that refused to allow the division of dioceses, large parts of which in consequence never saw their chief pastor. The people were not confirmed, and parishes and schools were left without supervision or encouragement.

Surely the Church, no matter how richly fed some of her ministers might chance to be, could not be called free or pros-



CHURCH OF LA SOLEDAD, VERA CRUZ.

perous. Her true symbol was rather to be found in the churches of what was once the "Rich City of the True Cross" (*Vera Cruz*)—weed-crowned and a roost for carrion buzzards.

IV.

During all the weary years I have described, a new and greater evil still was steadily growing up in Mexico. I mean that anti-Catholic spirit which, in Catholic countries, always centres in some form of Freemasonry.

An ill-understood nationalism had sorely tried the Church with the overmuch slothful ease it enforced upon her, while at the same time it hindered her true life. The State would neither allow the Church to provide for the instruction of the poor abandoned people nor take up the work itself; yet all this time the people remained deeply faithful to their religion, though the understanding—the life and light—of their faith became ever feebler, as priests and religious communities became fewer and more inefficient.

Was there a deep-laid design in this? The events of the last thirty years seem to show this in the now open and boastful existence of the sect. Certainly, nothing so disposes to the loss of faith as sloth and ignorance on the part of clergy and people. And, when this had been secured in large measure, the attempt was actually made to deprive the Mexican people of that Catholic faith which had saved them from destruction at the time of the Conquest and later had welded them together as one people in a true civilization, bringing peace to families and law and order to the civil community and religion to the whole nation.

Another point for the future historian to ascertain is how far the influence of Americans from the United States has helped in this persistent effort of later years to de-Catholicize Mexico, which once proudly boasted, in the name of Our Lady of Guadalupe—*God hath not done in like manner to every nation.*[2]

[2] Father Croonenbergh's description of the national shrine—the great basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe—in the MESSENGER of December, 1887, (with picture, in February, 1888) is vivid and exact: the text from Psalm cxlvii. 20, is used in the Mass of the feast, which is a holy-day of obligation.

It is certain that the Freemasonry of Mexico—which openly parades its hostility to the Catholic religion—owes its origin to Joel R. Poinsett, American minister from 1822 to 1829, just after the Mexican Revolution. Here too, as in nearly every Catholic land, with rare exceptions, American officials have been the declared protectors, when not the colporteurs, of publications designed to break down the influence of pastors over their people and to introduce some vague and impracticable American form of religion, utterly unsuited to the mind and detestable to the faith of the people to whom they were accredited. I could confidently name at least two of our ministers to Mexico during the last forty years who were removed from their post because they did not willingly play into the hands of Bible and other proselytizing societies.

Whatever may have been the influence of Americans, I do not ascribe any greater intelligence to it than to the early prejudice of the frontier Rangers. They knew no better. But while the Church's life was languishing under nationalist trammels, the Masonic politician was waxing amain. In all lands—and what land does not know them?—he is, I conceive, of three varieties.

In the lowest grade, he is Masonic, that is, anti-Catholic, simply because there is somewhere something to be made out of it. Either he thus "gets solid" with a dominant party, or—as in Mexico—there is some Church property to be properly confiscated. This class has been the bane of Mexican politics almost from the time of the Independence; and there is no present outlook of relief from the depredations of its half-brigands and half-lawyers.

To this class belongs emphatically the late President and actual Governor of Guanajuato, Gonzalez, with his present right-hand man, Lopez—that one of Maximilian's Generals who infamously betrayed to an ignominious death the master he had sworn to serve. There is little picking and scraping of clerical estates for their pockets now. All has gone—not to the nation, as some Americans piously believe—but into the insatiable maw of just such politicians as have been so lately making

away with the Church property of Italy. But the priests, and any effective preaching of the Ten Commandments, still stand in the way of the peculiar patriotism of these leaders. The last and not the least example may be found in the true story back of a sensational telegram to the American newspapers, not longer ago than last April. It was said the "clericals" had risen in revolt, had murdered and sacked Guanajuato, and what not. Poor clericals! who have had neither head nor organization nor any political power within the memory of man; and whose money—the only thing left them thirty years ago with which to aid half-heartedly the imported Maximilian—was long since seized upon and sunk deeper than sea-bottom!

The truth of the matter—now well known, but not published in the American newspapers—was simply this. A band of missionary Jesuits—all our parishes in the United States know what the "mission" is—had been preaching the eternal truths to this Catholic people, who surely have a right to their religion in spite of American newspapers. Many confessions were heard, many illicit unions turned into valid matrimonies or abandoned, much restitution made of ill-gotten goods. This was too much for Governor and General, and so the missionaries were cast into the public prison with other vagrants, and without bail—to have their trial for what had not been decided to be a crime at all only after many months! A lady among my friends was for a time allowed to furnish them with at least clean linen, but she writes that even this privilege is now denied her.

It was the influence of politicians of this sort, backed by the miserably unseeing policy of the American representatives, that caused the turning over, to some nondescript American Protestants, of the beautiful Franciscan church with triple façade which so charmed all visitors to the city of Mexico. It is true the decisive measures for the suppression of the Franciscan and indeed all religious orders were engineered by other minds than these. But buzzards will follow after the king-vulture; and they are scarcely amiable!

The second class of Masonic politician—and Mexico has had

its fill of every class—is somewhat more respectable than the first, but far more dangerous, for it lays open the way to one more powerful than either. General Santa Anna—I can speak with some personal knowledge of his government—was a sample. Of course, I do not know whether he was really one of the Freemasons at all, but he was willing, within certain limits, to do their work for them in exchange for political influence. He was also ever ready to control Church matters in his own interests; and he gave the first real satisfaction to the carrion tribe by bringing about a partial confiscation of Church properties to relieve the stress resulting from war with the United States. This, however, the clergy—always the truest patriots of Mexico—ungrudgingly conceded. On the other hand, when his self-seeking was once satisfied, the one-legged General carefully looked to the best interests of his country. He saw clearly—the irregularities of his private life forbid me to say that Christian faith taught him—how the happiness of his people and the well-being of Mexican society depended on the free action of their Catholic religion over their minds and hearts. It was the natural, and the only possible, instrument ready to his hand for the true education of a docile, believing people in the law and order that are based on the Ten Commandments.

But the relief was only partial and momentary. The blackest night was settling down with the gradual advent to power of the third class of Masonic politician—more disinterested than either of the other two and far steadier in hatred of the Church.

About this time, our not unfair-minded traveller, Bayard Taylor, was in a lonely mountain hacienda on the Pacific slope. He says: "None of the people knew how to read, and they lamented most bitterly that education in Mexico was so difficult for their class. I was deeply touched by the exclamation of an old man, whose eyes trembled with tears as he spoke: 'Ah, how beautiful a thing it is to be able to read of God!' then adding, in a softened tone, as if speaking to himself: 'but I cannot read—I cannot read.'"

(*To be concluded.*)

FATHER CARTER'S TRAMP.

By B. A.

I.

THE great clock on St. Aloysius' school-building was just striking ten, and Dr. Morton, principal physician in the little New England town of South Fork, appeared at the door of his bachelor's domain, prepared for his round of daily visits. His round, genial face was positively beaming as he stood drawing on his riding-gloves, and surveyed the neat, light buggy and well-kept horse just following his man out of the little stable. That horse was the one living thing the old Doctor cared for, and he prized it even as the apple of his eye. Just at this moment, a carriage drove up to the gate.

"Hello, there's the priest now," he said to himself. He opened the gate as the clergyman drew up.

"Anything wrong, Father Carter?" questioned the Doctor, laconically.

The priest showed a rather anxious face around the side of the buggy.

"Well, Doctor, the fact is," he began, nervously, "it isn't myself at all. I've got a boy down at the house now—a—a vagrant, you know—whom I found in my barn this morning. He looked about half dead. So I thought, my good friend—"

Dr. Morton's eyes fairly twinkled under his heavy eyebrows.

"Now, Father," he began, severely, "I can't spend my time on all the vagabonds in Christendom, not to speak of the unadvisability of encouraging you in it. It's a losing game. I looked after three sickly tramps of yours last winter; and, if I have the story straight, they all decamped with one or more articles of your apparel by way of thanks."

Father Carter evidently knew the good physician's ways, however, for he made room for him in the buggy, and Dr. Morton finished his speech as he got in.

"Well, well, here I am after all," he said. "What's the history of *this* interesting nomad?"

"Oh, I found him in the barn this morning shortly after

Mass," began the Father, starting his mare on a sharp trot; "and a more pitiable object you never saw. He doesn't look over twenty-four or five, and he's as thin as a lath. He was asleep when I found him, and when roused he began to wander deliriously."

Dr. Morton glanced quickly into the priest's face.

"Fever!" he said, shortly. "I advise you to be careful, Father. I wouldn't like him in *my* house. And you must think of yourself."

"I don't think it's fever," replied the priest, slowly. "But, even so, what could I do? I can't put a sick man out on a bitter day like this, let alone its being Christmas-time. When one thinks of the manger in Bethlehem—"

"Oh, yes, of course," interrupted the Doctor, hastily clearing his throat. "When it comes to *that*, poor chap, one would feel like taking him in if he were a thief—which I have no doubt he is," he added under his breath.

They reached the priest's residence shortly after. Dr. Morton found to his relief that the poor wretch was suffering more from cold and hunger than anything else. He was wandering in mind from sheer weakness, and would probably have died, the Doctor said, had he not fallen into kind hands at just the right moment. There was no place of refuge of any kind available for the man, and the good priest "wondered if he couldn't keep him for a day or two till he would be stronger."

"Well?" said the Doctor, inquiringly, as the Father finally appeared at the barn-door, a sofa-pillow of magnitude in one hand and a bottle of water in the other.

"Well, I'm going to keep him of course," was the reply, as the Good Samaritan adjusted the pillow under the sick man's head. "Susan is fixing up a bed for him now in a spare room I have."

"What's the water for?" demanded the Doctor, eyeing the bottle with Protestant curiosity.

"Blessed water—*holy* water, man," replied the priest, with a laugh and an amused look at his friend's face. "Wait till

I sprinkle him a bit, poor soul. Come, now, don't look so disgusted. It's no more of a 'pagan symbol' than the ducking you got from your Baptist preacher when you 'joined the church.' Now let us see to the moving of the poor lad."

A day or so went by, and "Father Carter's Tramp" as the townspeople called him still remained, not suffering pain, but very weak in mind and body. The good priest would now and then steal time from his duties to sit at his bedside, trying to catch a stray word that might give a clue to his former life. But save an occasional name or a shower of oaths, there was seldom a lucid word.

On the second morning the sick man had been resting quietly, and Father Carter was sitting beside him, reading his Office, when the tramp slowly opened his eyes and fixed them on the priest's face. They looked at each other earnestly a moment.

"I ain't never seen you before," said the tramp, vaguely.

"No," replied the priest, "but you have been ill and weak and I have been taking care of you. You are better now, thanks be to God. Now don't talk any more, but try and rest."

Almost before he had finished speaking, the man had closed his eyes wearily. He opened them again in a moment, however, and lay watching Father Carter's face.

"I know now. You're the Catholic priest, ain't you?" he said. Then with an expression of content he settled himself to sleep.

"God help him!" thought the priest as he closed his breviary. "Some other wandering sheep. I wonder if I can bring him back."

In a day or so, when his charge became strong and well, Father Carter offered to keep him in place of Dan, who was given to making unexpected excursions to "The Keg" and returning a trifle the worse for wear. The new acquisition never said much about himself. He told his kind friend that his name was John Collins; that he had always lived in poverty, and that after "his folks" died down South somewhere, he had been unable to get work and had "tramped it," as he expressed it, up North-

ward. Once he let fall something about his mother that led Father Carter to believe she had been a Catholic and had tried to bring up her boy so as to make an honest man of him.

Dr. Morton shrugged his shoulders when the priest told him he had hired Collins.

"I'll stake a fifty-dollar bill that he's a thief," he said in his odd brusque way. "Keep an eye to your watch and overcoat, Father."

"'I was a stranger and ye took Me in,'" said the priest in such an odd tone that the Doctor stared. If the truth must be told, Father Carter soon had occasion to be considerably exercised about his new man. He would be away for a day at a time, and come back with evidences of liquor about him, and the general hang-dog look of the good-for-nothing.

His benefactor at last almost lost patience, and had decided to give the matter up as a useless task, when one morning the object of his anxiety appeared at the door of his little study. The old sullen look was on his face, and the man spoke half-defiantly.

"I'm goin' to leave, Father Carter; I'm goin' to-day."

"Why, Collins?" said the priest, looking up from his writing. "Anything wrong?"

"No; but I can't work. It ain't no use. When a man's ben loafin' all his life, there ain't no settlin' him, nohow." And all Father Carter's pleadings and urgings could not change Collins' decision.

"Well," said the priest finally, "I had hoped to make an honest man of you, John, and help you along a bit in the right way; but I am to be disappointed. However, will you promise me one thing before you go, Collins? If I write you out a little prayer, will you promise me to say it every morning?"

Collins' face looked like a thunder-storm. Father Carter tore out of a "Hand-Book" lying on his table, the Morning Offering of the League of the Sacred Heart, and handed it to him. John took it, but maintained a sullen silence.

"Good-bye," said the priest, as the vagrant sidled toward the door. "Keep out of taverns and try to be honest, John."

Collins gave a half-scornful laugh. "What's the use?" he said, doggedly. "Who cares whether I go to the devil or not? I ain't got nothin' to live fer, and ef I hed"—with another bitter laugh—"I reckon I'm too far gone to stop now. It ain't no use. I couldn't be honest if I tried. But"—and for the first time the man's hard face seemed to soften—"I won't forgit them lines, Father." Then, without another word, he left the room and the house.

The priest watched him, wistfully, from his window as he went down the road, half hoping he would stop at the little church, whose doors always stood invitingly open; but he went past with the easy, slouching walk of the professional tramp, and was soon lost to sight.

At the junction where the village street narrowed into a path through the woods, a buggy turned into the main road. The vagrant was about to slink into the bushes when the driver stopped and Dr. Morton's face appeared from the side of the carriage.

"Where are you going, Collins?" he asked sternly.

"I'm off fer good," replied the tramp defiantly, stopping in the middle of the road.

"By way of thanks to Father Carter, I suppose," added the Doctor, with angry sarcasm. "Well, no loss to him, unless perhaps you've appropriated some articles of his by mistake. I've a great mind to search you and see, you idle scamp."

"All right; do it," answered Collins, with a dangerous look about his eyes. "I've thieved a good bit before now, but I ain't thieved off of him," with a backward motion of his thumb in the direction of St. Aloysius'.

Now, whether the Doctor's mare here became impatient or his man feared some trouble, deponent saith not; but just at this juncture, the animal started off full-speed, leaving the tramp in the middle of the road, and Dr. Morton did not think it worth while to turn back.

That night "Father Carter's Tramp" was not seen in South Fork.

In a few days his little story passed out of the minds of all the townspeople—all, that is, save the good priest himself. With something of the Divine Love that never forgets its erring children, however far they stray, he offered the Holy Sacrifice for *one soul* who seemed more particularly to appeal to his compassion because he had none to pray for him.

II.

About nine o'clock one October evening nearly ten years later, the night-mail from P—— slowly drew up at the little flag-station of South Fork, to receive one passenger. The Irish conductor's sleepy face brightened when he took the new-comer's ticket, as he recognized his parish priest.

"When are we due in the city, O'Rourke?" asked Father Carter, looking at his watch.

"9.40," replied the conductor, touching his cap. "9.40 on the minute, too. Can't beat our time, Father."

The priest smiled good-naturedly, and, taking a well-worn book from his pocket, commenced reading by the light of the oil-lamp above his head. Finally he closed the volume and became wrapped in thought. He was to preach at the Requiem of a fellow-priest in the city next morning, and reminiscences of his former friend were filling his mind.

Suddenly somewhere ahead along the line there came a deafening crash. The car swayed dangerously to one side, then righted itself. The air was filled with despairing cries of fear and distress.

It is hard to tell how it happened. Some sad blunder on the part of the frightened engineer, one futile effort to avert the coming catastrophe, and the great engine had leaped out of its path and crashed down the steep embankment that lay to the west of the track.

In a moment all was confusion. Heart-rending cries and calls for help mingled with the moans of the crushed and wounded. All the men who were uninjured set to work and, clearing away the débris as best they might, found the remains of their unfor-

tunate fellow-passengers. Others provided themselves with track-walkers' lanterns from the engine's caboose, and set out to the next station, about a mile distant, to obtain assistance.

The last car had not been overturned, but had simply slipped the track, and Father Carter, who was one of its fortunate inmates, lost no time in searching out those to whom he might be of some assistance, whether spiritually or otherwise.

One of the disabled, lying near the top of the embankment, called him by name, as he passed.

"O'Rourke, is that you?" he replied, recognizing the voice. "Are you hurt much, my man?"

"No, not much, praise be to God," was the reply. "I thought at first I was killed entirely, but I guess only my leg's got broke. But, your Reverence, there's a poor devil beyond there that's dying sure."

In the darkness, Father Carter discovered some few yards away a poor wretch, half-covered beneath a pile of loose débris. He was lying on his face, his arms extended over the ground; occasionally a convulsive tremor shook his broad frame. Father Carter turned his face to the lantern's light. He was not more than thirty-five or thereabouts, but lines of iron-gray already streaked his hair; his clothes were old and shabby. Something familiar in the man's face, in spite of its thinness and its careworn lines, caught the priest's eye.

"Collins!" he exclaimed, involuntarily, and "Father Carter's Tramp" looked up into his face.

"My God—it's the South Fork priest," gasped the man. "I reckon I'm done fer, Father. I was thrown out on this here rock. I'm goin' fast, I think."

"Have you nothing to say before you go, John?" asked Father Carter.

"Yes," replied the dying man. "I want to tell you—that I wasn't *quite* ungrateful, Father. I *never forgot them lines.*"

The priest was much affected.

"Then it was no chance that brought me here to-night, Collins," he said. "Make your confession, and let me give you absolution."

"Mebbe it ain't no use, Father," gasped the other, struggling for his breath. "I never giv' up drink, and I've jest served a term for thievin'. Don't believe the Sacred Heart's got room fer a poor, homeless—chap—like me. 'Tain't human nater."

"No; not *human* nature, John; that's Divine," said Father Carter, softly. "Then there's the Blessed Mother, too, to pray for you. Don't you remember in the 'Hail Mary,' John, that you learned when you were a boy—'Pray for us sinners now *and at the hour of our death*'?"

So under the calm of the October night, with the pure stars looking down pityingly upon him, the homeless wanderer sobbed out his confession into the ear of God's listening minister.

Far down the road came the twinkling of the lanterns that told of help come too late to help many a dying unfortunate. Men were hurrying to and fro, and the helpless injured lay close around the spot where Father Carter was helping one poor soul to eternity.

Only the listening angels heard the whispered words of absolution, and as the priest said Amen, bending down, he caught the last words of his poor penitent:

"O Jesus, through Mary's Immaculate Heart—I offer—*my death*—for the intentions—of Thy Heart."

III.

Many of those who had been disabled by the accident were either inhabitants of South Fork or were taken there until it would be prudent or convenient to remove them. Father Carter's time, therefore, was well-nigh filled with errands of mercy for the next few days. In about a week, however, he took occasion to drive over to Dr. Morton's house. The good physician was a hale old gentleman of seventy or thereabouts now, with silvered hair and beard. But his eyes were as merry, his form as erect as ever, and he had lost none of the odd, quizzical look and the quick brusque tone which had characterized him of old.

"Good-day, Father," he said, cheerily, as the priest entered the office where he was a frequent and a welcome visitor. "I suppose now you want me to start off a fund for your sick poor people, eh?"

Father Carter smiled, and like a true Yankee, answered one question by another. "Would you help me if I did?"

"We'd see," replied the Doctor, with a twinkle of his eye. "It's a cool day, sir," he added, pushing a little decanter and a glass across the table. "There is some St. Julien that will warm the cockles of your heart."

"No; thank you," said the priest, lighting a cigar. "What would my Temperance Cadets say if they heard of their priest doing what he forbade them to do? Can't say one thing in the pulpit, and do another out of it, Doctor."

"You are right—of course," said the other, a little sheepishly.

Father Carter smiled, and changed the subject forthwith.

"You can't guess what brought me here to-day," he said.

The physician confessed his inability to conjecture.

"It was no less than a mean desire to exult in a little triumph I am conscious of having won," the priest replied, with sphinx-like gravity; "you and Satan running the opposition party."

"Lord bless my soul!" exclaimed the worthy Doctor, rubbing his spectacles. "That *does* sound rather appalling."

Father Carter then brought to his friend's mind the little episode of John Collins' illness now nearly ten years before.

"An idle scamp," Dr. Morton interrupted with a frown. "I'll wager he ended his days on the gallows."

But when the priest finished the story with the sad sequel of a few nights before, the old Doctor became very quiet, and he was not ashamed of the great drop that trickled down his face and got lost in his beard.

"And so I suppose you attribute this poor fellow's conversion to the little prayer you taught him?" he asked finally, whisking his handkerchief back in his pocket again.

"I believe that as firmly as I believe in the mercy of the Sacred Heart," answered Father Carter, earnestly. "A prayer for another's conversion I consider such a one as God would not leave long unanswered. You were right in one sense, Doctor, of course. The fellow was always a ne'er-do-weel, but he died with

a contrite heart, and when we remember the old story of him who came even at the eleventh hour and was received, we are silent."

"We human beings are a queer lot," remarked the Doctor, somewhat irrelevantly, "especially the soul-part of us. I know most about the physical anatomy, and you more of the spiritual, and it strikes me the latter's a deal more intricate than the first."

In a few moments Father Carter rose to leave, as no idle persuasions could keep him from his sick people and his other parish duties.

Dr. Morton followed him out to the little porch, and there electrified him with the following speech: "Say, if you write out that verse for me sometime, I guess I can manage to get it by heart, and—well, there's no law, you know, against your remembering your old Doctor too, in your Masses now and then."

See! deep within the glowing depth of that Eternal Light,
What change hath come, what vision new transports angelic sight?
A creature can it be, in uncreated bliss?
A novelty in God? Oh what nameless thing is this?
The beauty of the Father's power is o'er it brightly shed,
The sweetness of the Spirit's love is unction on its head;
In the wisdom of the Son it plays its wondrous part,
While it lives the loving life of a real Human Heart!

. . . . . .

A Heart that hath a Mother, and a treasure of red blood,
A Heart that man can pray to, and feed upon for food!
In the brightness of the Godhead is its marvellous abode,
A change in the Unchanging, creation touching God!
Ye spirits blest, in endless rest, who on that Vision gaze,
Salute the Sacred Heart with all your worshipful amaze,
And adore, while with ecstatic skill the Three in One ye scan,
The Mercy that hath planted there that Blessed Heart of Man.

. . . . . .

Unchanging and unchangeable as It hath ever been,
As it was before that Human Heart was there by angels seen,
So is it at this very hour, so will it ever be,
With that Human Heart within It, beating hot with love of me!

Father Faber.

A RELIGIOUS FOUNDATION IN AMERICA.

The Sisters of Loretto, Kentucky,

Founded by Father Charles Nerinckx,[1] 1812.

By M. L. Meany.

TO Kentucky belongs the honor of having founded the first Religious Congregation belonging exclusively to the American Union. And it must be said that everything about that first community savors of Catholic Americanism.

It is a female organization, and the New World owes its discovery to a woman. Its founder was a priest who, though born and trained in a foreign clime, was, in heart and intellect as well as in tastes and aspirations, a true American. The dear young maidens who formed it were "out-and-out Americans," in every respect, as we shall shortly see. Its very name—"The Society of the Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross"—betokens the national characteristics. "What presumption!" exclaimed a pious old lady on first hearing it. "They might have called themselves her servants, and even that is too much honor for poor, weak sinners." But America, if she has no taste for service, is incomparable in friendly offices.

It may be that Catholic spirit in America would be more worthy its work and more in the spirit of the Church, if it took a hint from that title. God needs friends in this age and country; the free, joyous, uncalculating zeal of true friendship is better than the timid, half-hearted service we give Him.

I.—Preparing for an Apostolate.

"The Holy Ghost tells us that 'the generation of the righteous shall be blessed'; and blessed indeed was the Nerinckx generation: blessed with the force of character and earnestness of will which made of the father the universally respected citizen and the self-sacrificing doctor; blessed with the deep and abiding religious feeling which made of the mother the

[1] The Life of the Rev. Charles Nerinckx. By Rev. Camillus P. Maes, Priest of the Diocese of Detroit (now Bishop of Covington, Ky.). Cincinnati: Robert Clark & Co. 1880.

pious and queenly matron, who 'hath looked well on the paths of her house, hath not eaten her bread idle. Her children rose up and called her blessed,' and so, no doubt, did the Church and society which were benefited by her labors."

The worthy biographer of one of America's greatest benefactors thus reminds us of the gratitude due to the mother of Charles Nerinckx; and surely none can peruse this fascinating volume without rising up, in close and eager ranks, around her children, to call her blessed.

Herffelingen, a village in the province of Brabant, Belgium, claims the honor of his birth. The Guardian Angels, on whose feast he was born, October 2, 1761, surely surrounded the fair babe and, in fairy parlance, bestowed on him each a noble gift—so wondrously was he endowed. Bishop Maes gives a glorious record of the family, as scarcely equalled even in Catholic Belgium; but of *our own Father* Nerinckx we may surely say, "Thou hast surpassed them all!"

Profiting fully by his elementary education at home and college, and completing his course of philosophy at far-famed Louvain, with satisfaction to his professors and honor to himself, he entered the theological Seminary of Mechlin in 1781, and four years afterward was ordained priest. The next year we find him Vicar of the Metropolitan parish of St. Rumoldus; zealously instructing poor laborers who, at his early Mass every Sunday, filled the vast cathedral to overflowing; giving his early morning hours to prayer and meditation; and through all steadily pursuing his studies in theology and canon law; while his austerity of life and his child-like unconsciousness of his own merits, excited the admiration of all, particularly of the venerable Cardinal de Frankenbergh, Archbishop of Mechlin, who gave him an important pastoral charge in 1794.

The account given of the then state of religion in a country which had been the brightest gem in the crown of Catholicity, is fearfully interesting. It was a perilous thing for the youthful pastor to undertake reforming his flock, yet in three years he had re-established public processions, pious confraternities, the fre-

quentation of the Sacraments; and repaired the old dilapidated church, so that what had been a disgrace was now "a thing of beauty and a joy" to all the faithful servants of God.

Having refused to take the new oath of undying hatred to royalty, and still continuing his sacerdotal functions, he escaped imprisonment and exile—the fate of his brother John and many other priests—by flight, and reaching the city of Dendermonde, on the 6th of August, 1797, took refuge in the hospital of St. Blase. His aunt, Mother Constantia Langendries, was one of the community of twelve nuns in charge. There for four years he remained, secretly fulfilling the duties of chaplain, confessor to the sick, the dying, and the poor prisoners who were there incarcerated; saying Mass at two o'clock in the morning, for the community. The daytime was mainly devoted to composing, in Latin, treatises on theology, morals, etc., which would have formed ten or twelve volumes. The history of that imprisonment is like a romance.

In 1801, things began to change, but *the oath* was still required under certain conditions, and Father Nerinckx was one of the clergy who could not conscientiously take it. Thus, as our biographer tersely remarks, "the loss of France and Belgium became America's gain." The holiest of their priests longed for "freedom to worship God," and America gave it to all who would seek her shores. Among the number was our venerable hero, already a confessor, with the blessing promised to those who suffer persecution for justice's sake.

The glorious patriarch of our country, Carroll, was but too happy to receive him, introduced by a characteristic letter from the Princess Gallitzin. The 14th of November, 1804, he landed, and, after a few weeks in Baltimore, went, at Bishop Carroll's desire, to Georgetown College, to study the English language, which he had been endeavoring to acquire, self-taught, in Flanders. In a characteristic letter to his aunt in the Dendermonde Hospital, he says: "I am again a school-boy, learning how to speak, read, and write; no holidays; and it will take a long time before I can spell; of course, I pray for you; but, alas, I am

even less proficient in spiritual matters than in the English language." Thus he was preparing for the Kentucky mission.

II.—Zeal for the Missions.

On the 18th of July, 1805, the Belgian priest arrived at Father Badin's house, in Kentucky. We find him writing home of the vast field in which they were working: "Were we twelve priests, we would not suffice to keep our co-religionists in the faith, or satisfy the demand for help. . . . On the other hand, outsiders continually call for priests, and offer us any amount of land. . . . Oh! that I had words to enlist some virtuous priests in the cause of religion!"

This continued to be the burden of every letter home. He could not see how Belgium could stand aloof. "I am convinced that no priest, who has any of the zeal of his vocation, and who carefully considers our position here, can in any way get rid of the obligation of, I do not say coming, but flying to our help." So on, year after year.

Another want he found almost equally pressing—church goods. If Belgium did not send priests, she was not slow to send these material gifts. And what a place they were sent to! "When you send church articles," he writes to his father and mother in 1807, "also add some money, that I may be enabled to have them brought here, for we have no means of support." Little wonder that coming to such a field of labor was not attractive to the good friends "at home"! But they charitably continued to send the things.

At last, in 1815 we find Father Nerinckx setting off to Europe, to present the two great needs of the West in person. He found many willing to give material help; but vainly he sought for laborers in that far-off vineyard. In August of the following year he issued a pamphlet, making an earnest appeal for priests. This Appeal seems to have been, as the saying goes, written in his heart's blood. It takes in everything, and seems as if it cannot end. The extracts given from it only increase the wish that it be all reprinted.

In his eagerness to obtain brother missionaries, Father Nerinckx gives in this Appeal a vivid sketch of his life in America. Having said that his friends, "though full of faith," were alarmed at the thought of his obtaining co-laborers for America, objecting that more priests were needed at home in Belgium, he candidly admits, "indeed they are, and very much so! I remember the happy times when Belgium had ten evangelical laborers to the one of to-day." He goes on to draw a contrast:

"But tell me candidly: Is there a Christian in our land, who, if he sincerely tried, could not approach the Holy Sacraments every month? Is there one who, owing to the want of priests, is obliged to leave this world without the rites of the Church? Where is the child to be found who has to sigh without baptism in the slavery of the devil, even for three days? Where is the pastor or priest who, when he rises in the morning, cannot travel from one end of his parish to the other before the evening of the same day? Who is there in any portion of our Netherlands who cannot, if he wishes it, see his pastor and talk to him twice in the day? Is that the case in America? Ah! would to God it were so! Alas! Not to speak of other regions of that vast continent, in my mission a man coming on a sick call, from my congregation of the Sacred Hearts, has to travel every day between forty and fifty miles on horseback for four days, ere he can reach my cabin at St. Charles; and if I am at home (for many a time other calls and occupations keep me away), we have to ride another four days to see if the sick person has succeeded in struggling against death for a whole week. The distances to St. James', St. Rumoldus', St. Teresa's, etc., are from three to four, five, and six days' travel back and forth. To pay one single visit to each one of my congregations, and remain three or four days in each station, which is only a short stop considering the circumstances and the needs of the people, I have to spend six days on the road without taking a day's rest, devoting the whole time to travel, hearing confessions, instruction, and administration of the Sacraments. I merely mention how I am

situated, because I know what labors devolve upon myself; my brother priests are not better off."

Further on he writes: "Poor me! I have then to leave again Europe, or at least the Netherlands, without a single companion; and for a little longer, work to the best of my poor abilities in a small corner of the vineyard of the Lord! I have to carry to my and your brothers of these regions, the cruel tidings that they are left to die of spiritual starvation. . . . But what if the Master of the Vineyard asks me and urges me: 'Why are you alone? Why no one with you? Why have I only such a good-for-nothing servant as you are? Where are they whom I have enriched with adequate talents, whom I have prepared for the noble and difficult work of this, the abandoned part of My vineyard, by lengthy instructions, unusual trials, and experience?' . . . Again, what can I answer to the Lord? Oh! that I were a Francis Xavier! I would fill our limitless wilderness with howls and shrieks, I would sprinkle the earth with bloody tears, I would unceasingly strike my breast, and in my anguish make known to God Himself my complaints, expecting, drowned in sorrow, some consolation from on high!"

The ardent envoy of religion then mentions a projected undertaking to foster missionary zeal in his native land, viz., the establishment of an institute which would have a house there and another in America; bringing together volunteer priests and young men from the different ecclesiastical seminaries, "to the number, say of ten or twenty, who would undertake missionary work for a period of eight or twelve years, alternately on the home and foreign missions. This plan might prove acceptable to such as would be willing to exercise this most difficult ministry not for a lifetime, but for a limited period." He had intended to lay before his countrymen the whole plan, but he saw no hope of success. How useful such an institution would have been in preserving the faith in Europe, as well as imparting it to the New World, can be readily surmised. As, however, he still hoped that some few, touched by divine grace, would yet desire to devote themselves to the American mission, Father Nerinckx

smoothed the way for them by indicating persons of known prudence and zeal to whom application could be made, after his departure, for all needful information. He enters into all the minutiæ of travelling preparations, expenses, &c., gives remedies against sea-sickness, suggestions for making the long voyage pass pleasantly and usefully, and, knowing that his dear America was generally deemed a barbarous region, gives it this striking eulogium:

"Of course, he who comes must have good testimonial letters from his Bishop. But passports are unnecessary in America, where you meet with far less trouble on your travels than here. I did not meet with as much incivility, during my eleven years' stay in America, as I had to endure in the public conveyances of these Netherlands on two short journeys from one city to another. In America, people respect one another and behave like gentlemen; loose conversations and blasphemies are only indulged in by blackguards and the low-bred, as they are called."

Father Nerinckx, having to defer his homeward journey till the ensuing spring, returns to his cherished hope of finding, by that time, "men or women who foster in their hearts the desire of devoting themselves, either for a time or for their whole life, to the noble undertaking"; and asks them "to think seriously on the matter, to recommend it earnestly to God, and to come to a speedy conclusion."

Well! he so far succeeded, that on landing in Baltimore on July 29, 1817, he could produce ten companions of his voyage—two Flemish priests and eight young seminarians, four of whom were already prepared for ordination. But not as co-workers in his vast mission. Oh, no! "Forgetful of his own needs, and of the sad neglect of the poor diocese of Bardstown," says his Reverend biographer, "he cheerfully sent those robust laborers where he thought they would do the most good"; and no wonder gentle Bishop Flaget mildly rebuked his extraordinary disinterestedness, saying: "Father Nerinckx, why did you not bring some of those good Flemish priests along with you? There are excellent subjects among them, able to fill any position. I like

them very much." The Society of Jesus liked them very much, too; Georgetown College gladly received nine as guests, and eight entered the Novitiate. The ninth had no vocation for remaining. The tenth of Father Nerinckx's little band, a youth of great promise, intended to serve the diocese of Bardstown, but death removed him to the Church on high, and thus the holy envoy's hopes of co-laborers ended.

III.—Love for the Beauty of the Lord's House.

Father Nerinckx succeeded better in the second object of his tour, namely, church goods and decorations. Besides what he sent round by way of New Orleans, to avoid the costly transportation by land, the portion he took with him from Baltimore weighed *eight thousand pounds.* With his natural as well as supernatural generosity, the beautiful things were quickly distributed. The richest set of vestments, "including five copes of the finest material," for which he had paid a high price to a collegiate church in Brussels, fell of course to the Cathedral of Bardstown; to the Seminary, "a set of white vestments for four priests and black ones with copes"; a "white set, with blue columns and an embroidered cope, used for first-class solemnities," twenty chasubles, as many albs, and a remonstrance. The list of his donations, with charming details connected with them, occupies an entire chapter. Out of a hundred paintings distributed, two are now in the Cathedral at Louisville, one being valued at about $10,000. His own country missions, twelve in number, were the last to be supplied. In a second voyage to Europe, begun March 9, 1820, and ending September 21, 1821, he brought other treasures of piety and art, to the Western wilds. As some found fault with this love of finery, as certain *superior minds* always do, he gave an answer which, in three sentences, depicts his three leading virtues; personal love of our Lord, gratitude to benefactors, and zeal for the spread of the faith:

"Let us believe that Christ, the King of Glory, is worthy of, and delights in, our tokens of the most profound veneration, in whatever place it may be. I think that the pious Belgians

rejoice with us that the Holy Sacrifice, which used to be offered here (and is yet in some places) in chasubles of coarse tissue bordered with old bonnet ribbons, instead of silk and gold galloon, is now celebrated in many a mission, in silk, damask, and silver ornaments, to the glorification of the true God. Such things add to the splendor of the ceremonies of the Church, and inspire the ignorant and lookers-on with a greater veneration for our religion; seeing, they admire; admiring, they inquire; inquiring, they finally desire the gift of faith, obtain it, and ever after love and practise the law of God."

It is doubtful if among all the records of ecclesiastical zeal there can be found another instance of such earnest and persevering efforts for the beauty of divine worship. This, too, in the midst of continual toil, both of body and mind, and feeling the vigor of both "giving way under the constant pressure of hard work," as he wrote to his parents in the second year of his mission. The summer heat and winter cold of those rude wilds affected him with different ailments, but he was resigned to all, "thinking that it does me good." One sentence from his Life may be sufficient to indicate his trials in other respects. "In fact, his food was always of the coarsest kind—pork and milk was his almost daily diet; and, as he never missed offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, no matter what had been his previous fatigues or indisposition, he was often known to ride twenty-five or thirty miles fasting, in order to be able to say Mass, and he seldom broke his fast until three or four o'clock in the evening." How exhausting also were his spiritual labors may be inferred from this: "Practical and enlightened piety to this day distinguishes the Catholics who were the happy recipients of his instructions when children."

Archbishop Spalding does not hesitate to say of the ardent missionary: "He witnessed a flourishing church growing up around him . . . He saw, in the virtues of his scattered flock, a revival of those which had rendered so illustrious the Christians of the first ages of the Church."

Though this seems an almost extravagant estimate, the

comparison, on reflection, redounds to the greater glory of this nineteenth century flock. It had *more* than the grandeur of the first ages, inasmuch as its faith and devotion, while thoroughly grounded on "Christ and Him crucified," yet far from saying with St. Paul it knew nothing but Him, could have said, "We know all things in Him." The greatest excellence of Father Nerinckx, after all, was his unlimited power of assimilating all doctrine and every devotion with his own soul, and so implanting in his flock the flowers and fruits that have grown up in eighteen centuries of faith and piety. Nay, he made those so-called modern devotions popular with non-Catholics. He invented (or was inspired with) other practices of piety, which fed the ever-increasing hunger of his people for spiritual things. He, under God, made sinners into saints, brought converts without number into the fold, won help from non-Catholics everywhere for his religious enterprises: yet in his humility persisted in declining the office of Bishop or even of Administrator of a projected diocese, writing to Archbishop Carroll: "Right Reverend and dearest Father in Christ, what kind of administrator would I be in such a position, I should like to know? What a figure I would cut indeed! They would justly scoff at such a foolish leader."

Yet he was a man of genius and a saint! Such a man was sure to cast about for some means of securing the religious instruction and vocation of the little children, whom he taught to sing in rude but touching words of his own composing:

Come, dear Lord, possess my heart,
And fill it with Thy love;
Oh, stay with me, and ne'er depart,
But take me up above,
Where Jesus sweet and Mary dwell,
Where Saints and Angels are:
From snares of world and pains of hell,
Oh! grant me to beware!
Oh! grant me to beware!

(*To be concluded.*)

PILATE FRESH FROM COLLEGE.

By Padre Coloma.

Pilate, being willing to satisfy the people . . .

VII.

GABRIEL did not leave the Hospital till after set of sun, because he felt that absolute necessity of hiding himself which binds the guilty one to seek concealment in darkness, through fear that his remorse will find him out.

With quick step he took himself away from the Hospital where he had begun the expiation of his fault, and turned to the College where he hoped to blot it out completely. But the further he went the slower grew his steps, his courage failed, and a thousand doubts and fears rushed in upon his soul, with a certain bitter dryness under which his good purposes withered away as the plant loses its moisture before the sand of the desert. How artful is the spirit of darkness, with what treacherous cunning is he wont to spread before man's weakness and inconstancy the most deceitful snares—delay in carrying out a good resolution, the "A little later will do!" and "There will be time to-morrow!"—all of which wind up in the bottomless deep of "Never!"

It no longer appeared necessary to Gabriel, nor did he even judge it prudent, to confide in some unknown Father without necessity. He believed it would still be easy to excuse his long absence from his lodgings under some pretext. He could find out if his adventure had come to the ears of his mother, and he would soon go to confession—a little later—when he should come across some priest not acquainted with him, who would not learn his name. There were so many in Seville it would not be difficult to run across one. Besides, thought Gabriel, slackening his pace every moment, it is already late. The College must be closed, and it would be improper to disturb them at this hour.

Gabriel was quite taken up with his hope that this would be the case, for he saw in this a sort of reconciliation of the interior impulse which was driving him toward the College with the repugnance he felt toward going, and he felt it more strongly the nearer he drew. A truck which blocked up one street gave him a pretext for taking another that lengthened the way. Two women quarrelling *obliged* him to stop for a good bit until he saw how the quarrel was going to turn out! But, in spite of all, he found himself sooner than he had thought or wished at the gate of the College. It was wide open, and a street porter, loaded down with packages, was adjusting his heavy burden against the corner. Gabriel's feet turned he knew not how, and instead of entering the porch he was passing by. But just at that moment one of those incidents so common in the narrow streets of Seville forced him back into the shelter of the gate, to escape being trampled underfoot. A coach had just turned into the street at one end, the donkey of a water-carrier advanced from the other, and the porter with his packages was caught in the midst by both, all together with the passers-by making a complete jam, from which came the cries of the coachman, the shouts of the water-carrier, and imprecations on the part of the porter. Gabriel waited impatiently for a chance to get his feet on the street when an old man made his appearance at the door, attracted by the noise.

At sight of Gabriel he called out gaily: "Ho, Gabriel! Thank God for the sight of you! Your mother has given Father Rector notice of your coming, and we're expecting you. Come in, come in; I will run and tell him."

"No, no, Brother Bernard!" exclaimed Gabriel greatly disturbed. "It is late, and I should put him out."

"How can it be late when it's not yet eight? He is in the Chapel with the boys, at the Month of Mary. Come in, Gabriel, and I will run to call him."

And the good Brother, who had known Gabriel in the other College, but now held the post of porter in this, drew him, much against his will, into the parlor.

Gabriel seated himself, confused and undecided, not knowing what to do. His heart was beating violently at every sound, while the dryness and bitterness of his soul grew and mounted upward, choking utterly his previous resolutions. Then it came to his mind simply to make the Father Rector a visit of politeness, and to take his leave as soon as possible.

"It's better," he said at last with decision; "perhaps my mother knows nothing of it, and all can stay hidden. As to going to confession, I will do that later—some other day."

The Rector still tarried, and the delay was becoming intolerable to Gabriel. Suddenly there came to his ears the sounds of a distant choir, in the slow prelude to some hymn to the Virgin. Gabriel trembled in every nerve at the first sound of the notes, and his whole soul seemed to rush up to his eyes, drawn by those sweet harmonies. The organ played the first few bars, and the dryness and anguish of Gabriel's soul fled away by degrees, as the dim shades of night withdraw little by little before the first rays of the dawn. Boys' voices, pure, silvery, accordant as diverse rays of light reflected together, were singing:

> Come, each and all ye faithful,
> With flowers to Mary Mother,
> With flowers as to no other,
> She is our Mother true!

"She is our Mother true!" repeated Gabriel huskily; and a

sudden sob rose to his lips, for his heart swelled within him as if threatening to break. Then a single voice, pure and with tenderer vibration than those which had gone before, took up the song with the sweetness of piety attuned to innocence:

> Thy hand, O Blessed Lady,
> Be our defence forever:
> From us all ill to sever,
> Be always at our side.

Gabriel could hold out no longer. His grief broke forth in tears, as storms break into showers, and covering his face with his hands he let himself fall back on the lounge where he had been seated. How often had he joined in the song of the "Flowers of May" in his College days, in the time of his boyhood, the age of his innocence! His lips sought to form those sweet words amidst his sobs; only his tongue feared to profane them, and he remained silent. But the boys in the chapel kept on repeating them, as if innocence were calling on repentance to unite its voice with theirs.

> Come, each and all ye faithful! . . .
> She is our Mother true!

"She is our Mother true!" at last repeated Gabriel, shedding a flood of tears and striking his breast with both hands.

"She is *your* Mother true!" another voice repeated at his shoulder. And before Gabriel could pull himself together, Father Velasco threw his arms around his neck, saying to him with the tenderest affection—"My son! My dear son!"

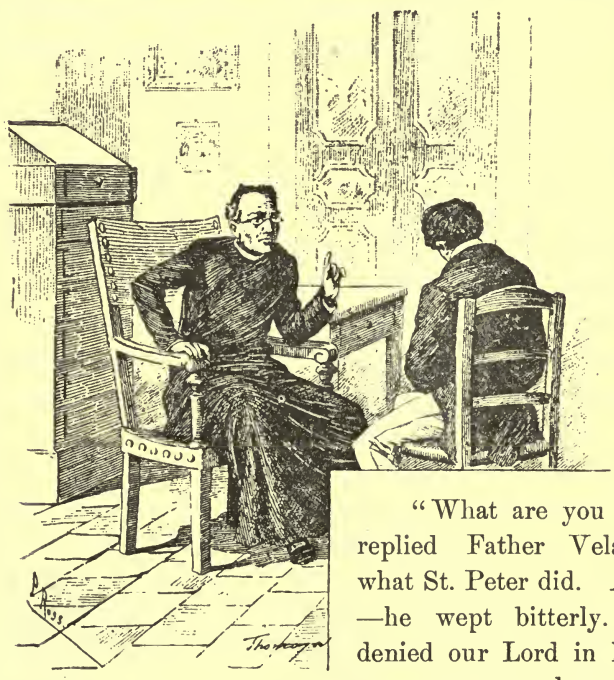
"Oh, do not call me your child!" cried Gabriel, hiding his face red with shame on the breast to which he was clasped so paternally.

"Child of my heart—of the Heart of my heart, Which is Jesus Christ!" replied Father Velasco, drawing him gently toward a neighboring room, and seating himself beside him, without letting go his hold. "Weep, Gabriel!" he said; "weep, my child; I am only too glad to help in drying your tears."

Gabriel wept—wept without measure and without stint, tears such as repentance weeps to wash faults away, such as con-

trition weeps to purify the soul. And with what deep consolation he wept on his friend's breast! How sweet and holy were the tears shed in his company!

"What am I to do now, Father?" he asked at length in a choking voice, after he had recounted to the religious all his misfortunes, without passing over anything in silence, nor omitting the least circumstance.



"What are you to do now?" replied Father Velasco. "Just what St. Peter did. *Flevit amaré*, —he wept bitterly. Thrice he denied our Lord in his weakness, even as you have done; and through human respect, as has happened to you also. And do you know the punishment his Divine Master laid on him? Well, He gave him no rebuke, He made him no reproach. For his only penance He imposed—the glory of thrice confessing His love. You too have denied Him by sinning, Gabriel; you must confess Him anew and publicly. To-morrow is the end of the Month of Mary, and we shall celebrate here in our Chapel the general Communion of the Sodalists. You shall serve at the Mass, and with the scapular of the Immaculate Conception round your neck you will receive Holy Communion in front of all."

Gabriel clasped his hands and lowered his head, as if the burden of such kindness were crushing him.

"Does the chastisement seem harsh to you, my child?"

"O Father—Father!" cried out Gabriel amid his sobs.

"Very well, dear child of my soul. And think no more of what is past, except to draw experience from it and profit by its teaching. And now," he added, rising from his seat, "come and rest yourself and get ready for supper; I have a room prepared for you."

"Did you expect me then?" asked Gabriel in surprise.

"Yes," answered Father Velasco. "I was waiting for you, and I wait for others as well. From houses like this, my child, many a prodigal son goes forth. For this reason our door is always open, that they may not have to wait when they call. What is sad, Gabriel—very sad—is that many call never!"

Then Gabriel ventured to say timidly: "And my mother?"

"Your mother," replied Father Velasco, "will not be harsher than our Lord has been, and I take it upon myself to arrange the whole affair with her. When did you write her last?"

"The very day my misfortunes began."

"Then probably she knows nothing about them, and we will try to bring it about that she shall never know. No one is acquainted with you; Garcia doesn't know the number of your lodging in Seville, and because of his share in the affair will know how to hold his tongue. So go to your supper, Gabriel; and I will see that all is set right."

Calling for another Father to accompany him, Father Velasco put on his hat and cloak, and went straight to Gabriel's lodgings. Half an hour later he returned, and delivered to the latter a letter from his mother, dated the previous day. The good lady wrote with complete tranquillity, and charged her son to pay a visit to Father Velasco, who had just been named Rector of the College.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the Father as Gabriel finished reading it. "With this and a little note from myself, we shall be out of trouble. It was a blessing that your landlady did not set everything wrong. She was frightened at your disappearance, and was just going to give notice to the police and write off to

your mother. Happily I came in time, and was able to calm her."

Gabriel grasped the Father's hand, and raised it impetuously to his lips. The other stood up to go away, and said with a tone of special solicitude, as he stretched out his arms: "Well, well, dear boy! *Remember St. Peter!*"

Gabriel sobbing threw himself into his arms.

VIII.

Next day in the College was the festival of the "Mother of fair love." Gabriel made his confession in the morning to Father Velasco, and with the scapular of the Immaculate Conception around his neck he received Holy Communion before all the others at the boys' Mass. After breakfast he took his leave of the Fathers to return to his house. Father Velasco went with him as far as the door, and—as once before when he had taken leave of him at College—he put in his hands a large photograph sealed up in an envelope.

It represented St. Peter in the hall of Caiphas, and the same hand that had then written below the figure of Pilate—*Ecce Homo!*—had this time written below St. Peter—*Flevit amaré.*

Gabriel keeps it in a handsome frame. He thinks of leaving it as a legacy to his children; and, as he has himself assured us, whenever he looks upon it, he weeps—softly weeps.

LIGHT IN DEATH'S SHADOW.

By E. D.

The last moments of Goethe, the great German author, are herein contrasted with those of a gentle nun, whose simple faith won for her in the hour of death a triumph that all the might of his perverted genius was powerless to attain.

I.

UNTIL this sunrise as a god
Among his fellow-men, to-day
He moans in pain upon his couch of death,
Helplessly waiting till his failing breath
Shall cease, and leave him but a thing of clay

The mighty intellect that swayed
A dazzled world is darkened now;
Free-will that daringly God's rule defied
With the vain boasting of unholy pride,
Gives o'er its reign and droops its rebel brow.

Vainly he strives to pierce the gloom:
"More light! more light!" he feebly cries.
They throw the window-curtains wide—the light
Floods all the room. Alas! no joy of sight
Shall ever greet again those death-dimmed eyes.

Then brokenly he speaks once more:
"I go to meet the Great Unknown!"
And thus despairing, not a single ray
Of faith or hope to light the dreary way,
His spirit flees into the night—alone.

II.

Brightly the tapers burn, their light
Fills all the room with hallowed charm,
Where a young nun—her sweet angelic face
Betrays how pure her soul—waits, strong in grace,
The coming of death's King with fearless calm.

A smile is on her parted lips,
A rapture in her saintly eyes,
As though already she could pierce the veil
That hung 'twixt heaven and her convent dale—
Until God's whisper bid the curtain rise.

But hush! she speaks—the watchers bend
To catch her accents soft and low:
"Put out the light," she pleads, "put out the light."
They think the words but prove her reason's flight;
Alas, blind mortals, little do they know!

For then she adds: "Oh, could you see
Heaven's visions fair that open bright,
The wondrous glory shining in this room
Would make the taper's glow but seem as gloom!"
And thus she passed into Eternal Light.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

(CONTINUED.)

By Father Henry Ramière.

* * * * * * *

IN showing that the revolutionary doctrine is immoral in the highest degree, we have proved that it is no less *tyrannical.*

What is this subjection of conscience but the hardest of tyrannies? Of all human liberties, that of conscience is the most precious. Though my limbs be loaded with chains and my body be thrown into the darkest dungeon, nothing can hinder me from rising to the highest perfection of my nature. Nay, more—the mere persistence of the liberty of my conscience in despite of the physical violence to which I submit, constitutes in itself the highest degree of moral perfection; it is heroism, in the noblest acceptation of the word.

But if my conscience lose its liberty; if it suffer itself to be despoiled of the right and duty of discerning the just from the unjust; if it shamefully submit to the domination of a human will, when it owes submission to the Eternal Truth—where, then, is my moral dignity? Or what, henceforth, will physical

liberty serve me? Though master of the world, I am nothing but a slave; and the servitude to which I submit is the meanest of all servitudes.

Let us be permitted to rest here a few moments, to form an exact idea of society in its present state; and to comprehend the alternative proposed by our adversaries themselves—The Church or the Revolution. We can now measure the immense difference between this formula and another which some would substitute for it—The Church or Liberty. The difference, in fact, is this: The liberty of man in voluntary submission to God, or the servitude of man in forcible subjection to his fellows. Because, do what we may, there must be a sovereignty in every society, and that sovereignty must be obeyed. Now there are but two sovereignties possible: God's, the free recognition of which by man is the condition of morality, order, and true perfection: and man's, which, having no rights, must necessarily be grounded on force, bringing, instead of moral perfection, nothing but the ignominy of slavery to those who obey it.

In vain would one seek to establish, outside of these two principles, a practicable social theory. False Liberalism attempted it, wishing to admit neither the sovereignty of God in the plenitude of His rights, nor the sovereignty of man in the plenitude of his tyranny. But to what did it lead? To attacking the sovereignty of God, and so preparing the road for a revolutionary tyranny. Unconscious servant of the Revolution, it prepared the premises from which the Revolution deduced the consequences. How have truths so simple remained so long unknown? How can any thoughtful person fail to perceive that liberty, which is nothing but independence in the use of its rights, presupposes the existence of those rights; that the rights presuppose reciprocal duties which guarantee the conservation of the rights; that the duties, in their turn, imply rest upon an authority which establishes those duties and gives them its sanction; in fine, that no authority is possible save that which reposes on the sovereignty of God as on an impregnable base?

By understanding this, we shall know why the Church can-

not admit, in all its extent, the "liberty of conscience" which her adversaries propose as they understand it, namely, as the power of combating the truth. She is well aware that consistent advocates of this liberty will use it, when gained, only to destroy true liberty of conscience which consists in the power of embracing virtue.

It is thus the Revolution always proceeds. Its early pretensions seem quite modest; it wants nothing but freedom, it only revolts against tyranny, and how eloquent are its invectives against the most lenient impediments which oppose the propagation of error! But give it the freedom it claims; let it become strong in adepts by enlisting all the bad passions that are restive under the yoke of divine authority—very soon it shows how it wishes to use liberty, and how it respects liberty in others. How quickly its former declamations against the Inquisition are forgotten. You will see more accomplished in a few months by these *auto-da-fe* Revolutionists than the Spanish Inquisition ordered in a century. But with them there is no form of process, no guarantee for the accused. And what is the crime of the sufferers? To have heard the voice of conscience, to remain faithful to their duty, obeying God rather than men. This is the freedom the Revolution bestows wherever it has power. France has learned it well during many years; and, lest it should be forgotten, revolutionary Italy is charged to recall it.

The false Liberalism, we know, has not approved of these excesses. But when it professes love of liberty, shall it be believed on its word? Ah! when we regard its works we have too many motives for doubting its sincerity. It would not be requiring too much if we asked it to hold the balance equal between truth and error, between Catholicity, which created modern civilization, and irreligion, which seeks to destroy it; but never yet, at least in the Old World, has false Liberalism accorded to truth even the poor boon of indifference. True, it has frequently promised this, and not long since the promise was renewed by one of its leaders; but while the rostrum was re-echoing that pompous formula, *A free Church in a free State*, the banish-

ment of Prelates from their dioceses, the seizure of Monasteries, the robbery of Religious, and the incarceration of the Clergy showed the promise to be only an insulting mockery.

* * * * * * *

This doctrine, being tyrannical, is necessarily *anti-social.*

What says the second article of the Declaration of Rights? "The object of all political association is the conservation of the natural and imprescriptible rights of man. These rights are liberty, property, resistance to oppression." Should any one deny that liberty of conscience is a true liberty, at least it cannot be denied that every doctrine which tends to the oppression of conscience is anti-social.

Society is the union of free agents, mutually helping to attain their purposes; tyranny is the violence permanently done to these same agents, and compelling them to become blind instruments for the tyrant's purposes. Whether the tyrant be a man or an assembly, matters little; the exercise of tyranny is always equally opposed to the very idea of society.

But this is not the only peril with which the revolutionary idea menaces social order. There is another which exposes it to ruin not less complete—Anarchy.

Strange thing! Nothing seems more opposed to tyranny than anarchy; yet the revolutionary principle produces the second no less infallibly than the first. Under its fatal influence, society oscillates perpetually between two extremes, equally incompatible with its well-being and progress. It is like a well-spring deprived of its free play and submitted to a pressure contrary to its nature; the waters can only react against the tension by breaking it.

By considering the revolutionary theory more closely, we can form a just idea of its anarchical tendency. The sovereignty which, according to that theory, resides nominally in the nation, appertains in fact to majorities. We have seen that minorities have no choice but to submit passively to the will of the majority, adorned with the name of the general will. This appears to us openly tyrannical.

But have a care! The minorities have no resource but to

become majorities. For that end all means are good—persuasion and violence, truth and falsehood. You doubt it? Then you forget that morality is nothing but conformity with the law, and that the law is nothing but the expression of the general will—that is, the will of the majority. If it be so, you have only to become a majority, and all your acts forthwith become legitimate and holy: your will, in acquiring the power to make the law, becomes the supreme rule of the morality of its acts; and nothing is easier than to exercise that privilege in regard to the means you have taken to acquire it.

It is said that some Catholic moralists have held that *the end justifies the means.* Not one Catholic ever taught it. But in protesting against the unjust charge, we gladly associate ourselves with you in reprobating such an immoral doctrine. Let it be struck with the most severe anathemas. It deserves them; but no need to seek in the past for professors of that fatal principle, they are there, before us—they do not hide; have you not heard them proclaim the *sovereignty of the end?* They do even better than speak: they act. You must be a stranger to the recent history of Belgium and Italy, if you know not how majorities are made. Men know even better still in our days; they create *unanimities.* Nothing more simple: organize a tumult, let the poignard flash; the peaceable majority abdicate or hide themselves; then the most infinitesimal minority becomes sovereign. Who dare deny that this manner of acting is perfectly accordant with the principle? No one. And neither can any one deny the principle itself to be the consecration of permanent anarchy, and consequently the decree of death against society itself.

THE MEANING OF THE SCAPULAR.

IV.

THAT God grants graces in answer to prayer, is certain. In the promises he has made in favor of prayer, no exception or limit is placed to its power over His Heart. It would be hard if Christians could not pray for special grace at the hour of death, or for the great gift of final perseverance, or even for the welfare of their souls after death, with good and true hopes of being heard.

Moreover God Himself, in His public revelation to His people, has promised certain special blessings in this life and in the next on condition that certain special good works be performed. Why, in those private manifestations of His will which He makes during the Christian centuries to chosen souls for the comfort and consolation of the faithful, should He not also promise special blessings to the particular devotions thus suggested by Him to His people?

This seems so natural to the feelings of faith that Christians, from the beginning, have universally welcomed such *devotions with promise*, whenever the Church by word or action has given them her approval. For, besides expecting that God our Father —consistently with Himself—will manifest His special desires suited to our special needs through His gift of prophecy bestowed on this or that holy soul, Christian faith awaits that approbation of the Church which is guided by a greater gift than private prophecy—that of infallibility in whatever concerns the guiding of the Christian people to the fulness of eternal life.

The Church, however, is a living body, with a soul alive with faith and hope and charity. These great providential devotions therefore spring up in her bosom in a living way, inspired by the Holy Ghost Who is her assisting Spirit. They are not written out on dead paper, then corrected and pruned and revised again, until finally sealed and signed by a brief or bull, before they can begin their work. No, they are already at work, in the vital action of the Church, before she takes notice of them.

The gift of prophecy is not at her command; she has only the infallible assistance that enables her to guard her children against false prophets.

Accordingly, she will repress the devotion which is false or an illusion, only when it is important enough to be brought to her official notice. True devotion, on the other hand, she will allow to go on its way until its safe progress proves that God's Providence has sent it into the world. Then, after due examination, a permission—half-silently, perhaps, as by forbidding those who practise the new devotion to be molested—gives sign that, at least, the devotion is free to make its way wherever the Holy Spirit may breathe. Afterward, when the devotion has made its way and become a part of the Church's vital action among her children, a final approbation may be given—a feast established, prayers and pious practices indulgenced, and societies for the spread of the devotion established.

This final approbation was earned by the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel centuries ago. The Mass and Office of her feast, on the 16th of July, amply testify this, as does also the canonization of St. Simon Stock, the Carmelite General through whom the Scapular was given by our Lady to his Order and the Christian world.

During all these centuries also, the living action of the Scapular in the Church has been bound up with the belief on the part of the faithful in certain special promises concerning the moment of death and the season of purification immediately following death. Quite apart, therefore, from all critical questions as to the authenticity of this promise of our Lady or that bull of some Pope, we have the fact that a highly approved devotion has been spread among a majority of the Christian people for ages, and that on the strength of these special promises.[1] It is impos-

[1] It is not necessary to make further allusion to certain domestic controversies, mainly on mistaken grounds, that arose a few years since in connection with a *Catholic Dictionary*. The critical treatment at best can reach only negative results, which are of little importance in face of the dogmatic fact so clearly brought in evidence in the Church's history.

sible that a merely natural and groping documentary criticism should ever do away with this undoubted fact in the Church's life. Such a fact rests on a solid basis of dogma, teaching that the Holy Ghost is the breathing Spirit of the Church's life and action.

V.

The two great promises of the Scapular are both connected with its pious wearing as a continued act of devotion and pleading before the face of God and His Blessed Mother.

One of these also demands the constant fulfilment of certain duties of the Confraternity of the Scapular, such as fasting and regular prayers in union with the prescribed austerities and the canonical office of the Carmelite Rule. It is a promise concerning the release of the faithful *confrater* from the pains of purgatory on the Saturday—the day of the week consecrated to the Blessed Virgin—immediately following death. The requirements for gaining this—which is called the *Sabbatine Indulgence*—will be found in the authorized manuals of the Scapular.[2]

This first promise is, of course, not a real Indulgence granted by the Church. Her Indulgences are applied to the souls of the faithful departed only by way of *suffrage*. She has no jurisdiction over times and seasons in the next world, but the application is made by God's own mercy according to His good pleasure, which, however, always and unfailingly hears the suffrages of His Church and the praying faithful, according to His promises in their favor. Moreover Indulgences, to be applied to the soul after death, cannot be gained by the living person. An Indulgence gained during life is at once applied to the soul. The soul, indeed, is thereby released from the temporal penalty of its faults; but the remission is not held in reserve until it enters the place of purification.

As this so-called Sabbatine Indulgence is not directly con-

[2] It need hardly be said that by authorized manual is meant one approved by the General of the Carmelite Order, to whom alone the care of the authentic details of this devotion has been committed, not only by the original revelation to St. Simon Stock, but explicitly by the authority of the Church.

nected with safe-guarding the soul from mortal sin or with the final grace of perseverance, it stands in less need of careful explanation. On account also of its severe conditions, such an explanation is of less use to the multitude of Christians.

It is enough to say that there is nothing in it difficult of acceptance because of the nature of the promise. Once again, it would be hard if the pious Christian could pray for the repose of the departed souls of his friends, and not be able to pray, in anticipation, for the speedy repose of his own soul. And if private revelations of God's special favor to some particular devotion inspired by Himself are to promise anything definite, it is hard to see why they should not promise a definite release from the purifying flames that hinder the soul from entering into His eternal rest. Usually there will be little need of the application of the promise, for the fulfilment of its conditions would regularly provide for a yet speedier release on account of the personal sanctity which it has produced in the soul before the coming of death.

The only question that can be legitimately raised is one of fact. Has such a promise been actually made, and recognized by the Church as made, to any Saint? To answer this, on the principle already laid down, a special bull or signed and sealed declaration is not required, nor would it regularly be given. The true test is to appeal to the practice of the universal Church during the many centuries that have passed since the original revelation.

The devout Catholic can find but one answer concerning the conscious and deliberate spirit of the Church in regard to this phase of the devotion of the Scapular during all that time.

VI.

A more universal promise of the Scapular, and consequently one of greater interest, is undoubtedly that connected with the hour of dread and awe to all human beings—the hour of death, that last moment which must decide the soul's fate for all eternity. This is the promise which has made the wearing of the

Scapular next to universal among all those who have any care for their souls.

It may briefly be stated thus: All who piously wear this Scapular or habit of Our Lady of Mount Carmel shall not suffer eternal fire.

The word "piously" has not always been expressed in connection with the required wearing of the Scapular, but it has been authoritatively introduced in the past few years on account of the special temper of these unbelieving times obscuring what was always plain to true Catholic instinct.

For, indeed, what is the wearing of the Scapular, as it was understood from the beginning? It was not a mere throwing over the shoulders of two bits of brown woollen cloth attached to strings; nor was it simply a badge of some devotion, even though blessed by a priest. It was to take the place of the habit of the Brothers of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and for this purpose it was necessary that the one wearing it should be duly received as a *confrater*. Now the obligations of such a confraternity are not light, and it is impossible to suppose them observed by one who did not *piously* wear the habit or Scapular he had received. The recent Roman decree—simply an application of a general law of the Church—withdrawing an Indult allowing a certain wearing of the Scapular without formal reception as a *confrater*, will at once serve to reawaken the true idea of such wearing, and will bring again the wearers into some communication with the great Carmelite Order, of which the Scapular is only the habit communicated with the many privileges of its holy Rule to people living outside the cloister.

This explanation of what is meant by wearing the Scapular is to be applied to any mere badge even, which has been indulgenced by the Church. An Indulgence can be gained only by some act having a supernatural basis in the teachings of faith. Now a mere material wearing of an emblem, however pious, and —much worse—the superstitious wearing of it for safety in evil doings, is not a supernatural act.

Again, the graces which have so often been reported as

following on the use of the Scapular in the case of hardened sinners, who did not know that it had been put upon them, or of the sick, who had fallen into unconsciousness or loss of mind when in sin, have nothing to do with the promises of the devotion. Such persons do not properly wear the Scapular at all, but rather unwittingly bear it about with them. This does not discredit the graces thus obtained, but they are to be ascribed to the faith and prayers of the one who was responsible for this use of the Scapular, which in such a case becomes a mere badge of someone's piety toward the Blessed Virgin.

To sum up, therefore, this part of the great promise of the Scapular—the part which is a condition to all that is promised—"wearing the Carmelite Scapular" means these two things:

First, the wearer must have been validly invested in it, and thus have become truly affiliated with the Carmelite Order, to whose habit all its privileges were originally granted;

Secondly, so long as the wearer has the use of reason, the wearing of the Scapular must be a continued act of faith and hope in God's aids to salvation, especially in the power of the Blessed Mother's intercession.

Faith is necessary, for the whole value of the Scapular is bound up with the Christian faith; the wearer must know that Christ is God and Mary is His Mother, and that prayer and pleading are the means of obtaining grace.

Hope is necessary; for the graces promised to the Scapular, or indeed to the practice of any devotion, are not by way of *merit*, but as an answer to prayer (pleading—*impetration*). There is no prayer, and there is no wearing of the Scapular as a continued sign of prayer to our Blessed Lady, without faith in Jesus Christ her Son and hope in His promises made to prayer.

In one word, the *formal*, and not the *material*, wearing of the Scapular is required. Otherwise, the Scapular would not be a sign of that religious garment which wraps around the children of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. It would be like the high priest's vestments put upon a senseless statue, or better on some unclean animal.

How far the virtue of charity is required to the wearing of the Scapular with a view to gaining the promises, will be seen when we have examined the meaning of the promise of final perseverance, equivalently given to its pious wearing.

Meanwhile, every Catholic, from the beginning of time, has always held what a defender of the privileges of the Scapular has pointedly observed: "If a Catholic continues in a state of sin up to the moment when his soul leaves the body, to hell he must go, Scapular or no Scapular." [3]

On the other hand, Catholics devout to the Scapular have also always held that the true wearer of the Carmelite Scapular will not continue in a state of sin up to the moment of death. Their conviction on this point is perfectly clear; it rests on the solid basis of Christ's doctrine of grace given in answer to prayer.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PROMISES OF THE SACRED HEART.

The Ninth Promise: *I will bless every place where a picture of My Heart shall be set up and honored.*

From the first rise of devotion to the Sacred Heart, pictures have accompanied it as its outward expression and sign. Blessed Margaret Mary—the seer to whose purified sight God showed this new way of bringing before men His love for them from of old—was particularly anxious that such pictures should be spread among the faithful. This was the expressly declared will of our Lord, as she repeats again and again; and He promised His special blessing to all who should thus honor the exterior representations of His Sacred Heart.[1]

No promise has been more eagerly laid hold of by the faithful. For, when God by His heavenly gift of prophecy stirs some holy soul to make known His special will to men, He at the same time breathes forth His grace into the hearts of humble

[3] Father R. F. Clarke, S. J.

[1] See references in Index of the great *Vie et Œuvres* of the Blessed, under *Images.*

Christians that they may follow after the revelation He has made of His will. The hostile spirit, also, is sure to perceive this correspondence of men's minds with the new instrument of grace brought into the world, and to set about attacking the two together. Thus historians and canonists alike remark that the spread of devotion to the Sacred Heart and of pictures representing It and the opposition to the one and the other have always kept even pace together.[2]

It should seem that, after two hundred years' experience of this devotion, which besides has now become universal in the Church, there would be an end to the timidity and fastidiousness of a few belated souls regarding a spiritual treasure which is already in the full possession of the more confident-hearted children of the Church. This, however, is not the case. On two occasions in the last few years, it has been necessary to obtain decisive decrees from the Sacred Congregation at Rome in defence of these material representations of what was long since declared a fit object of the devotion of all Christians. Yet, after all this, there is still found a vague tradition, sometimes hesitatingly expressed in words, as if some unknown and, in fact, undiscoverable decree had reproved that use of the symbol of the Sacred Heart which, more than all others, has fed the popular devotion.

It is not too much to say that such misunderstandings are a result of the original Jansenist opposition to the devotion itself—a distinct after-breath of the evil spirit that everywhere withstands what is a true remedy for the spiritual coldness of our day or, as a leading infidel writer, speaking better than he knew, has called it, "the devotion of sick souls."[3] God's prophet, too, had recognized that *the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is sad.*[4] For us it is sufficient to cite the decrees of Indulgences.[5]

There is no better example of the good results from the pious use and spread of pictures of the Sacred Heart than one narrated in the last years of his life by Father Ramière. He gave

[2] Nilles, I. ii. *parergon.* [3] Taine. [4] Isaias, i. 5.

[5] Nilles: also, Indulgence to scapular and League badge (*Heart alone*), 28 Oct., 1872, 14 Jun., 1877.

it as he had received it from the lips of one of the most venerable of his religious brethren.

"In 1870, in the first days of September, I was arrested by the Communists, and thrown into a dungeon, where I remained confined for forty-two days. In this utter solitude our Divine Saviour granted me the sweetest consolations; and, among others, by a providential circumstance, although they had taken everything away from me, even to my breviary, I received under great secrecy the *Life of Blessed Margaret Mary by her Contemporaries*, in two volumes. My whole time was devoted to studying, in all their details, the intentions of our Saviour with regard to the devotion to His Sacred Heart.

"The outcome was a threefold resolution, which it seemed to me was suggested by our Lord present in the tabernacle." The third part of this holy resolve alone concerns us here. It was "the composition of a picture of the Sacred Heart, fit for framing and honorable exposition in every family, with letter-press to explain it according to the thought of our good Master. I had the design, when these pictures should be struck off, to send them all to Paray-le-Monial, that they might be placed during twenty-four hours on the relics of the Blessed.[6]

"Divine Providence soon furnished me with the means of putting my resolutions in practice. I was sent to various important communities to give the retreat; and it was enough for them to hear me connecting with the sublime doctrine of these pictures the spirit and rules of their institute, to impel them to ask copies of them. Then, at their own expense, they had a great number printed and gave me enough, as I thought, to last me all my life. I at once began distributing the pictures and the little leaflets, but with some economy, sparing my provision as far as possible. I was careful to send all the pictures to Paray to be placed on the relics of Blessed Margaret Mary. But I did not give them away without obtaining a promise to have them framed, and honorably hung up in the principal room of the house.

[6] This plan has been closely followed in our own pictures of the Sacred Heart for the *Consecration of Families* of the present year. Only, thus far, no benefactor has enabled us to make a free distribution of them.

"Little by little, the rumor spread that these pictures brought happiness to households. There was even made public the sudden cure of a little girl who for six years had remained motionless on her bed, and who, at the end of a novena she had made before her picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, had been instantly cured. But most of all there were related conversions, which seemed miraculous, on the part of several obstinate Freemasons who, at the very point of death, had refused as many as four or five times the visit of their zealous pastors, and who yet were converted of their own accord when a picture of the Sacred Heart had been attached to the curtains of their bed.

"So from every quarter people came to ask me for pictures, but my scant provision did not permit of my being so generous as I would have wished. Now, after four years, it pleased our Divine Saviour to furnish me with the means which I needed.

"In 1875 a wealthy manufacturer came fifty leagues to find me. He said: 'Reverend Father, for a very long time I have been asking God for a grace which I have been unable to obtain until now. But since I have seen some of your pictures of the Sacred Heart and have become acquainted with the happy influence they have over families, it has come to my mind that, if I should help you to spread them plentifully, our Lord would out of His mercy grant me what I desire.'—'What then is the grace?' I asked.—'The conversion of my father and my mother,' he answered. 'Both of them are nearly eighty years of age; they both neglect their religious duties; and as they unhappily live more than three hundred miles away from me, I can exercise no influence over them.'—'Very well,' I said, 'what do you wish to do?'—'Father, I have promised our Lord Jesus Christ that I would give 100 francs ($25.00) each month for this intention.' —'That is not enough,' I replied.—'What more do you wish?' he said at once.—'Not money,' I answered, 'but Holy Communion joined with your almsgiving. For, to obtain from the Sacred Heart the greatest graces, our Lord Jesus Christ recommends to us Holy Communion each First Friday of the month.'

"The condition seemed difficult of fulfilment to the good

manufacturer who was little accustomed to so close a frequentation of the Sacraments. He hesitated for a round quarter of an hour, but at last he decided to give his promise, and he kept it. What happened? At the end of two years I had occasion to pass by Paris, on my way to give a retreat in Blois. The gentleman learned of it, and at once he wrote me. 'Father, my father and mother are living in Paris. Call to see them, and perhaps as you return you may be able to win them over to God.' Our Saviour vouchsafed to do more than we had hoped. At my first visit, and without giving me time to bring up the question, the two old people of their own accord begged me to hear their confessions, and both had the happiness of approaching together the Holy Table.

"Thereupon I hastened to write to their dear son, charging him to give thanks to the Lord for the good tidings. I added that henceforward he need not feel himself obliged to send me his usual monthly alms. He answered on the spot: 'Why, Father, you wish me then to be ungrateful to Almighty God! Ought I not do by way of thanking Him what I have been doing in order to get so great a grace?' From that time on he has persevered in his beautiful work. On their side, his good parents have persevered in going to Holy Communion four times a year. His venerable father died in the most edifying manner, and the son, more thankful than ever toward God, desires, he tells me, to furnish me with means for doubling the propagation of pictures of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

". . . Finally, the generous friend who so bountifully helps to the spread of the pictures and who has already given more than 7000 francs ($1400.00) for this purpose, along with his pious consort, has taken up the plan, these three years back, of constantly furnishing me with beautiful medals of the Sacred Heart. . . .

"Last of all, the devotedness of this generous couple toward whatever may give rise or development to this devotion is such that they have been willing to take upon themselves the burden of sending by mail or express, to all the persons who from every

quarter ask me for them, the pictures and other pious objects which my stock allows me to bestow.

"One thing here chiefly seems to unfold more and more the divine action and, so to speak, the inspiration of God. It is that all this combination is not the outcome of my own personal plans nor of proposals I might have made to the persons whose continual generosity I have pointed out, nor even of a pious agreement made among themselves.

"You would not believe the eagerness with which recourse is had to our storehouse on every side. It is emptied and refilled unceasingly after a manner that seems more than human; for we give everything, and sell nothing, and until now we are able to answer all demands, and we have no debts.

"Very many of the clergy apply to us, and after a certain time write to thank us and to recount with joy the good produced in their parishes by these pictures properly framed and honored in each home.

"Some have expressed themselves in these terms: 'Since the distribution I have made of them, the whole face of my parish has been changed!'

"Holy bishops have asked for them, or had their vicars-general ask for a quantity, particularly in order to distribute them in the parishes where they were to give Confirmation. I am told this establishes in a great number of families the custom of saying their prayers in common before the picture.

"Last of all—and I may venture to repeat it—there has been a number of conversions which may be regarded as miraculous. After long resistance, even on the bed of death, after repeated refusals made to their zealous pastors who came to save the man dying hardened in his sin, these conversions have been wrought all at once in the presence of a picture of the Sacred Heart, which had been designedly put before the eyes of the obstinate sinner. . . . What I have related is enough, it seems to me, to prove that our Divine Master has not forgotten the promise He has made of pouring out plentiful blessings on those who venerate and spread abroad the pictures of His Sacred Heart."

The Reader.

The Americans are a reading people. It is to be supposed that Catholics in America read also. But what do they read? Not Catholic books apparently, for our Catholic popular literature seems to grow little if at all. And it is not likely that all these years they are reading over the old books, dear and venerable as many of them are. No, just so far as their public opinion depends on ideas received from the reading of books, our American Catholics seem in a very bad way.

The mere tradition that the Church is right, no matter who says she is wrong, a lecture heard occasionally, and the weekly skimming over a Catholic newspaper—all this ill balances the heavy weight of non-Catholic opinion daily taken in from newspapers and magazines and the popular books of the day. The ideas which thus enter the mind may not be explicitly anti-Catholic, but they are at best purely natural, unpractical for the Christian life here and regardless of the life to come, belonging to the *animal man who perceiveth not the things that are of the spirit.* Where these ideas are the only mental food, it is only a question of time when Catholic public opinion shall cease to exist.

The bringing prominently forward of some of the *natural* questions in which the Church is interested—temperance, the national rights of some race mainly Catholic, Catholic Americanism—may keep up for a time a semblance of steadfast and united opinion on the part of Catholics, but it will last little and is utterly insufficient to take the place of a true Catholic public opinion.

***

True public opinion consists in the communication, among the members of a society, of the spirit which animates each one interiorly. In the Catholic Church this is the spirit of faith; and the Christian faith teaches a great many things before it comes to mere social questions. The need of purity of heart, self-denial and mortification of sensuality, friendship with God and prayer and Sacraments, the beauty of God's house and the wonderful spirit-world round about us—an appreciation of all these by the

community at large is necessary to anything like true Catholic public opinion.

Such a public opinion among Catholics can result only from the combination of two elements:

First, *individual* Catholics in large number must lead *private* lives of faith and devotion, and that *intelligently*, so that their opinions on events as they come and go may be truly Christian;

Second, there must be a *general* communication among the Catholic community of these ideas drawn from faith, so as to form a Christian *public* opinion.

To attempt to form the second without previously securing the first, is like building in the air, from the top downward.

***

What is the influence of Catholic reading on this Christian training of a whole community?

Evidently, it must be great. Nowadays, ideas come mainly by reading; and ideas are like rays of light in man's intelligence. If our American Catholics read only books that give ideas about natural things around them, they will have little more than that natural common sense which makes life easy here. They will have no intelligent aspirations toward things that are above nature, and their life of faith—apart from the necessary preparation for death—will not go further than a faint clannish spirit. Fine sermons in fine churches, with fine music, to please outsiders, showy institutions of charity, and a generally respectable outside to Catholicity will bound their public opinion.

***

A curious example of this serious limitation of American Catholic public opinion occurred not a score of years ago. An effort was making to found a convent of contemplative nuns in a city well able to support the foundation and furnish suitable vocations from among its Catholic maidens.

At once a great counter-effort began on the part of some prominent Catholics to prevent the foundation. Their written protest amounted simply to this: "Of what use are these nuns? They are not like the Sisters, for they neither sow nor reap, they neither teach nor tend the sick and orphans. Such people, who only shut themselves up and do nothing, will be a burden to us."

To a zealous priest, who incautiously had given in to this un-supernatural clamor, the following remark was made: "If

this protest is truly Catholic, how is it that the Catholic Church has so long encouraged the contemplative orders? Wherever the Catholic faith has been alive, there vocations to the life of solitude and mortification and prayer have sprung up. And, hitherto, Catholics have looked upon these holy souls as the ornament and defence of their faith and name before the throne of God. Are then Americans to become a new kind of Catholics?"

With a look of chagrin, the worthy priest replied: "It is true I had not thought of all that, though I might have remembered it from the Lives of the Saints. I fear we American Catholics are a little too much taken up with action to appreciate properly contemplation."

***

In the old times, all these lofty thoughts of faith were in the air. Monastery bells rang out at morn and noon and even, each village had its shrine where all the world came pilgrimaging. Even now, the faith keeps its firm hold over a great part of the French people, in the midst of a worldly-wise infidelity, largely through the soul-stirring example of the missionaries who go forth from France, year after year, into the uttermost bounds of the earth.

But here in America—in the midst of non-Catholic riches and worldliness and respectability and intelligence, and with little of the supernatural life of Catholic saints or of the heroic detachment of zeal to strike the minds of Catholics—a truly Catholic literature is of a necessity that cannot be estimated too strongly.

How such a literature can be nursed up into healthy existence, is a complicated problem. But a few points are clear. Knowledge must precede interest in Catholic ideas; this will keep pace with the spread of intelligent devotion. Then, the rights of Catholic writers to the property of their works must be respected; otherwise they cannot support themselves in the leisure from mere business, which is needed for self-training and literary inspiration. Most of all, perhaps, there is need of competent editing, so that all Catholic literature may not be hampered by the reputation for incompetency earned by a few enterprising book-makers.

General Intention

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

THE ORIENTAL CHURCHES.

I.

EVERY Catholic knows that our Lord Jesus Christ has founded but one Church in the world, just as He has revealed but one religion. For truth is one; and *the Church of the living God*, is *the pillar and ground of the truth.*[1] Moreover, all men are neighbors and brethren in Him—sheep of the *one fold* under the *One Shepherd.* He has given them all—wherever they may be—the same holy Sacraments as means of grace, administered by the priesthood which He has sent forth *into the whole world.*[2]

It was not in the plan of His religion that men should break up into different communities and denominations, according to difference of place or teachers or opinion. He Himself *teaches all truth*, by the *Spirit* Which He promised to His Apostles and those who come after them in due succession—*even to the consummation of the world.* Therefore the Christian does not have religious opinions of things which his reason cannot know, but faith in what Christ has taught His Church. Jesus Christ knows, because He is God, and He teaches through His Church, which He has put in the world to *preach the gospel to every creature.*[3]

It is in this way the Apostle of the nations represents the faith of Christ coming to all sorts and conditions of men—the same *faith*, taught by those duly *sent* by Christ's Church—*one body and one Spirit, . . . One Lord, one faith, one baptism, One God and Father of all. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved. How then shall they call on*

[1] I. Timothy, iii. 15. [2] St. John, x. 16; St. Mark, xvi. 15.
[3] St. John, xvi. 13; St Matthew, xxviii. 20.

Him in Whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe Him of Whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach unless they be sent, as it is written: How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, of them that bring glad tidings of good things![4]

It is this continued unity of faith and practice, of prayer and Sacraments, from the time of Christ amid the variety of peoples and tongues and places and times, that makes up the beauty of the Catholic Church. The thought of this gave the reasons which held St. Augustine in the Church—"the agreement of peoples, . . . the unbroken succession of Pontiffs, the name of Catholic possessed by so just a title."[5] This too caused the Vatican Council to declare that the very existence of the Catholic Church is "an invincible proof" of the truth of her claims.

II.

But, St. Paul goes on to say, *all do not obey the Gospel.*

In the Apostle's day, not obeying the Gospel meant that worldly Jews or Gentiles would not enter the Church of Christ; this was *infidelity*. Later, when the Church had conquered the world, it meant that worldly Catholics—singly or in large communities—broke away from the authority of the Church, though still retaining a great part of her teaching; and this was properly *schism*. Others—and the last three hundred years have made us more familiar with these—have broken away to follow after some new inventor of religious opinions; and this is *heresy*.

In each of these three kinds of disobedience to the Church—into whose *trust* the Christian faith has been *committed by the Holy Ghost Who dwelleth in us*[6]—the national spirit has usually played a large part.

Even here, it has of late been cast up against us Catholics that by keeping ourselves united with the Roman Pontiff we acknowledge a foreign authority—an objection which, consist-

[4] Romans, x. 13-5.
[5] *Epistola adversus Manichæos, c.* 4.
[6] II. Timothy, i. 14.

ently carried out, would apply to the Christian name itself; for Jesus Christ our God became Man as a Jew of Palestine. So too the Established Church of England, and its offshoots in our own country, seem to limit their religious aspirations to the Anglo-Saxon race, practically limiting even our Lord's words—*Suffer little* English *children to come unto Me.*

But the most notable examples of the destructiveness of the national spirit to the universal Church of Christ, is to be found in the great schismatical bodies of Christians in the far East—known variously as Greeks, Armenians, Copts, and the like, or collectively as the Oriental Churches. They all have certain points in common, to a greater or less degree, which should awaken the sympathy of Catholics.

First, they represent nations to which the Christian faith was preached from the beginning, where lived and labored the great early Fathers and Doctors of the Church—Dionysius and the Cyrils, Athanasius and Anthony, Gregory and Basil and Chrysostom, Ephrem of Edessa and John the Damascene, down to Cyril and Methodius, the two Apostles of the Slavs. Syria and Egypt, Armenia and Constantinople, what memories of Saints and Martyrs arise at their names! Every Catholic altar daily resounds with their praises as the daily Mass makes mention of their heroes when they were one with the Apostolic See.

Secondly, all these great bodies of Christians are really "separated Churches," and not merely individual "separated brethren" as is the case among all the Protestant communities. That is, they have true Bishops, and priests validly ordained; and, in spite of much ignorance and laxity that have crept in, it would always be possible for the whole body to return collectively into the unity of the Church. This was in fact done more than once, though the fatal spirit of nationalism soon broke them off again from that See of Peter which is the only centre of unity, as our Lord Himself declared: *I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not: and thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren.*[7]

[7] St. Luke, xxii. 32.

Last of all, these unhappy Oriental Churches all profess the greatest devotion to the Blessed Sacrament—Which their priests, being real even though in schism, can really consecrate—and to the Blessed Mother of our Lord. They need only that "little more"—which, however, is absolutely essential—to be our own dear brethren and sons of our common Mother the Church.

There have been many consoling signs of late that, perhaps, the hour of God's mercy is coming to these benighted shepherds with their flocks. The number of United Greeks, Armenians, and others—that is, of those who, in each Eastern nation, have placed themselves under the Roman See—is great and everywhere increasing; and the Pope is drawing on the alms of the whole Christian world to push forward everywhere the work of the Eastern schools and missions. There is again a Catholic priest in the birthplace of St. Paul and where St. Bartholomew was martyred; and, in very wonderful ways, so very Roman devotions as that to the Sacred Heart and to Our Lady of Lourdes have spread from Constantinople—once the New Rome—far and wide. Such a movement does not spring from human means, but from God's grace *breathing where it will.* The *spirit of grace and of prayers is poured out* when men *look on Him Whom they have pierced.*[8] The apostolic and united prayer of the universal League of the pierced Heart is this month to go up to God in behalf of these separated Churches.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular, that those Oriental Churches, founded by Catholic Saints and owning One Lord and one baptism with ourselves, may, in the unity of Catholic faith and submission to the Centre of unity, be made also one body and one Spirit with us. *Amen.*

[8] St. John, iii. 8; Zacharias, xii. 10.

THE POPE'S DECREE AND THE FIRST FRIDAY.

THE recent Decree, by which our Holy Father Leo XIII. raises the feast of the Sacred Heart to a higher rank in the Church's liturgy, has an altogether special significance in its provisions for the devout celebration of the First Friday of each month in honor of the same Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

It will be remembered that Blessed Margaret Mary—the instrument chosen by God to enkindle in His Church the devotion to the Sacred Heart—did not limit herself to declaring the revelations made to her concerning the nature of the devotion and its general practice. She was also commissioned to make known certain particular practices, which our Lord assured her He would look on with special favor. Among these the principal were:

First, *one hour each week* consecrated in a special manner to this devotion. This is the *Holy Hour*—a practice richly indulgenced by the Holy See in favor of our Associates of the League, as explained in the MESSENGER for October, 1888, and in the *Handbook*, page 84. This is in accordance with the spirit of the Apostleship of Prayer from the beginning—to pursue its own special work by means of devotions already accredited in the Church.

Second, *one day each month*, namely, the First Friday, to be kept holy by Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and Communion on the part of the faithful. To this practice also special Indulgences have been granted in favor of the members of all approved associations of the Sacred Heart. That granted to the Associates of the League—in accordance again with its true spirit of elasticity—was made transferable; but the particular graces promised by our Lord remain attached to the day itself, as they are not connected with the jurisdiction of the Church. It is this observance of the First Friday as a day consecrated by our Lord's wish to love and reparation toward His Heart existing in the Blessed Sacrament, which has now received a new and important approbation in the Church—the most important, if we mistake not, since that given by the beatification of Blessed Margaret Mary. Here too it has been the work and the happiness of the League of the Sacred Heart to introduce the observance of the

First Friday, as far as possible, into each of its Centres. Here in America alone, this has been done during the last three years in several hundred churches.

Third, *one great festival each year.* This is the Feast of the Sacred Heart—the first great result procured by God's loving Providence over the Church from the introduction of the devotion. This too is now yet further accredited, as will be seen from the text of the Decree.

"*To the City and the World.*

"Nearly two centuries have now elapsed since the unspeakable benefits of the love of our Redeemer, under the invocation of His Most Sacred Heart, began to be first honored by the faithful with an especial devotion, which increases day by day in the most wonderful manner. By the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites of August 23, 1856, *Ex quo*, Pope Pius IX., of happy memory, established the Feast of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus as a greater double throughout the Universal Church; and recently, many of the bishops, the clergy, and even the laity, from all quarters, have petitioned our Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII., with earnest and reiterated supplications, to deign to raise this festival to the rank of a Double of the First Class without the obligation of hearing Mass and resting from servile work. Now the Holy Father, having nothing so much at heart as the advancement of the faithful in the grace and knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in the understanding of the supereminent love of His Wisdom, has most gladly welcomed the aforesaid humble entreaties, lending thereunto a more willing ear, inasmuch as the faithful will find in this truly salutary devotion a refuge and a defence against the ever-increasing onslaught of impiety, and, inflamed with a more ardent love for their most loving Redeemer, they can offer to Him a worthy homage of praise and reparation, and at the same time implore the Divine Mercy for the increase of the faith and the peace and safety of Christian peoples. Moved by these considerations the Holy Father himself, with the advice of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, has by an especial grace and privilege decreed as follows:

"Without any diminution to those who by Indult of the Apostolic See enjoy more ample privileges, the festival of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus shall henceforth be celebrated

throughout the whole Church as a Double of the First Class without an octave, the obligation of hearing Mass and resting from servile work being abrogated. The same feast shall be kept on its proper date, that is, on the Friday after the Octave of Corpus Christi, and shall give place to no other solemnity except a Double of the First Class of the Universal Church, such as the Nativity of St. JOHN THE BAPTIST, and the feast of the Holy Apostles, Sts. PETER and PAUL, or special festivals of the same rank, either of the dedication or title of a church or of a local patron, when these are holy-days of obligation, in which case it shall be kept on the day immediately following such feasts, the same as on its proper date. When the festival of the Most Sacred Heart of JESUS is being celebrated concurrently with the octave of Corpus Christi, the whole Vespers of the octave are to be said without any commemoration, having regard to the peculiar character of both feasts. As regards its coincidence with Doubles of the First Class, both Vespers must be arranged according to the usual method of the Rubrics and the decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

"Moreover, to excite the faithful to a more fervent devotion toward the Most Sacred Heart of JESUS, our Lord the Pope has further graciously given permission to celebrate the divine office with exposition of the Most Holy Eucharist in all churches and oratories where the Feast of the Sacred Heart is commemorated, whether on the proper day or a day to which it has been transferred; the clergy and laity who are present at the office shall enjoy the same indulgences accorded by the Sovereign Pontiff to the faithful who assist at the divine office during the octave of Corpus Christi. To those churches and oratories where on the first Friday in every month special exercises of piety, with the approval of the Ordinary, are wont to be held in honor of the Divine Heart, the Holy Father has accorded the favor of joining to these exercises the Votive Mass of the Sacred Heart of JESUS; provided that no Feast of our LORD, or Double of the First Class, or privileged feria, vigil, or octave occur on the same day, due regard being paid to the prescriptions of the Rubrics.

"Lastly, it has pleased his Holiness to issue this decree as an Apostolic letter in form of a brief.

"Given on the 28th day of June, the Feast of the Most Holy Heart of JESUS, 1889.

"✠ CHARLES CARD. LAURENZI, Prefect, S. R. C.

"✠ VINCENT NUSSI, Secretary, S. R. C."

SAMPLE WORK OF THE LEAGUE.

Transfiguration Church, New York.

I THINK you will be pleased to know how the League is progressing amongst us. Well, since we first formally solicited members till the present time, we have enrolled about 2,000. This is the result of only two months' work. The Promoters are just as zealous now as they were in the beginning.

About 1,500 say the Rosary Decade. The increase in Holy Communions has been most marked. On the First Friday of June we had as many Communions as at Christmas or Easter.

I have distributed Badges to upward of 1,000 persons, so that scarcely any one approaches the altar rail without the insignia of devotion to the Adorable Heart.

All this has been accomplished without exacting one penny of tribute from any one. Everything is given free. They pay for nothing. Hence there is no excuse for a person refusing to join. Our only source of revenue is the collection at the monthly meeting on the First Friday evenings. We find it sufficient to meet our little expenses.

No doubt it will please you to learn that it has taken such a deep hold on our people. It remains for all of us to pray that what has been so auspiciously started may grow and spread, for it is surely a most excellent work.

Pray for our success.

—*St. Michael's School, Montpelier, Vermont.*

About 130 families have availed themselves of the blessing of the special *Consecration* to the Sacred Heart, and names continue to come in.

The Holy League is still on the increase here. There are now about 560 Associates. The Promoters are proving themselves faithful, obedient, and zealous in trying to extend devotion to the Sacred Heart.

We have received many graces from our dear Lord during the year. Among them one, which seemed truly miraculous but

which I am not at liberty to give in detail, appeared to come directly from the Sacred Heart through the Apostleship.

The feast of the Sacred Heart was solemnly observed here for the first time. All our pupils who had made their First Communion approached the Sacraments, and about sixty received the Bread of Life for the first time. Many members of the Holy League made the Communion of Reparation. The number, however, was not as great as we would have wished, considering the number of members, but it was a beginning and we hope much good may come from it.

On the evening of the feast we had a fine sermon, followed by the singing of some verses selected from the *Hymn of Consecration*, found in LITTLE MESSENGER of June, 1886. Then came the blessing by our Reverend Pastor of a large and very beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, given by the members of the Holy League. This was followed by the reception of Promoters, the solemn Consecration of Families, and finally the children's Hymn to the Heart of Jesus Pleading, found in the PILGRIM, or LITTLE MESSENGER, of May, 1887, and set to music by the leader of our choir. This was most touching. The First Communicants, the girls in white wearing their veils and wreaths, the boys in their neat suits, accompanied by all the little ones down to the age of five years, aroused themselves notwithstanding the fatigue of the day's excitement, the lateness of the hour, and the oppressive heat, and, standing before the cherished statue their alms had helped to purchase, sang in unison to a thrilling air these beautiful words: "Let me be a pleader, too." Every word of the hymn could be distinctly heard by all in the church.

The ceremony ended with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and all must have felt that the Holy League had made wonderful progress amongst us during its one short year of existence.

—*Convent of the Good Shepherd, Brooklyn.*

The Holy League was established here with its usual great success on April the 27th, reanimating fervor in all hearts and drawing its Associates more and more to a cause linked so closely

with the interests of the Sacred Heart. It has stirred up in the souls of our dear children a most tender devotion to the Divine Heart, rendered practical by its pious exercises.

How beautiful and touching to hear all join in repeating the *Morning Offering* together; what more consoling than to feel we are practising a devotion which has such a "Priceless Treasure" —the Heart of Jesus pleading in union with our prayers! We are confident of the blessings and graces which will be the result of having this exhaustless means of sanctification established in our house. These are already visible.

We have enrolled in the First Degree 400 members; of these 250 practise the Second and Third Degrees. On Sunday, Feast of the Good Shepherd, all received their Badges from the Reverend Father Sheehy. The spirit in which our different classes took up the offerings for the *Treasury* can only be attributed to that "Source of Love"—the Heart of Jesus. Their daily offering of the prayers and good works (Communions, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, beads, Way of the Cross, labor, silence, etc.), are regularly recorded.

Amongst the offerings of our little Preservation children, we have reckoned up 817,584 good works and, as you will perceive from the *Intention Blank*, the offerings of the other classes are equally good. All seem to have a holy emulation in the performance of works for the *Treasury*.

Thanks to the loving Heart of Jesus, the fifth and sixth Promises of our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary are indeed perceptible since the Holy League has been established in our midst.

Apostleship Notices.

New Approbation.—The Right Reverend Bishop of Concordia, Kansas, has given his gracious approbation for the propagation of the League of the Sacred Heart in the diocese.

Recent Aggregations. — To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (July 12 to August 12, 1889).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before parish or community aggregated.)

Albany, New York: Sacred Heart Church, Albany; Sacred Heart Church, Philmont.

Chicago, Illinois: Nativity Church, Chicago.

Cincinnati, Ohio: Convent of the Good Shepherd (Bank Street), Cincinnati; Convent of the Good Shepherd, Carthage.

Concordia, Kansas: St. Joseph's Church, St. Joseph.

Detroit, Michigan: St. Anne's Church, Detroit.

Dubuque, Iowa: The Catholic Church, Odebolt.

Green Bay, Wisconsin: Church of the Seven Sorrows B. V. M., Appleton.

Leavenworth, Kansas: St. Thomas' Church, Armourdale; St. Bernard's Church, Wamego; St. Bridget's Church, St. Bridget; St. John's Church, Argentine; St. Michael's Church, Kimeo.

Louisville, Kentucky: Sacred Heart Church, Louisville.

Newark, New Jersey: Sacred Heart Academy (Sisters of Charity), Hoboken.

New York, New York: Transfiguration Church, and Presentation Convent, New York; Holy Name Church, Wilbur.

North Carolina, North Carolina: St. Agnes' Church, Greensboro; Sacred Heart Church, Salisbury; St. Patrick's Church, Fayetteville; St. Patrick's Church, Winston.

Peoria, Illinois: St. Mary's Church, Moline.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: St. Francis' Convent, Philadelphia, and Convent of Our Lady of Angels (Sisters of St. Francis), Glen Riddle.

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania: St. Joseph's Church, Mount Pleasant; St. Mary's Church, Hollidaysburg; St. Matthew's Church, Tyrone; St. Augustine's Church, St. Augustine; Immaculate Conception Church, Lock Haven.

News from Various Centres.

Toledo, Ohio.—I was in Tiffin last week when the Associates of the Holy League had their monthly Communion for the first time. There were not enough particles consecrated, so that many had to go to the other church in the place for Holy Communion. The venerable pastor, who has been at the head of the congregation for about thirty years, excused himself for not having consecrated more, on the ground that never before had there been so many Communions!

Lakeville, Conn.—The sixteen Masses on the *Treasury* list were said by our pastor in thanksgiving for the spread of the League in this parish, and the many spiritual favors already obtained through the devotion. Several hard sinners have come to the Sacraments, and we have a large number of communicants on the First Friday.

Louisville, Ky.—The Holy League is doing wonderfully well among my people. I have now nearly 150 adults on my register. With the exception of about ten, they all make the monthly Communion.

Gesù (Philadelphia).—One of the gentlemen Promoters writing from the well-known watering-place Lisdoonvarna, County Clare, Ireland, whither he had gone for rest and recuperation, tells the Messenger of his joy at witnessing many Associates communicating in St. Francis Xavier's Church, Dublin, on the feast of the Sacred Heart. On his voyage across the ocean he did not forget that he is a Promoter. "Please send me," he writes, "100 *Acts of Consecration*, and direct them to Liverpool. I shall get them

when I return from the Continent. I distributed some on the steamship on my way over, and entered a number of names on the special list for the *Consecration of Families*, which I now enclose to you."

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

The following is the pretty form the Treasury took among the children of the convent school at Port Huron, Michigan, as a special offering to the Infant Jesus last Christmas. We only regret that we could not have published it sooner.

Gold . .	Acts of Charity, 3,636. Acts of Love, 10,485. Holy Communions, 29.
Frankincense	Spiritual Communions, 1,101. Prayers, 5,513. Aspirations, 15,193.
Myrrh . .	Acts of Obedience, 4,938. Hours of Silence, 2,206. Mortifications, 8,912.

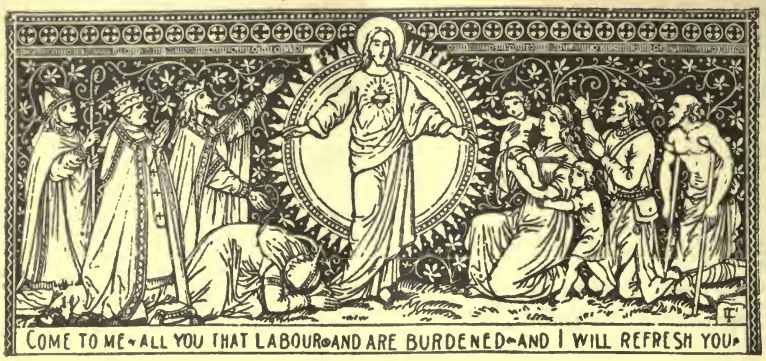
Associates can gain 100 *days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions recommended to the prayers of the League.*

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from July 12 to August 12, 1889.

	NO. OF TIMES.		NO. OF TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity	85,618	11. Masses Heard	65,933
2. Beads	121,960	12. Mortifications	136,956
3. Stations of the Cross . .	18,813	13. Works of Charity . . .	16,700
4. Holy Communions . . .	27,506	14. Works of Zeal	21,444
5. Spiritual Communions .	143,868	15. Prayers	1,151,274
6. Examens of Conscience .	38,084	16. Charitable Conversation	40,918
7. Hours of Labor . . .	300,512	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	19,422
8. Hours of Silence	120,462	18. Self-conquest	137,093
9. Pious Reading	73,057	19. Visits to B. Sacrament .	77,599
10. Masses Celebrated . . .	781	20. Various Good Works . .	469,386

Total . . . . . 3,126,396.

The above represents returns from two hundred and eighty Centres.



IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, **48,405.**

——*In all things give thanks* (I. Thessalonians, v. 18).——

Boston, Mass., July 13.—A man in our parish had neglected his religious duties for upward of forty years. Three priests had urged him to come back to God. On the First Friday of July the Associates of the League were asked to pray for his conversion. The next day he received the last Sacraments. Ask the different centres of the League to thank the Sacred Heart for this grace.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 16.—We wish to return special thanks to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor received that was sent in to be prayed for during May and June. Before the close of a second novena to the Sacred Heart, while debts were pressing in from every side with seemingly no possible way of meeting them, means unexpectedly came from far away and from a source where before it had been absolutely refused. This we wish you would kindly publish in the MESSENGER as an expression of gratitude for what we consider a great favor.

——, ***Md., July 26.***—Is it not just that the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART should record the wondrous deeds of the mercy and love of the Divine Heart? Some of these we are most happy to make known to its readers. Last month we recommended to their prayers a man of fourscore years and

more who, though reared in the bosom of holy faith and surrounded by a large and fervent family, refused on his bed of death to be reconciled to the Church—from which he had separated himself for *sixty years.* All persuasions made by loving hearts having failed, we implored this miracle of grace from the loving Heart of Jesus. Our confidence was not deceived; the rebellious spirit was conquered. He himself asked for the priest, made his confession in most edifying dispositions, and now awaits in peace and confidence his last moments. Also, for temporal aid at a propitious moment—the unexpected reward of an act of charity made some five years since in honor of the Sacred Heart. A father of a family owes to the prayers of the League a most lucrative position, for which he desires to return thanks.

New Orleans, La., July 26.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the unexpected request of a child to go to a Catholic school, where he made his First Communion and was confirmed. Also, for the obtaining of money on three occasions when in great straits, for which promise to make acknowledgment in the MESSENGER was made.

Florissant, Mo., July 29.—A member of the Holy League wishes to give special thanks for a young man who has obtained a good situation, and for the conversion and happy death of another young man. A broken-hearted mother mentioned to her that she had a son who had never been baptized and gave no thought to religion, and asked her to recommend him to the Holy League. This was done for six months. The mother came to see the Associate last week and told her with tears of joy that her son had died a most beautiful and happy death, having received all the Sacraments from the hands of one of the Lazarist Fathers.

Syracuse, N. Y., July 30.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for employment obtained by a member of our family who was out of work for a long time.

Pittsburgh (South Side), ***Pa., July 30.***—Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart, through the Apostleship of Prayer, for a special grace obtained through its prayers. Also for the conversion of a poor soul.

Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 5.—I desire to return thanks for the reformation of my cousin who had been totally negligent of his religious duties for two years on account of habitual drinking. I recommended him several times to the prayers of the League, and since last March he has not tasted a drop of liquor and now goes to Mass every Sunday and frequents the Sacraments. This is a great favor from the loving Heart of Jesus.

——. I desire to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a great favor received. Last May I recommended the recovery of a person whose mind had been affected for many years. In July I called to inquire what progress the sufferer was making, not mentioning what I had done. The reply was this—"The patient is doing splendidly. A wonderful change occurred last month for the better. The change came so suddenly and so unexpectedly that we were astonished. Previous to that he was becoming so much worse that we really didn't know what to do." I then told them that I had placed an intention for the person's recovery in the League box and that the improvement was due to the Sacred Heart. They immediately exclaimed: "You have been sent to us to increase our faith. (I had not seen them for seventeen years before.) We have prayed and prayed and resorted to many pious devotions to obtain relief, but in vain, so that we were about giving up all hope in that direction, but this incident shows us that we were wrong to lose hope."

Various Centres.—A young man, who for several years had led a wandering and dissipated life, has returned in good dispositions to his family, and promises henceforth to attend to the "one thing necessary."—I beg to thank the Sacred Heart for having obtained a good situation, after being out of employment for nine months. Three great favors, recommended to the League through the MESSENGER, have been obtained, for which we return thanks. —For the recovery of health of two persons.—For obtaining a desired rank in school.—For a reconciliation and the return of a man to his duties after long neglect.—A little girl thanks the Sacred Heart for the complete recovery of her mother, who had been insane.

DEATH OF ST. BRUNO.

(*After the Painting of Le Sueur.*)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

New Series. October, 1889. Vol. IV (xxiv), No. 10.

WANDERING THOUGHTS IN MEXICO.

By Manuel Kennedy.

V.

SOME American Catholics may be still doubtful of the immense power for evil of secret societies. They do not realize how far such banding together may succeed in absorbing into itself men's objections to the Ten Commandments and religion in general. This it does all the more readily if, like Freemasonry, its own system is—"Live while you live; the life after death concerns us not." But its efficiency is still greater when it helps by skilful manipulation to political jobbery. He who runs can read as much as this in the political history of Mexico for the last thirty years.

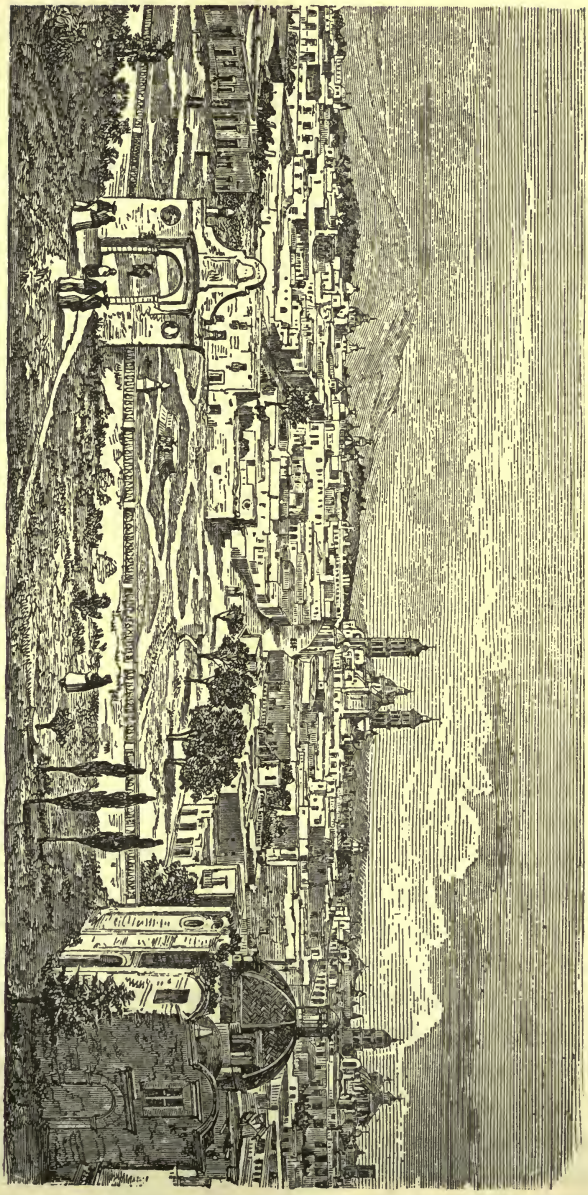
This has been the golden prime of the third species of Masonic politician. It is he who really represents the intelligence and stern purpose of that mere Naturalism which is the meaning of Freemasonry wherever it is found. He may not be

Copyright, 1889, by Rev. R. S. Dewey, S.J. All rights reserved.]

guilty of the broken arches of Tlamanalco—they were given over because over-magnificently planned, ages before I thought of adorning my pages with them—but he has left many a noble church and convent and college in ruins, when he has not desecrated them to his own profane uses; and he has been the deliberate cause of the breaking of some Christian hearts and the wholesale corruption of others.

I believe that this unhappy period is now passing, though Mexican Christianity will long suffer from its sudden spasmodic revivals and its disastrous effects. The present President of the Mexican Republic—Porfirio Diaz—in spite of many unfavorable antecedents, does not properly belong to any of the classes we have named. He is rather a compromise between the demands of self-interest and party success on the one hand, and on the other a half-conscious insight into the fact that Mexico in the future as in the past must be true to herself—that is, be Catholic—if she is to be really a great nation. Practically this does not result in much more than shielding the clergy from persecution when he dares, and in a general effort to leave them to do their own work without molestation. But this is already much after the stress and strain put upon the Church by his predecessors. It is the recognition of this fact by the "clericals"—so ignorantly denounced by the American press—which has largely contributed to keep him in power; and I have some reason to believe that he is duly grateful, in spite of the many disagreeable measures which the exigences of party have sometimes led him to take. After him there may spring up a school of politicians that will occupy themselves with their proper work—commercial and other administrative jobbery—for, very really, the plundering of the Church has little left for them at present.

But our third class of Freemason politician—the only one worthy of intellectual respect, whatever we may think of his ill-will—desired nothing else than the total extinction of the Catholic name. This class is represented in Mexican history by two men of the most diametrically opposite antecedents of birth and fortune and character. These are Juarez—the victor over



A MEXICAN CITY.
PUEBLA—FROM THE WEST.

Maximilian—and his successor in the Presidency, Lerdo de Tejada.

The former was of pure Indian blood, and owed his early education to charity largely received at the hands of the friars whom he afterward so ruthlessly dispersed.

The latter belonged to a family of the strictest *purisimos* in whose veins no taint of native blood had ever flowed, but only the pure Castilian. He was moreover of an intensely "clerical" family—if the word has any meaning, which I doubt. His uncle was a priest of the Society of Jesus, so venerable for his learning and sanctity that he was made Assistant to the Father General in all that concerned Spanish affairs the world over.

Lerdo had even received some degree in theology in his own younger days, though he never took final orders; and he was at one time prominent in a Church establishment of the higher education. I have heard his old schoolmates say that in his callow days he was known as—"A young St. Aloysius!"—a severe warning not to canonize the best of Christians until they have persevered unto the end in conquering the world, the flesh, and the devil. I am afraid all three finally gained control over the heart of poor Lerdo. I have heard—but no one in Mexico seems to be able to verify the story—that when he came to die, not many months since, an exile in the city of New York, his thoughts went back to the religion of his youth; and the priest was sent for. If so, I should rather imagine this to have been, not spontaneous, but the work of some of the pious ladies in whom, happily, Mexico still abounds.

No one did more wanton and useless harm to the Church than Lerdo, and to all appearance simply for the sake of political success. Even the Sisters of Charity were swept away in his time. Juarez had already secularized all the great monasteries and convents of the older religious orders, and had finally reduced the clergy to a position of poverty and the most galling dependence. The latter still exists wherever the local officers care to put in execution the laws then made.

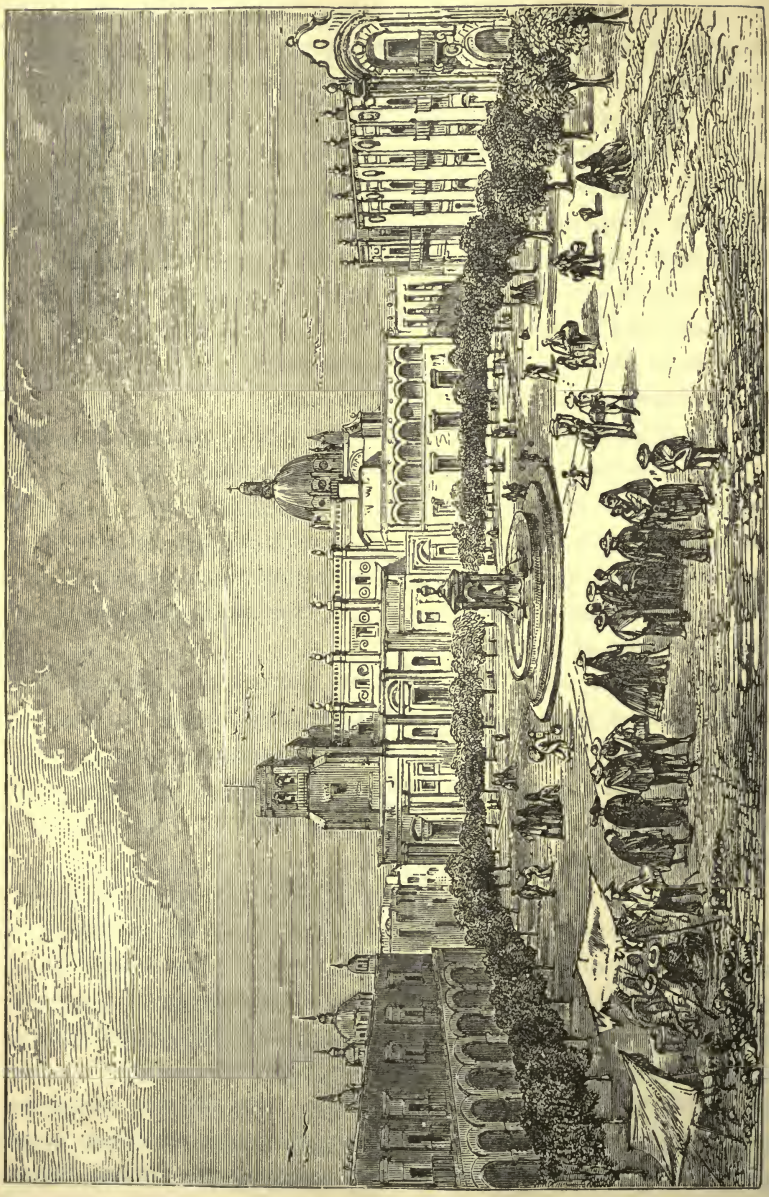
This is the explanation of another startling telegram about

"clerical revolution," not so very long ago sent from Mexico to the innocent American papers. The venerable Bishop of Michoacan ventured to carry the Blessed Sacrament to a sick person with some little outward show of respect, such as Catholics use everywhere unless there is positive unbelief or persecution around them. Thereupon arrests were made by the civil power, the laws allowing no religious demonstration outside the churches, not even the sound of bells from the steeples. Of course, there was a new opportunity for fining the "clericals," whose money is good and whose piety must be declaimed against—though that too must have its good side when it can thus be made a means of once more bleeding the clergy, now almost drained dry, in favor of the Masonic politician of our first class.

In these truly wandering thoughts I have permitted myself to be led astray by the memories of one whom I had so much opportunity of knowing about as Lerdo. He always retained a certain primness of demeanor that here in Mexico, as elsewhere, is often found among so carefully trained men as the clergy. To this he added a startling lack of frankness, disguised under the most open of exteriors.

A series of sermons in the great Cathedral of Mexico by a foreign priest gave the opportunity of working up his party to the proper pitch for carrying through Congress a peremptory decree against "dangerous foreigners" (*estranjeros perniciosos*) of the clerical stripe. It was at once applied; but there were not many victims to be found.

A consumptive Irish-American Passionist—whom of course the United States representative did not dream of protecting—a few Sisters of Charity, and—well, about all the Jesuits there were on Mexican territory. This was altogether about a baker's dozen! In spite of the superstitions so rife in the United States, the latter religious order has never numbered much more than this in Mexico during the last hundred years. But this was enough to make a great ado about, and to start up in the American press diatribes against the "clericals" and so excuse the United States officials in the ignorant and unseeing encouragement they have so



A PLAZA GRANDE.

long given to the most unwholesome element in Mexico. Among the Jesuits were a young Belgian dying of consumption, an old Spanish brother who had already been exiled so many times in his different missions that he surely had little of the "dangerous foreigner" left in him, a Venetian professor of theology from a seminary—he had but one lung—a Roman ditto whose nerves had been quite ruined by the fever of his native city and the too free use of quinine, and so on for the rest! I tried a year ago to interweave a little of the story of their exile in my reminiscences of an old-time Texan lynching.[1]

Lerdo, as President, was to make much political capital out of thus saving his country from the clutches of these "dangerous foreigners." Naturally he was anxious to secure them all. Those he did secure were thrown into the common jail, without decent accommodation of any kind, among the drunkards and vagrant criminals of a large city. They were allowed to be bailed out only after so long a time that the young consumptives finally died of their hardships. Poor fellows, who found in Mexico, not the healing climate they had innocently come to seek, but the most brutal treatment and exile and death! They were just as likely to meddle in politics as the babe unborn, or—as the present-day Mexican "clericals"!

But Lerdo did not succeed in bagging all his game. He was especially anxious about one of the priests, who had been longest in the country. He accordingly took occasion to disarm any suspicions this wary old bird might have from past revolutionary tactics, by forewarning him that political reasons demanded a show of measures which, really, would result in nothing at all, while as for himself he was quite safe—of course, so old a friend of the President's uncle. The venerable priest, long as he had known the slippery character of the Freemason in Mexican politics, suffered himself to be deceived, and actually refused to yield to the entreaties of alarmed friends and to get out of the way while there was yet time.

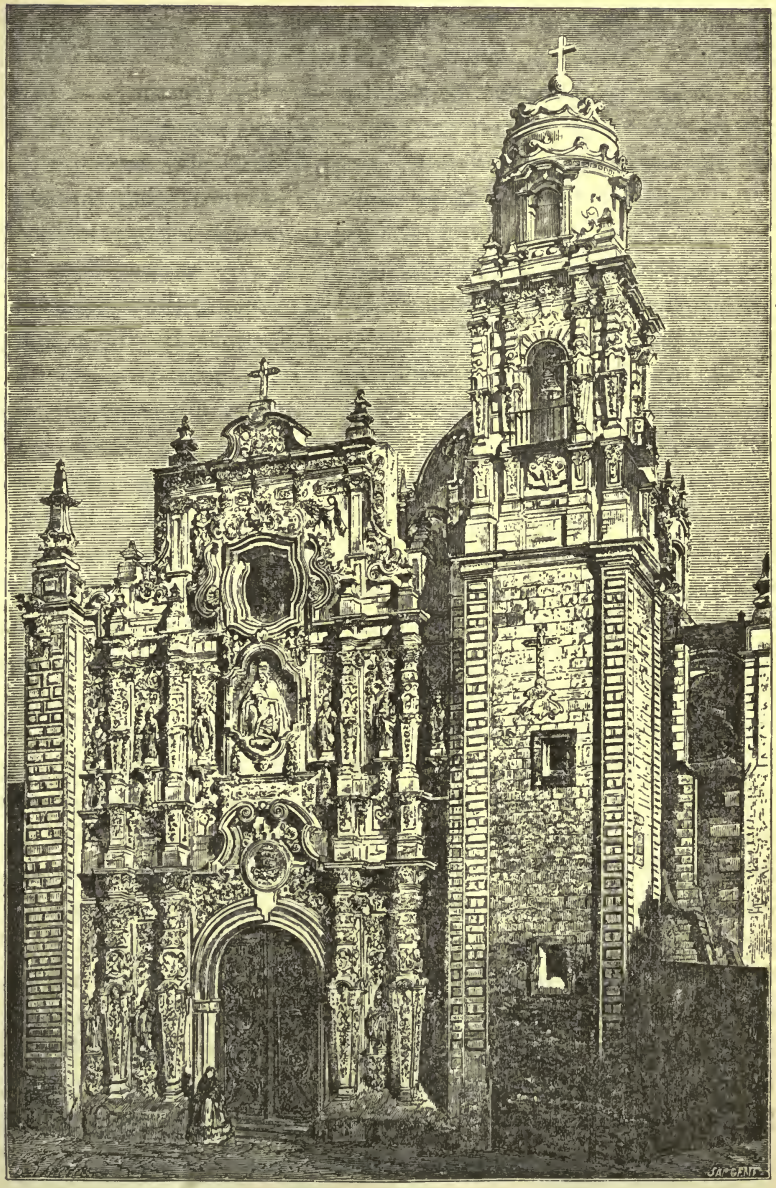
But, lo and behold! that same afternoon a second message

[1] *The Son of Bob Augustine,* in July MESSENGER, 1888.

came from the too astute Lerdo. It was even more affectionate and assuring than the first. Father A—— at once wrapped up a few necessary things in a blue cotton handkerchief, to be carried in his hand, put on a white linen duster and a low-crowned narrow-brimmed black straw hat, and so started for the railway station. When I met him, he looked like nothing so much as a Jew peddler in disguise. He said: "An honest man does not *reassure* twice!" and hastily made his way to the Vera Cruz train. He was in Cuba before Lerdo learned that, in this case at least, his cunning had overreached itself.

The good Father, as able in the religious work of his profession as he was incapable of meddling even with Mexican politics, is long since dead. If the blessed in heaven retain their sense of humor, he must often have smiled at American ideas of the Mexican "clerical" party. The only decisive judgment he was ever heard to give on the state of affairs—and his experience dated back to Santa Anna—was in a sententious Spanish way: "The bad here are devils; and the good—angelic dunces" (*diablones—angelones*)! A simple layman, as he looks down from his point of vantage on some beautiful city of the Angels—Puebla de los Angeles—or walks through some great open Plaza, flanked by the colossal monuments of the religion which has given all things to this fair land, will suspect that the angelic growth here is still in the line of the good Padre's words. The "clericals" have not done too much; they have done nothing!

Another Padre tucked his trousers into heavy farmer's boots, displayed a liberally embroidered shirt-front, put on a *Jipijapa* broad white hat against the sun, and strode off into the country beside a donkey, where he could wait until the storm should blow over. These lighter shades of the persecution—for such it really was—only bring out more clearly the essential blackness of such a man as Lerdo. When his saintly uncle lay on his death bed, the hypocritical nephew ventured to send him a message asking to see him. But the venerated priest refused, unless the son of so pious parents should come repentant. But health and ambition were then too strong.



A CONFRATERNITY CHURCH.
La Santissima Trinidad (western door), MEXICO.

VI.

Juarez was a man of far sterner mould and far sincerer than Lerdo: He was one of the half-learned lawyers whose little knowledge has pestered all Spanish America for the past fifty years. Ambition and self-interest may have had their share in shaping his career, but he seems really to have come to believe—surely not without some moral fault of his own—that the best interests of his country lay in the purely natural improvement of his people. And he had acquired—God only knows where—a diabolical hatred of the Catholic Church. One of those innocent-minded women who write their bold speculations for the benefit of the American reading public, has been careful to point out that Juarez and the rest of his class were quite as good Catholics as the wicked "clericals"![2]

The peculiarly reserved nature of Juarez has left little personal impression on the history in which he took part, at least by way of anecdote showing the private character of the man. He was a true Indian, impassive and undemonstrative, however much he may have been raging within. In this way he might cloak his designs, but not by the wily-tongued diplomacy of his successor. Yet he was an Indian issuing from many generations under Christian influence. This is a phenomenon simply unknown to the United States until now, for the reason that the form of the Christian religion there prevalent had not vitality enough for even a half-conversion of these poor savages, and still less for civilizing them. Puritan New England, with its policy of extermination, has everything to learn from Catholic Mexico on this, as on many other heads.

The strongest quality of Juarez was his unalterable persistence in following out the plan which had been clearly outlined before his mind from the beginning of his career. This was, first, to destroy all influence of the Catholic Church over the public life of his people, no matter whether this influence was properly

[2] *Miss Susan Hale's Mexico* (Putnam, N. Y.)—very readable, very incomplete, and quite inaccurate except in unimportant details, and graciously patronizing to us Catholics!

political or only through those organized religious societies in which the Catholic Church has always been so rich; and then, to place the Masonic party, always either hostile or utterly indifferent to all religious and moral progress, in full political power.

The first part of his plan was sure to recommend him to all the Americans who had hitherto taken the slightest interest in Mexican affairs; for the Church and the "clericals" have ever been the bugbear of their superstitions.

Still more did it recommend him to all the different factions of the anti-Church party at home; for if carried out, what copious spoils would come into their hands! The larger number of the professedly Masonic politicians of Mexico have always been ready for plunder under whatever name; I have made them my first class for this reason. Thus one of Santa Anna's chief protectors of the highways had begun his career as a professional brigand himself. He was perhaps all the fitter for his new duties because of his past experience. I speak of factions, for Freemasonry is itself not proof against self-interest. Many of this tribe took part ostensibly with Maximilian. It is true they also betrayed him at the end; but I am skeptical about their first action having been taken with a view to this.

The true reason of the final success of Juarez was that, under the most threatening difficulties, he knew how to retain these men in their great expectations of what would accrue to themselves if he should come to power; while at the same time his American friends kept the United States of the North, as they are called here in Mexico, ready to strike at the opportune time. He had also on his side, as against the unfortunate and ill-considered experiment of Maximilian, the national sentiment so strong in the breasts of the "clericals" themselves.

With the advent of Juarez to undisputed power began a reign of terror for the Church. Year by year the situation grew more intolerable until his death, and matters were not mended by the accession of Lerdo and the others. All religious communities were little by little dispersed, their members were forbidden to live together or to wear their time-honored costumes,

and it was a penal offence to receive novices to the religious life. It is difficult to understand how Americans of average intelligence can prate of freedom of conscience in Mexico when the very life of the religion of its people is thus stifled. The very things which are most in honor among themselves are here penal offences!

I remember a curious instance of clerical evasion of these laws, which is not without its humorous side. A Governor in the city of Mexico about that time was named Vas. He was under the greatest obligation for his early success in life to one of the dispersed friars—a Carmelite. He was grateful after a sort—unlike most of his political brethren—and the friar had access to his rooms at all times. Unluckily for the Governor, the good Carmelite had a well-developed bump of obstinacy and simply refused to obey the decrees. He was put out of his convent by force, but he walked abroad all the same in the full glory of the robes of Carmel. When arrested for his defiance of the new laws, he quietly put on the black *soutane* of the French secular priests over his Carmelite habit, carefully leaving the buttons open all down the front, and thus presented a doubly ecclesiastical spectacle to the amused inhabitants of the city. Even a Mexican lawyer was unable to find that this infringed the law, for there was certainly no *exterior* wearing of the prohibited gown.

After a time, however, a further law was made forbidding even the dress of the secular clergy to be worn out of the precincts of the church. So our Carmelite was again arrested; but this time, as there was no one to secure his release—Governor Vas presumably wishing to cure him by leaving him to himself—he contentedly set about preaching a mission in form to the prisoners. They said the beads at regular times, and heard from him explanations of the catechism, and perhaps for the first time received full instruction in their religion. Now this would never do! The Freemasons preferred a friar out of prison to a missionary within the walls. So he was set at liberty, nominally under a sort of guarantee given by the Governor.

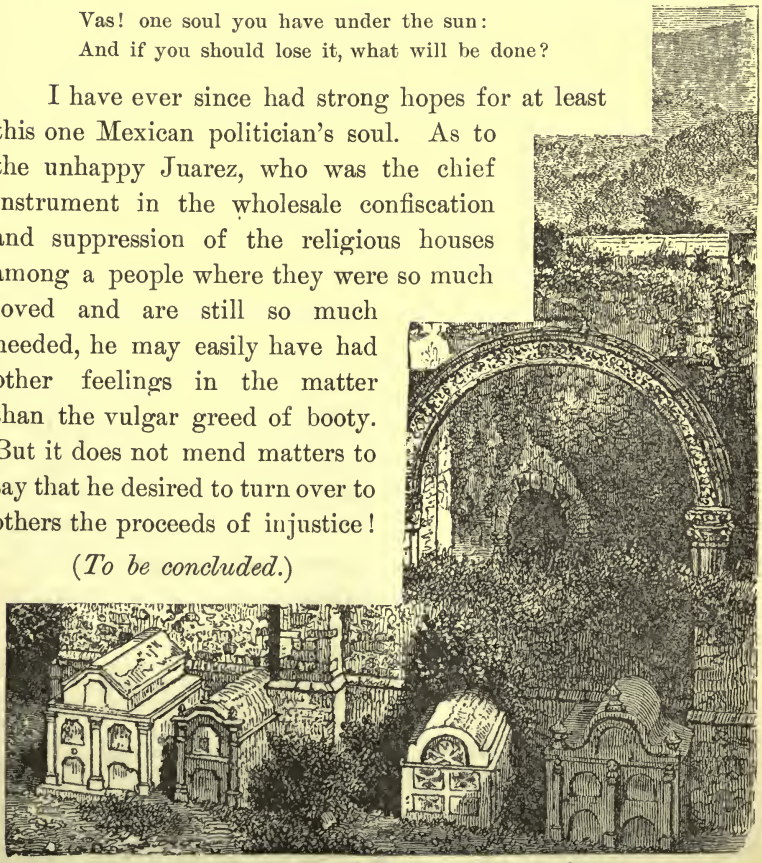
The friar's next move was duly to show his gratitude. Until I lost sight of him, he invariably made this his morning practice. Knowing his old protégé's easy-going habits, he made his way to his bedroom each morning before the Governor was up. Then awaking him, he stood like a reproaching Angel, repeating a bit of doggerel not without its sharp significance.

Vas, Vas,
Un alma tienes, no mas!
Y si la pierdes,
Qué harás?

Vas! one soul you have under the sun:
And if you should lose it, what will be done?

I have ever since had strong hopes for at least this one Mexican politician's soul. As to the unhappy Juarez, who was the chief instrument in the wholesale confiscation and suppression of the religious houses among a people where they were so much loved and are still so much needed, he may easily have had other feelings in the matter than the vulgar greed of booty. But it does not mend matters to say that he desired to turn over to others the proceeds of injustice!

(*To be concluded.*)

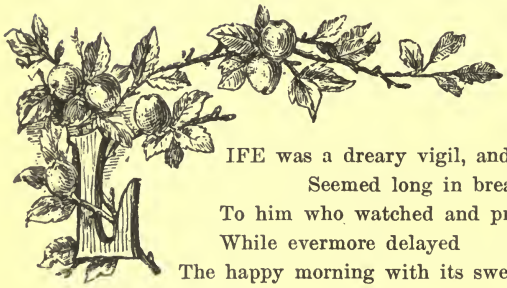


IN THE CEMETERY AT TLAMANALCO.

SAINT ALPHONSUS RODRIGUEZ

46 YEARS A LAY BROTHER OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS, DIED 1617; CANONIZED 1888; FEAST, OCTOBER 30TH.

By Helen Grace Smith.



LIFE was a dreary vigil, and the day
Seemed long in breaking
To him who watched and prayed,
While evermore delayed
The happy morning with its sweet awaking.

For sometimes souls are set in places high—
Meek souls and lowly—
That, waiting, labor still
And know no other will
Than His—their Master's—beautiful and holy.

And such a soul was his that, through the years,
All uncomplaining
Wrought the Redeemer's Word
With men that weeping heard
And wondered at the seraph spirit's training.

Yet need they not have wondered, for the soul,
With love's divining,
That serves its fellow-men
Through fourscore years and ten,
Shall shine in God's own sight with perfect shining.

Dear Saint! we long have waited and have prayed,
Our vigil keeping;
But on thy sacred brow
The crown is gleaming now—
And joy is ours to-day, who once were weeping.

A RELIGIOUS FOUNDATION IN AMERICA.

THE SISTERS OF LORETTO, KENTUCKY,

Founded by Father Charles Nerinckx, 1812.

By M. L. Meany.

IV.—The Story of the Foundation.

IT has been said by one of the biographers of Father Nerinckx that great beyond computation as his missionary enterprises were, they are dwarfed by a single work of his—the foundation of a religious congregation called the Sisterhood of Loretto. He had scarcely reached the scene of his labors, in 1805, when he wrote to his parents about this project; and in March, 1807, he made a strong appeal to Bishop Carroll, urging that "if the whole thing is done in the right way, it cannot but tend to the greater glory of God and contribute to the salvation of many souls."

Just as he had given up all hope of seeing such a work started, it was warmly taken up by Father Badin, who charged his zealous assistant with its accomplishment; but while everything seemed to promise the speedy completion of the buildings, to which six or seven young ladies were anxiously looking forward as their future home in which to work for God and souls, "by some unaccountable accident a fire reduced the building to ashes, and blasted their hopes of ever seeing the realization of their pious designs." Poor Father Badin was completely disheartened. All his little means as well as his influence, energy, and perseverance had been devoted to an undertaking which, if ever renewed, must be the work of another.

Five years passed away. God's time came. There were fewer resources now: failure had turned the popular mind against the scheme, the young ladies were married and settled in the world; no one thought of such a thing save Father Nerinckx who still prayed and had others to pray for what he knew to be an essential work.

One day he received a visit from a new parishioner, Miss Mary Rhodes of Maryland. She had lately come to live with her

brother and, shocked at the want of Catholic education in that neighborhood, solicited the privilege of teaching the little girls with her nieces to whom she was already devoting a part of each day. It is easy to imagine the good Father's joy. An old cabin, which had been abandoned as uninhabitable, became the schoolhouse forthwith; and here, with no floor to protect them from the damp ground and with the elements beating down at will through a leaky roof, the convent-educated young lady gladly met her little flock. Before many days she had an assistant, Miss Christina Stuart. Both boarded with Mary's relatives; but the pious inclinations which had drawn them together speedily grew into a desire to retire from social surroundings, alone with God, and with the approbation of their pastor they withdrew to live apart from the world. Soon they were joined by a third chosen one, aspirations to belong wholly to God grew rapidly, their prudent director guided while seeming to restrain, new postulants came, and in short, on the 25th of April, 1812, the little church of St. Charles was crowded to witness a novel ceremony in the Western country—the *taking of the veil!*

Said veil was neither graceful nor solemn-looking. "It hung loosely over the shoulders, was of very poor material, and of black color." Such as it was, however, Father Nerinckx had duly blessed it, and beautiful it must have looked in his eyes as he covered the heads of the novices who had just promised before the wondering congregation to renounce the world and its maxims, to live for Christ alone. Then the Holy Sacrifice was offered, and the touching scene was over.

The story of this foundation, as given by the biographer, is both touching and amusing. He goes into the minute details which constitute the real charm of biography.

The "loving care" with which they undertook to provide themselves with religious habits—the first attempt at dyeing with a decoction of oak-bark producing only a rusty red-brown, and the addition of copperas giving but a transient black which needed frequent visits to the dye-tub—their amateur trials at carpentering, furniture-making, etc., the stratagems for accommo-

dating *boarders:*—however difficult and wearisome to the "novices," all this makes delightful reading.

And thus came the great day, the feast of the Assumption, 1813, when Father Nerinckx, robed in his "best sacerdotal apparel," stood waiting at the communion-railing. "Was it a tear of joy he brushed away when the school children passed two and two up the narrow church aisle, followed by the five novices, appearing for the first time in their religious dress? . . . When, at the foot of the altar, dear Mother Mary, Sisters Christina, Clara, Ann, and Sarah pronounced, in a firm voice, the holy vows of perpetual Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, which bound them for life to their Heavenly Spouse, the listeners were filled with a reverential awe; they assisted at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass that followed, and listened to the earnest words of the priest, with a till then unknown attention and devotion. Father Nerinckx was not himself; his pent-up feelings found vent in burning words of eloquence which enraptured his listeners."

It was, truly, the supreme moment of his life. The dream of years had become a splendid reality. He saw the young Republic which he loved with a passionate devotedness, take her place with the oldest and proudest of nations in the grandest work the God-Man left to be accomplished by mortals—the giving birth to religious communities. And he saw the crowning glory given to the sex of which he had once written to Bishop Carroll:

"In this land . . . *the women are about the only ones who have zeal for religion.*"

There is a natural curiosity in the world as to the "rules" observed in religious communities. Hère, again, Bishop Maes kindly helps us, giving the brief rules written out by Father Nerinckx for the Society of the Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross. They begin thus:

"Whereas, the ever Blessed Virgin Mary is the Universal and Heavenly Mother of this Society, the members thereof are called *Sisters.*"

Directions are then given as to the costume; food is "to be according to the means of the house, within the bounds of pov-

erty;" no addition is allowed to the general fast days of the Church, except the Friday in Passion Week and Good Friday, "when the Sisters will fast on bread and water."

"Every Thursday night will be a vigil, during which everyone has to adore the Sacred Heart in the Blessed Sacrament for one hour"—the *Holy Hour* of Blessed Margaret Mary.

Except during the hour of recreation after dinner, silence is to be kept all day; and on all fasting and abstinence days, "catechism instead of recreation, so as to leave none not fully informed of religious and holy silence."

The "rules" end with this striking paragraph:

"Although the Sisters are to love silence and retirement, still their countenance and deportment ought to be modestly cheerful and becomingly affable when circumstances require, so that their retirement and silence, speech, countenance, and behavior may be equally edifying, without any mixture of worldly levity. They will be taught the rules of religious politeness, and they are to be strict in keeping them among themselves, as well as before strangers. When they meet, they should salute each other by a slight inclination of the head, considering in the person of one another the quality of a Friend of Mary, and greeting at the same time their Angel Guardian, and, in the person of their Superior, Jesus and Mary."

This foundation affords a beautiful illustration of the tender care with which God directs even the least movements of those who entrust themselves without reserve to His guidance.

Miss Mary Rhodes, although the Foundress, was not the first Superior. That honor belongs to her younger sister, who was only the fifth to enter the little community. Father Nerinckx had good-naturedly promised the three pioneers that when they numbered five or six he would allow them to form a community. Of course they stopped at five, and held their holy Founder to his promise: they were not women, could they wait for No. 6! "The longed-for time to become nuns had arrived," and we have this graphic report of the first election held in this first religious congregation of American birth:

"They applied without delay to Father Nerinckx for the appointment of a superior, whom they should look to as a *mother*, and he told them to go to their cabin and consult among themselves. The deliberations did not last long. In their holy simplicity 'they sat down like children on the dirt floor,' and the oldest voting first, they all agreed upon Nancy Rhodes, and immediately returned to their Director to inform him of their choice. He remarked: 'You have chosen the youngest one among you;' but they replied unanimously: 'If she is the youngest, she is also the most virtuous.'"

She was still only a candidate for the postulancy on the day when the first three "took the veil" as novices (April 25th); and, admitted as novice on June 29th, she was destined to take her last degree in heaven. Her health, always delicate, failed rapidly amid the privations and labors of Loretto, and on the morning of the 4th December, 1812, "dear Mother Ann passed to a better life, the first flower of the Loretto garden transplanted into Jesus' heavenly paradise. It was a cold wintry day; the snow thickly fell on the frozen earth, mantling it in pure attire, the more fitly to embosom the virgin corpse that was soon to be entrusted to its dark keeping. Father Nerinckx came down from St. Charles to say the Mass of the Dead for the repose of her soul, and Mother Ann was buried according to rule, lying attired in her religious dress, without a coffin, in the bare grave, preaching blessed and loved poverty even in death."

Thus early was the Cross planted in *Little Loretto*, as the new convent was called. The Sisters had not yet experienced the bitterness of popular suspicion and ill-will, generally the first crop of a foundation. For this they were certainly indebted to Mother Ann. Had her sister been the first Superior, the natural animosity of a rustic settlement against a polished young lady from another State would have had full play. But this young girl was all their own; and besides, the equally natural chivalry of Kentuckians must have looked tenderly on the frail young flower so bravely breasting the storm of poverty in its hardest form. It was too strange and holy a spectacle to be looked on without

admiring sympathy. But the spirit of the world was gradually aroused. When the community began to increase, these same chivalric men publicly threatened its founder with vengeance, "for thus taking from their midst the youthful and promising portion of the community, the hope and pride of their families, and shutting them up in a nunnery to pine away and wear out their lives in a few short years by austerity and penance." Their complaints were indeed only natural. It required supernatural influence which a sermon from Bishop Flaget evoked among them, to reconcile those hardy settlers with the grim neighborhood of a nunnery!

V.—The Death of the Founder.

It was after his great work had been placed on this satisfactory basis, that Father Nerinckx made the European journey already described, beginning September 10th, 1815. One of his chief objects was to obtain the necessary approbation for the new Rule. On reaching Rome he learned that the Congregation of the Propaganda was well pleased with it, and conceded to it all the privileges attached to the Institution of the Seven Dolors in Rome. Here was success indeed. Some weeks later, May 1st, he had an audience with the Pope, who in giving him the Apostolic benediction told him he had personally perused the rules of the new society, which caused him much joy and consolation. "The Little Society of the Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross," was the official title under which its rules and statutes were printed as under the protection of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda.

Returning home in September, 1816, he found all prosperous at Loretto, and "had a blessing and smile for everyone, clearly showing his happiness in being once more at his little home."

The next great event in the Society was the taking of perpetual vows by forty-one of its members, on December 20th, 1819. It numbered then eighty members. Notwithstanding its poverty and austerity, it had lost in those eight years of its existence only three members, one in each of the three houses it then counted,

"and in each case the Superior, as if the head had to be the foundation-stone of each establishment."

The Bishop then proposed to Father Nerinckx the establishment of a similar community of men for the education of boys, which he undertook with characteristic energy. About three thousand dollars were collected, a farm with dwelling-house and some out-houses was purchased, and several aspirants were ready to commence the Brotherhood of the Loretto Society, when the main building and several of the others were destroyed by fire, and worse still a violent storm caused the destruction of a grist mill on the place, by which the establishment was rendered impossible.

To obtain funds it was necessary to make a second trip to Europe, and the heroic Founder started, in the Spring of 1820, on an expedition which was not only toilsome to a man of fifty-nine years, but dangerous. Belgium being then under Dutch Protestant or rather atheistic influence, he incurred the risk of persecution and probably imprisonment. He left, therefore, with his Little Loretto, a most affecting document under the heading "Open Will and Wish of the Writer"—a singular mingling of business views and saintly traits, which alone would testify to the wonderful gifts both of nature and grace that he possessed. Among his wishes is this:

"He wishes the Friends of Mary the best success in holiness and all holy happiness, that the Suffering Jesus and the Sorrowful Mary may have armies of consoling friends, faithful on Calvary and glorious in the Heavenly Sion."

Among the virtues he enumerates is zeal:—"zeal for souls—your own and that of so many desolate orphans and scholars—burning zeal of Jesus and Mary! Gain souls, hunt souls, catch souls, court souls, draw souls, pull souls, carry souls, deliver souls, shelter souls, buy souls! . . . Souls! souls! and nothing but souls, for the love of Jesus, the owner of all souls!

"O Loretto Sisters! let Loretto be Loretto forever! . . . Stick to the tree that Mary planted there! Stick to the cross that Mary raised there! Stick to the walls that Mary built there!

Stick to the dress that Mary gave there! Make use of the graces that Mary obtained there! Love what she said! Like what she fixed! Do what she loved! O Friends of Mary! O sweet, O glorious title! Be not unworthy of it! Do not degenerate from it!

"The writer's wish is here set down on paper! May he hear it accomplished on earth, and may he see it rewarded in the company of Friends of Mary in heaven! Amen! Amen!"

The necessity of caution hindered the questing trip to Belgium of much success. Father Nerinckx had to refuse the most costly donations tendered, not to alarm "the government." However, he received some valuable gifts, and returning late in the following year, brought, as on his previous tour, several available recruits to Georgetown. It appeared to be his mission to help the Society of Jesus. On Sunday, December 9th, a primitive conveyance brought to Loretto eight young ladies, candidates for the convent, and on the following day the joy of the community was completed by the arrival of their good Father with the saintly Flaget. It was a sweet season of family rejoicing, the last they were to enjoy with the beloved Founder, who was to drain the cup of disappointment, obloquy, and sorrow to the dregs. Even the Holy Psalmist speaks warmly of the bitterness of having false brethren and neighbors rise up against him. It was the confessor of one of his convents who pressed this cup to his lips, for which reason it must be only briefly mentioned here. The Reverend gentleman insisted on the necessity of mitigating the rules at the Bethania Convent, against the wish of the Sisters who deemed them none too severe; the community at large were unwilling to change them in any respect, Bishop Flaget left the matter to Father Nerinckx, and he would not sanction a change in statutes approved by the Propaganda and endorsed by His Holiness Pius VII. He resolved, therefore, to leave the diocese, and put into execution his long-cherished desires for the conversion of the Indians and Negroes whose condition had been a source of grief to him since his first arrival in the United States. In his farewell letter to his heart-broken children of Loretto, the

noble Father gives a little sketch of his priestly labors and his hopes of many new efforts for God and souls in the future, which shows him the true man of God.

But his crown was ready. He left Loretto on June 14th, 1824, for St. Louis, was warmly received by Father Rosati, who was overjoyed at his plans for the poor Indians, and he set out for Bethlehem Convent to perfect his arrangements. Stopping on the road to say Mass for a little settlement which had not seen a priest for two years, the angel of death found him at his old missionary work. "Faithful unto death!" Supernatural signs and the working of miracles are mentioned in connection with his last hours. He sleeps at Loretto, a beautiful monument marking the spot, but his imperishable monument is the SOCIETY OF LORETTO.

Bishop Rosati said: "You would be edified if you saw those holy maidens. But what do I say? One sees only their dress, for a veil of coarse linen envelops their whole head. Their dress, furniture, everything in fact, bespeaks poverty and humility. They work the whole day long, not only sewing, spinning, and weaving, but also working in the field. Perpetual silence, with the exception of an hour's recreation after dinner, and frequent prayer sanctify their day, which is very long, for they get up at four A. M. Everything about them reminds one of the old solitude of Thebais. Every quarter of an hour one exclaims: 'O Suffering Jesus!' and is answered by the others with—'O Sorrowful Mary!' From time to time they may be heard singing canticles at the sound of the bell, without interrupting their work. Although not cloistered they are entirely secluded, and our good people respect them so much that they never dare to intrude upon their silence. They go barefooted, have no other dresses but what they make themselves, of dyed linen in summer and of wool in winter, and they sleep upon a straw tick spread on the bare floor. Their fare is not more delicate: no coffee, tea, or sugar. It is a true pleasure to witness their fervor, which equals that of the strictest communities of Europe in the palmiest days of their first establishment."

'TATER JOHN'S MAGGIE.

By Harry Vincent.

I.

"HAPPLES and pears 'ere, a penny a pound, all ripe, all ripe! All fresh, all fresh, fresh 'errings, fresh 'errings! Come, buy, buy, buy! 'Ere you 'ave *hex*-cellent steaks and chops; so come buy, buy, buy! Hice cream, hice cream, a penny a cup or two cups for three 'a-pence, hice cream!"

Such were the cries that greeted the ears of the pedestrian who chanced to turn his steps, any Saturday night, into High Street, Marylebone Road, London, West.

High Street, those Saturday nights, became the property of all the costermongers of that section of the west end of London. Traffic of all other kind was suspended. No cabman ever attempted to drive its length and very few ever tried to cut across it, unless they found it unavoidable. From Marylebone Road to George Street, every Saturday night the year round, from seven o'clock in the evening till two on Sunday morning, there was a tremendous crush of hand-carts and small wagons drawn by donkeys, and a dense crowd of women doing their purchases and of strong, brawny, ill-clad and dissipated-looking men who, on this their only evening of labor, made enough profit on their sales—not to support their wives and children for the coming week—but to keep themselves in drink for at least the next two or three days.

It is a cheap shopping street; barbers, butchers, cobblers, haberdashers, linen-drapers, clothiers, grocers, and tinkers all do good trades; there are a few coffee-houses and every corner building is a gin-palace.

On Saturday nights the sides of the street are lined with hand-carts, on one side of which stands the costermonger and on the other his wife, ready to attend to the needs of the scantily-pursed shoppers, who crowd the pavements. The middle of the street is blocked with donkey carts and costermongers whose business requires that they should shift their hand-carts about from place to place.

Conspicuous amongst these latter was a large, dark man, more than six feet high, with heavy shoulders and a bushy black beard. He was known by the sobriquet of "'Tater John," and his stentorian cry was heard above all others: "All 'ot, all 'ot, 'ot 'taters, all 'ot." He steered his hand-cart along the street amongst countless others, with a skilfulness that told of much experience. He was closely followed by his wife, who usually walked by his side with her arm linked in his or her hand in the side-pocket of his coat.

"Where's Maggie to-night, Mary Ann?" he asked suddenly.

"She stayed at home; I think the girl was tired."

"Well, she's a good gal, so I've no fear for 'er," he said, and they pushed their way on through the crowd. "'Ot, 'ot, 'ot 'taters, all 'ot!"

'Tater John undoubtedly did a big business. He used to speak of it himself as a "spiffin' trade." The costermongers dealt as a rule in herrings, water-cress, fruit, turnips, carrots, glassware and crockery, and were always glad, on a cool evening —and so were the women who were out buying—of something to eat in the way of a baked potato. Besides, John had a knack of doing them decidedly well, and he always sold them cheap and piping hot, and gave a liberal supply of salt to each purchaser. Moreover, they were all large "'ot 'taters." The shorter the customer, the longer the potato. He had no desire to cheat anybody.

John knew this was the secret of his success, for otherwise he was a very unpopular man. He stood higher and was broader in the shoulders than any other costermonger in the street; he could strike a stronger blow and fight more skilfully; and besides he was about the only one who bore a reputable name.

He used to boast that he'd never once struck his wife, and he had never been seen drunk. "I believe in whiskey 'eart and soul," it was his wont to say; "there's no better medicine in the world, and as long as I takes it every time I get sick, I don't believe I'll never die. Every time I feels a cold comin' hover me, I goes 'ome and sends for a bottle. I settle down in my

chair, and I drink till I fall all hover the floor and can't see hout of my heyes. But when I'm like that I never thinks o' strikin' Mary Hann. I likes 'er hall the better. I let 'er hundress me and put me to bed, and I wake up in the mornin' as right as tuppence."

This reputation of John's had brought him under the notice of the parish priest. Father Donnelly had taken him in hand, and tried to point out to him how much good he might do amongst his companions, by preventing wife-beating and drunken brawls.

John Boggs misinterpreted the priest's advice, and ever since that time—despite all further conversations they had held on the subject—he had pursued the policy of castigating all offenders most unmercifully. Thus matters stood—John was afraid of no man in London except Father Donnelly, and everybody was afraid of John except Harry Small.

This lad, commonly called "red-'eaded 'Arry," was a particular admirer of the Boggs family, and especially of Miss Maggie. He earned his living by selling "trotters," and was in John's good books for his steady work, his pluck, and his proverbial good-humor. He was John's own disciple—the only one he had. He thought drink was a curse and wife-beating a crime, and as he was unable to stop it directly, he did so indirectly by reporting every case he heard of to his idol.

At the corner of Paddington Street there is a blazing gin-palace. Next to it is a thriving eating-house, over the door of which glared the enticing sign—"Tripe, heels, and onions for 6d." Directly opposite, a costermonger and his wife were selling fruit at a penny a pound. Every two pounds that were sold, the man stepped into the saloon and treated himself to a "tuppenny rum."

As the liquor went to his head, he grew louder in his cries of "Happles and pears, a penny a pound," and more eager to sell. His wife, with the fruit half-sold and not a copper in her pocket, afraid of him for his coarse, hoarse voice, his bloodshot eyes, and his clenched fist, determined at last to resist him. A woman passing by stopped and bought of her a pound of unripe pears as hard as bullets, and handed her the money.

"Give up that money, hussy," he cried.

"I'll do nothin' of the kind. You've had enough to-night," she answered. "I want something for myself and the children."

"The same old cry," he roared, seizing her wrist; "curse you and the children, what's that to my burnin' thirst? Give it up, I say, d'ye 'ear? give it up."

A shouting eager crowd gathered around in a minute, watching anxiously for the first blow. There was a short struggle, and then he felled her to the ground with one blow, and commenced to wrench might and main at her closed fist in which she securely and tightly held the penny.

The fruit cart was overturned, and in a second a score of urchins were tumbling over one another in the muddy gutter scrambling for the upset apples. Harry, who had seen the whole thing, ran off immediately to 'Tater John. Leaving the cart in charge of his wife, he arrived just as the ruffian succeeded in tearing the coin from his wife's bleeding hand.

"You brute," he cried, as he caught him by the collar and sent him reeling against the crowd, and then seized him by the arm and hurled him into the middle of the street. The unfortunate fellow was quickly sobered by this summary treatment, and skulking off disappeared into the crowd, whilst John, pushing back the mob roughly, lifted the woman to her feet, righted her cart, and picked up what remained of her scattered, mud-stained fruit.

But trouble of this kind always unfitted John for further business and sent him home early.

"You did that covey up proper," said Harry, as he reached the corner. "That was a stunnin' back-'ander you gave him. Don't you like lettin' em 'ave it?"

"No, 'Arry," he replied, "it's one of these things I'd rather do for a week than a fortnight." And with this expressive remark he turned down the street in the direction of his house.

II.

East Street is a little narrow street running parallel with Baker and High Streets and at right angles to Marylebone Road

and Paddington Street in the west end of London. Its houses are old, small, and of brick, and their inhabitants—who are as a rule costermongers—are of the lowest class of people in that section of the great city.

It is a street against which little Manchester and Duke Square boys are continually being cautioned by their mothers. Rumor said that it was unsafe for a well-dressed pedestrian to pass through it, and that at night-time it was as much as a policeman's head was worth to pace its pavements.

Revolting scenes of drunkenness and wife-beating were daily and nightly occurrences. Red-faced, bloated women quarrelled and cursed each other and their husbands, and grumbled that there was not more drink in the world. Shoeless and stockingless uncared-for children frolicked in the gutters, in constant danger of their lives from the passing cabs and butchers' carts, which were driven past the houses at the highest rate of speed, to get beyond such unholy sights as were visible. And all this wickedness went on within a stone's-throw of the beautiful church at Spanish Place.

But there's never a rule without its exception; never a loathsome and wicked place without some pure, bright spot. And so, in the midst of the wretched, tumble-down houses, stood a smart little two-story brick building, with a railing in front freshly painted, and the brass handle on the door, which led you at once into the parlor, brightly polished.

The floor of this room was covered with a cheap but prettily designed carpet. The walls were quietly papered, and ornamented with photographs and pictures from the *Graphic* and *Illustrated London News*. On the mantelpiece there was a clock, a few vases, and some more photographs. The furniture consisted of a sofa, three chairs, a table, and an organ.

The only occupant, at the present moment, of this cheaply furnished but carefully kept room, was a tall, simply dressed girl, with a bright, honest, good-looking face, large black eyes, and coal-black hair which was twisted into a knob at the back of her head and curled over her forehead after the good old fashion.

She was now sitting with a picture-book on her knee and her eyes on the door. "Oh, why did I do so, why did I do so?" she cried as she burst into tears and buried her face in her hands; "and God has always been so good to me! Why did I not confide in dear Father Donnelly, when he has always been so kind to me, instead of going off to be married in secret by a parson? But I was so afraid I should lose him—and I was so sure he would consent to be baptized immediately we were married! Why does he hesitate? Why does he not keep his promise? Can he possibly have deceived me? He surely was not making a promise he had no intention of keeping. Oh no, I will never believe anything so base of dear George. He will be baptized—I have only to wait a little longer."

Poor Maggie had suffered agonies since the day she had been lured into the presence of an Anglican clergyman to be married. At times she thought her heart would break with sorrow, for she knew she had done a grievous wrong; and she was fearful to a degree of the anger it was sure to arouse in her father when he should come to hear of it.

At last the welcome sound she so expectantly awaited came. There was a knock at the door, and she bounded to open it. A handsome young man, with a fair face and slight black mustache and dressed with the greatest possible care, entered the house.

"Oh, my dear husband," she cried, "dear George, I'm so glad to see you. I was so afraid some of these rough men around here would hurt you. It's so dangerous for anyone dressed like you about here."

"Then," answered George Bunting, "why do you force me to come here?" and he caught her shoulders in his hands and held her at a distance to admire her. "Why are you not a good little girl? Why don't you leave your home and come to live with your husband, who has a nice house ready for you? I don't understand you quite; the very minute we were married you came home, and positively refused to see me anywhere else but here."

"You know very well," replied Maggie, "why I don't go with you. You promised me before I married you that you would become a Catholic, and I told you that if you did not I would never live with you. You thought I would break my resolution, didn't you? But you see I haven't, and I won't either."

George stood with his hands in his pockets, staring at the pictures and photographs on the walls in a careless manner.

"My dear little girl," he said, as he finally sat down on the sofa by her side and took her hands in his: "I don't think a young wife should talk to her husband like that. You should give in to me in some things. I should not be expected to accede to your desires in everything."

"I am your wife, and when I go to live with you in your house," answered Maggie, "I will do everything you ask that my conscience will allow me. But this is a promise you made me before I was married to you; and I told you what I should do if you did not keep it. When you said you would do everything I wanted as soon as we were married, I expected that you would have gone to a priest and declared your intention the very moment I became your wife."

"Oh, you strict little girl!" said George. "Why are you so severe? Why don't you come home with me now? Mother is dying to see you. I'll make it all right in the end."

"No," answered the girl firmly, "I won't. It wouldn't be right, and I have done enough wrong already. In our Church we are not allowed to marry Protestants, and I only married you because I thought your promise was almost as good as making you a Catholic. You never broke a promise to me before."

"And I won't break this one either," said George. "Only do come home with me first and leave this dreadful neighborhood. I declare I'm afraid you'll be murdered here some night."

"Never fear that," laughed the bright girl; "no one would dare to lay a hand on Potato John's little girl. I'm as safe here as a princess. But Georgy dear," she added, her face growing very serious, "won't you please keep your promise? I want to tell father and mother, and go and live with you. I'm yours, and

I ought to be with you all the time. It breaks my heart to be separated from you."

"Oh, I don't think I am obliged to believe all that," George said laughingly; "if you liked me so much you would come home with me at once."

"That would be as much as saying that I like you better than my religion and God," answered Maggie; "and if I told you that you would despise me."

"Then you think," said George, "that no one should change his belief for the sake of others, no matter how much he thinks of them?"

"Certainly not!"

"And also that it is wrong to try and persuade a person to worship in another church than his own?"

"Most decidedly!"

"Ah, my little girl, you have let me corner you," said George, playfully; "for you have just admitted that it is wrong in you to try and persuade me to worship in your church, which is different from mine, and again you have no right to expect me to change my belief, no matter how fond I am of you. What do you say to that?"

"I have done neither of these things."

"What!"

"When you first spoke to me," replied Maggie, "and asked me to marry you, I told you it was out of the question because we did not belong to the same church; and then you said that you had no church—that, though you were supposed to be a Protestant, you were not because you really did not believe in anything—and I promised to be yours because I loved you very much and because I was anxious to make a convert of you."

"Well," said George, "you come home with me—for my house is your home and not this—and I'll be a good Catholic as sure as you're a good girl. Now!"

"No," answered Maggie, "it wouldn't be right. I've done wrong enough, and you oughtn't to ask me when you know it would be a sin. You've made me do harm enough already. It was

awfully wicked to be married by a parson, and I don't know how I shall ever confess it to Father Donnelly—and still less to my own father. I'm sure you would keep your promise if you only knew how our good Angels would enjoy themselves over it."

"What a funny girl you are! Where did you get such an idea as that?" said George. "I'll tell you what I'll do: You come to church with me once, and then I'll go with you, and we'll always go to the one we like best afterwards!"

"Done," cried Maggie, who, as we can already imagine, had less discretion even than piety, though the good Angels did protect her from her hasty blunders; "and if I don't win, I'll never laugh again!" And the bargain being struck, George got up and began examining once more the pictures and photographs on the wall.

"Pretty little girl, that," he said suddenly, "almost as nice as her doll"—pointing to a picture from the *Illustrated London News*. "You must have looked like that when you were a little girl."

"Oh, I don't think so," answered Maggie simply. "I never had so clean a face; and I don't think I ever had a doll."

"Who's this old buffer?" asked George.

"Oh, for shame!" answered Maggie; "that's Father Donnelly, the dearest man in the world."

"What, dearer than me?"

"Well, he is at present, but he won't be after you've been to see him with me."

"All right, don't forget that," said George. Oh, here's an old chap who's away up. What sort of a fellow is he, Maggie?"

"George, you really must not be so disrespectful!"

"Oh, I'm not. I'm only chaffing."

"That," said Maggie, "is the Cardinal in his robes. You've heard of Cardinal Manning, haven't you?" she explained in answer to his inquiring look. "Don't you think he's nice?"

"Yes, very, but not half as nice as I am," whereupon he received a slap across the shoulder. Then they sat down on the sofa again, and George began telling her how much he liked her

little parlor, but how anxious he was to take her away from the dangerous neighborhood.

"Don't mind me," said Maggie; "I'm quite safe. What I am afraid of is how you are to get home unharmed. Did anything happen to you as you came?"

"Yes. One fellow shoved something in my face and asked me if I wanted a trotter. What's a trotter, Maggie?"

"Why, you eat them. They're very nice. Harry sells them."

"Oh, are they? I'm sorry I didn't know that before; I'd have bought some. We might have had quite a feast over them. No, Maggie, you mustn't be nervous about me. I shall be all right. But I must be going now, or your father will be returning and making no end of a disturbance."

He had scarcely uttered the words when the rattle of the cart was heard outside, and in another minute, Mr. and Mrs. Boggs walked into the room and faced George Bunting.

III.

Mrs. Boggs, a comely little woman, from whom Maggie had inherited her coal-black eyes and hair, threw her arms above her head and cried out in amazement: "Lawks a mercy, Maggie, what's the meaning of this?"

'Tater John, whose face was already flushed with rage and scarred from the late encounter, glared at George, slammed the door to behind him, and put his back against it to prevent an exit.

"Yes, sir," he commenced, as quietly as possible, "what's the meaning of this 'ere?"

"Oh, not very much," answered George carelessly, playing with the handle of his cane.

"Well," said Boggs, striking the palm of his left hand with his fist and then shaking it in George's face, "whether it means much or no, I intends to find exactly just what it do mean, d'ye 'ear? I'm John Boggs, I am, Potato John, the biggest man in the business, and I don't let any man get the better of me, so just remember that."

"If you are Mr. Boggs," replied George, quietly, "and this young lady is your daughter, then I must change my answer to your first question. It means nothing much to me, but a great deal to you—more, perhaps, than you are aware of."

"I don't want any beatin' around the bush," cried Boggs furiously, turning up the cuffs of his coat-sleeves meanwhile in a very threatening manner. "I want a direct answer to my question. You're in my 'ouse, talkin' to my daughter. Now I just wants to know what it hall means."

"And I wish you to understand," said George, "that I do not intend to allow myself to be catechized by you. So kindly step aside, and let me out."

"Let you hout?" cried Boggs. "I'd like to see myself. I'll not let you hout of this 'ere 'ouse till you've hexplained yourself. So make up your mind to that."

During this conversation, Mrs. Boggs had succeeded in keeping her daughter quiet; but at this point she refused to be restrained further, and releasing herself she advanced towards George and said to him: "Tell him everything, it's much better—there will be trouble if you don't."

"Stand back, gal," cried her enraged father: "go and 'ide your face in shame, you've disgraced yourself and your father and mother. And if you refuses to be ketichized, as you're pleased to call it," he continued, turning to George, "I'll just tell you what it all means myself. You're one of them bloomin' dandies as walks about so light as you wouldn't break a hegg if you trod on it. And you've found my gal hout, and you've been tellin' 'er lies by the yard, and fillin' her 'ead with hall sorts of nonsense. And now I'll just tell you what I'm goin' to do: I'm goin' to thrash 'er before your very heyes, so as you can see what you're doin' for 'er. And then I'll give you such a 'iding as you never got afore in your 'ole life, and as you'll never get again. And if I don't break your 'ead for you afore I've done with you, blow me. Send I may never sell another 'ot 'tater, if I don't 'alf murder you."

Having thus delivered himself, the exasperated potato-vender

threw off his mud-stained coat and hat, rushed at his daughter, seized her by the wrist and pulled her violently into the middle of the room. George, who threw himself between the man and the girl, had just time enough after Boggs had finished speaking to notice by the glare of the lamp in the street that a crowd, attracted by the man's angry shouts, had gathered outside the house.

Their delighted cries to one another were distinctly audible. "There's a racket, there's a racket. 'Tater John's poundin' the hold woman all hover the shop."

"Don't strike her, John, for God's sake," cried his frightened wife: "you'll kill her. For shame, to think that manly John Boggs would ever lower himself to strike a helpless girl. What would Father Donnelly say?"

"Don't hinterfere, Mary Ann," shrieked the strong man in a perfect fury, "or I'll whip the 'ole gang of you, you and the gal and Father Donnelly and the 'owling swell 'ere, and bang all your bloomin' 'eads together."

The strong arm was raised with clenched fist to descend on the head of his hapless daughter, whose tender little wrist he bruised and lacerated, so roughly did he hold and handle her, when George threw himself against him just in time to ward off the blow.

"Don't strike her," he cried; "the girl is my wife."

"Your wife?" the other shouted, starting back; whilst Mrs. Boggs buried her face in her hands and burst into tears, and Maggie threw her arms round her husband's neck, who stood facing his furious father-in-law, undaunted.

"Your wife, d'ye say? And pray let me hask you, hare you a Catholic?"

"No," replied George, "I'm not."

"And who was it as performed the marriage ceremony?"

"A parson, sir, a parson—a very good fellow—he's a friend of mine."

"Young lass," John cried to his daughter, "don't you see what you've been doin'? Don't you know your ketychism?

Don't you know as you've been committin' a mortal sin? Don't you know that the Pope'll be hexcommunicatin' you? Don't you know that if you was struck dead now, you'd go straight to 'ell for hall eternity? You may well sob and cry and wring your 'ands, and beg of me to stop. I sees you don't like to be reminded of these horful truths. An' you, Mary Hann—d'ye 'ear, mother?" he continued, turning to his wife. "It's just what I thought, 'e's been deceivin' the girl, gettin' some wicked hold parson to perform a marriage hover them. 'E's been ruinin' your pretty lass, and takin' her in, and bringin' sorrow to you and myself. Don't stand there cryin' now—this is no time for blubberin'—but get the poker and break it hover this coxcomb's 'ead, or else stand hout of the way, for I'm goin' to clear the place hout."

Whilst he was saying these words he had changed his position, forcing George to edge round to the other side of the room, so that the latter now stood, after having pushed Maggie aside, with his back to the door and the little window to its left looking out on to the street. George clenched his stick firmly in his hand, and awaited his adversary's attack.

Boggs, who was almost crazy with rage, pounded the furniture with his fist, hurled the chairs against the walls, pushed his wife roughly over to the other side of the room where Maggie stood shivering with fright, and throwing himself with all his might and weight across the room, aimed a blow directly for George's head. He dodged it, however, just in time, and the costermonger missed his footing on the slippery carpet and brought his shoulder heavily against the window, shattering its panes to atoms.

In a second the mob outside had set up a cry and hurled itself against the door, which quivered on its hinges and gave way under the weight thrown against it. They flooded into the room helter-skelter and joined freely in the fight. They seized the chairs and tore the pictures from the walls, and hurled them at each other's heads. Men who but a second before had been listening to Boggs' shouting and threats, enjoying it to their hearts' content, flew at each other with indescribable ferocity and

fought like tigers. Women, half intoxicated with drink and glad to have a chance of venting their spites, cursed and tore each other's hair.

George was struck in the jaw and felled to the ground, and experienced much difficulty in regaining his feet, so great was the rush into the room, whilst three or four strapping fellows threw themselves on Boggs before he had time to recover himself, and belabored him unmercifully. Harry Small, who was known to be a great admirer of Maggie's, was one of the first to enter the room, and planted himself in front of the two women, whom he pluckily and successfully shielded from all attacks.

George, by means of three or four well-directed blows of his stout stick, which staggered those who opposed themselves to him, forced his way finally out of the house, and beat a hasty retreat till he reached Paddington Street, where he immediately gave notice of the state of affairs to the police. 'Tater John, having once regained his footing, set upon his enemies like a roaring lion, felling them right and left. He fought with the strength of a Samson and the fury of a maniac. He dealt blow after blow straight from the shoulder, sending the luckless fellows who came within his reach reeling on all sides. His shouts were dreadful, and he struck so hard that the spirit of the mob was soon daunted, and they threw themselves pell-mell out of the room into the street. Then Boggs turned triumphantly with a bleeding face to his wife and daughter, who were still under the safe protection of Harry Small.

(*To be concluded.*)

BRUNO THE SAINT.[1]

THE CONVERSION OF ST. BRUNO.

ALL the world — that is, the wicked world — has been going mad of late about one of its own, the apostate friar Giordano Bruno. This man had such evil desires in his heart that he could not endure the silence of his convent. When he had given himself up to the evil deeds which follow on desires unchecked, he did not dare to think of God except to blaspheme Him. Last of all, that he might draw some boldness from company, he did all that he could by his books to make others as bad as himself. Even so he led an unquiet life, and the darkness of night found him terrified by the visions of the God he had offended.

Five hundred years before the evil Bruno, there was a Bruno who became a Saint. He too was learned in all the learning of his day, and he had all the honors of the world put before

[1] The frontispiece and other illustrations are from the celebrated series of paintings by Eustace Le Sueur, made in the last century for the Carthusian monastery in Paris, but now in the Louvre.

him. But he sought for silence, because *in silence and in hope was his strength to be.*[2] The thought of God was sweet to him and, like Christ his Master, *he passed the whole night in the prayer of God.*[3] And he too wished to share what he had gained with others, and in prayer and solitude others gathered around him; and his disciples remain with us to this day—the Carthusian monks, the strictest of the contemplative religious orders of the Church.

St. Bruno is alike the glory of Germany and of France and of Italy. In his day all Christians felt a common brotherhood in the same Church, and national divisions were not enough to divide the children of the common Father of all. He is one of the two founders of great religious orders whose birth was in Germany. St. Norbert, who came later on with his white Canons, was the other.

Bruno was born in Cologne upon the Rhine in the year 1030. At that time there was a great desire for true learning, although the means of satisfying this desire were few and scant compared with the progress made since the invention of printing. Thus the Holy Scriptures, which have always been the basis of the Church's learning, had to be copied out laboriously by the monks; and each student, if he wished to possess books, had to do as the monks did.

The parents of Bruno put him early to the famous school of St. Kunibert in his native city, for his elementary studies. If the priests of the Church had not freely devoted themselves in such schools to the instruction of youth, the so-called Reformers of a few centuries later would have had neither Bible nor training with which to foist their errors upon the simple people whom they led astray. Of course they did not thank the monks; they only flouted them or, as they did to the English monks of St. Bruno himself, burnt them alive or tortured and put them to death in divers other horrible ways. It is strange that the books put into the hands of our own countrymen to-day carefully pass over all this, while at the same time they are filled with the most

[2] Isaias, xxx. 15. [3] St. Luke, vi. 12.

odious accusations of the Catholic Church, to whom their writers owe it, as has been well said, that they can read at all.

From the elementary school in Cologne Bruno went up to another celebrated school at Rheims in France, where the great Gerbert had founded studies of renown. The lad was only fourteen years of age, but there was already in his young heart the desire of devoting himself to God in the priestly state. So he passed through the first three years of the Latin course, and then through the four succeeding years, according to the curriculum of that age—*Trivium* and *Quadrivium*—and at the end was pronounced "a very mirror of Latin scholarship."

From Rheims, ever in search of knowledge, he went on to Tours, where the far-famed Berengarius was lecturing on *wonderful things that were above him.* But the simple faith of the young scholar soon found that his new master, in the pride of intellect, had become blind to the elementary truth that *he that is a searcher of majesty, shall be overwhelmed by glory.*[4] It was the Blessed Sacrament which the pride of this man of false learning attacked, and so Bruno sadly betook himself back to Rheims, where he studied and prayed and labored for long years until he was named to the high position of *Scholaster* of all the studies in that centre of science.

So far his prospects in life were of the brightest. He was gradually promoted to positions of great honor and influence, and he was linked in friendship with others as wise and good as himself. But he was soon to learn the fleeting vanity of this world, even when taken at its best; and probably the voice of God was already *alluring him to go far off flying away, and abide in the wilderness;* there God himself *would speak to his heart.*[5]

Some of his youthful verses, written in the very fair Latin hexameters of the time, seem to show that he had ever been inclined to contemplate the serious realities of life rather than to stop at the mere outward show.

[4] Psalm cxxx. 1; Proverbs, xxv. 27.

[5] Psalm liv. 8; Osee, ii. 14.

Our Lord hath brought us mortals to the light
That we may merit here His blissful sight;
And happy he who so directs his way
As watching against sin by night and day;
Nor he unhappy who—his crime once done—
Still weeps repentant that 'twas e'er begun!

Yet men live on as if there were no death
And hell were but a vain and fleeting breath;
But all our senses teach the living die,
And Holy Writ bids us from hell to fly:
Then he who fears not lives a wretched fool,
Dies, and is lost beneath the eternal pool.

So may we mortals through life's waters steer,
That hell shall have for us nor pain nor fear!

At that time the easy communication of all parts of the Church with the Holy See was not as now. Besides—and perhaps on account of this—the nomination of Bishops had much less supervision and safeguard than in our day; it was much easier for the unworthy to be promoted through civil or social influence. In fact, this is hardly possible at all in our time, not even where the civil government presents to the Holy Father the names of those whom it would gladly see appointed to this or that See. And any example we may find in past history simply goes to show the absolute necessity to the Church of God that His Vicar on earth should be independent of all human authority and free to direct the flock entrusted to his care, as Providence may inspire him.

When the Archbishop who had recognized the worth of the young scholar Bruno and had constantly promoted him came to die, a worldly ecclesiastic named Manasses succeeded by the use of unlawful influence in getting possession of the See of Rheims. It is even certain that he used downright bribery for this purpose, thus making himself guilty of simony—the sin of Simon Magus—buying and selling holy things for temporal gain.

At first Archbishop Manasses was smooth and conservative in his dealings, and he made great use of Bruno. But when he thought himself firmly seated on his throne, he began showing

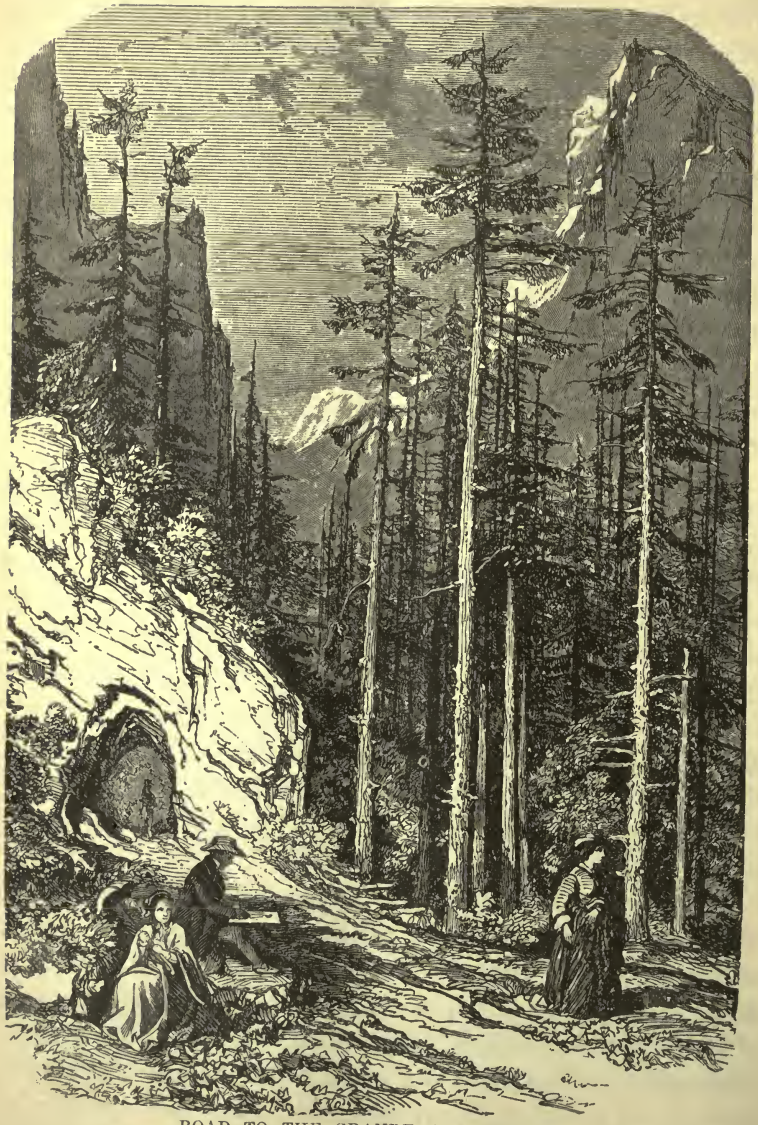
ST. BRUNO REFUSES THE MITRE.

forth all the frivolity and worldliness and covetousness that made up his true character. Poor Scholaster Bruno scarcely knew what to do; but at last he put himself forward with others to bring the wretched simoniac to trial, and after several years Manasses was deposed by his fellow-Bishops and their sentence was confirmed by the Pope. Then the sinful prelate wandered away into such obscurity that history tells not even the place and time of his death.

Until now Bruno had lived in all praise of piety and with an interior good conscience in the world. To natural eyes he would have seemed to be doing much more good where he was than shut up in a wilderness with a few companions. But he had become disheartened in the great world, and illusions had fallen from before his mind's eye at the sight of deceit and treachery in high places.

The Pope's legate wished to seat him in the now vacant chair of the Archbishop of Rheims—a position grand enough to attract the loftiest mind. But Bruno had seen the French King Philip I. protecting simony, and he would no longer put his trust in princes. Six companions, filled with the same desires of personal holiness as himself, agreed to follow him; and his dearest friend Ralph, the Provost of the Cathedral, promised not to wait long before entering the order of St. Benedict. Many years later, after Bruno had founded his own new and strict rule of monastic life, we find him still writing to his old companion who had now become Archbishop of Rheims, after being fitted for that office by his years as a monk.

At first the little band sought out a solitude near Robert of Molesmes, who was himself a Saint just founding the Cistercian order of monks. Bruno found St. Robert with his disciples living in little cells built up by their own hands from the branches of the forest-trees around them, with a little house of prayer in their midst. But he was not called to the life of these monks, even in the primitive fervor with which they kept the rule of St. Benedict. All the inspiration of God led him yet further back to the solitary spirit of the early Egyptian hermits; and in



ROAD TO THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

fact the rule of life he gave his monks is a medium between that of those venerable Eastern anchorets and the later monks of the West. So by the advice of St. Robert, who like all the Saints desired nothing so much as to make each man follow out the designs of the Holy Spirit, even if not to the advantage of his own work, the little band of seven decided to go elsewhere to find the solitude they were seeking.

Accordingly they went on to an old-time scholar of Bruno—Bishop Hugh of Grenoble. On their way, the vision of a rugged desert over which seven stars were shining was granted to the Bishop, who knew not of their approach. According to the vision, St. Hugh was to light up these wondrous stars; and he hastened to lead them to the Carthusian wilds—the *Chartreuse*, in his own diocese—up through a mountain defile to where then were only rocks and trees, with a few cold meadows on the table-lands shut in by the highest peaks.

Here the great monastery, known now for nearly eight hundred years as the Grande Chartreuse, was afterward built, and the Revolution has not yet entirely succeeded in driving the monks from this cradle of their order. The tall dark pines and fir-trees still lift up their heads along the rocky cliffs that beetle above, and in the autumnal frosts the dun glow of the rhododendrons runs like a flame along the rough and scarred mountain-side. One of the monks described it, in his Latin verse, much nearer the Saint's time than our own. But even so, all its present wildness can scarcely tell us what it was when the seven seekers after a closer communion with God entered here where the wild beasts still held undisputed sway.

Vix ibi sunt herbæ virides humilesque genestæ,
Et larices abiesque et tensæ in sidera pinus.

Scarce grow the green grass and the lowly broom
'Mid the star-seeking pines and larch and fir-trees' gloom.

Gradually the strictest rule of the contemplative life now in the Church's use grew up in this holy desert. All but perpetual silence and study of holy things and prayer and fasting here reign

over the nights and days; and the grim mountain-pass still guards round this one spot near to heaven.

But Bruno himself was soon called away, to advise Pope Urban II. in those stormy times of the Church. He never returned to his longing disciples, but when he was free retired to another solitude in Southern Italy. There his body rests to this day. Meanwhile he had again refused the proffered mitre; and his whole life was one long retreat from the world and the things of the world. Great painters have once and again painted the various scenes of his life for the monasteries of his children; some day they may be reproduced in detail to edify a generation which truly complains—"the world is too much with us."

—Old pines, the lonely breeze that by them strayed
Wooing in vain; old yews, hiding the ground,
Gray oaks, and far-off spires, seem to have found
A voice, while busier sounds are dimly spent,
As waken'd by the stillness. One around,
On pillars of blue light, hath spread His tent;
And walks with us below in silence eloquent.

GLORIFICATION OF ST. BRUNO.

ODD BAPTISMS.

By a Hospital Chaplain.

I HAVE lately had occasion of talking over some of my experiences concerning Baptism. They seemed to startle the hearer. Perhaps it would be good that it should be more widely known that carelessness in providing for the baptism of children is more frequent than people are aware. Four instances come to my mind.

1. A dying woman at the almshouse declared that her child—a girl of eleven years—had never been baptized and that she was at the Protectory. I wrote to the Sister Servant at the Protectory, and got for answer that there had been no child of that name in the institution. Now the mother was dead, and I was quite in the dark.

Fortunately, a few months later the Sister happened to be at the office of the Protectory in the city and, looking at the register, noticed the name I had given and read a note appended, stating these facts. The child had been taken to the office; but at the same time a lady applied for a little girl, and Very Rev. Father Quinn, the Vicar-General, who happened to be at the office, directed that the child should be entrusted to the good lady. The address of the lady was given. I wrote to the parish priest of the place, in a neighboring State. He answered me that the information was quite providential, as he was actually preparing the child for her First Communion!

2. A man whom I had known under unfortunate circumstances and who had reasons for keeping concealed in his little home, sent his wife with her baby to the church to get it baptized. When the priest asked for the name, she said—"Jeannette." The priest objected to the name, as being one she must have picked up in some novel. The woman felt offended, and said that her own mother was called Jeannette and she would have her daughter called Jeannette also; and she went home in a pet. She had the wickedness to tell her husband that the child had been baptized.

As soon as she had told the wicked lie, the child went into

horrible convulsions. The mother became scared and confessed the truth to her husband. He sent her in haste to Sister M. Catherine—at that time the angel of the prison—to know what should be done. A priest came and, as soon as the child was baptized, the convulsions at once ceased.

The whole story was related to me by the father in presence of his wife and child.

3. A good man whose ordinary occupations did not engross his whole time offered himself to help me in any way he could. I proposed to him to call on some of the persons I had met when they were in the hospitals or in the prison, and to tell them I was anxious to know how they were getting along and that I should be very glad to see them. Many answered these invitations, and they have been sometimes the occasion of much good. I will mention two instances in which Catholic adults, whose baptism had been neglected, were found out and "made all right."

A man whom I met at the Tombs, committed for drunkenness, was very glad I had sent for him. He had something very important to tell the priest. He had a boy nineteen years of age, who had never been christened. When he was born the family was moving. They had been wandering a great deal for several years. The parents waited until they should be settled before having the boy baptized and, being hardly ever settled, the matter had been altogether neglected.

The poor boy was brought to me. He was horrified at learning that he had not been baptized. He showed much goodwill and prepared earnestly. It was remarkably providential, as he died not very long after.

4. Another baptism of an adult Catholic, which my good man secured, was that of a boy whom I had found on the School Ship. He did not know he had not been baptized; and I had no reason to suppose he had not been. I prepared him for his First Communion, which he made on board the ship, and for a number of months he remained there, going regularly to confession and Communion. When he left, he went to live with his married sister, as his parents were dead.

Having the address of the sister, I sent my good man there. The woman was very glad I had sent for her brother. She would bring him herself, as she had something very important to tell me; and indeed she had. When they came to me, I began encouraging the boy, speaking of his First Communion, asking him whether he had attended his duty since he left the ship, and so on; when his sister interrupted me:

"And, Father, I must tell you my brother has not been christened!"

I said: "How is that? Were not your people Catholics?"

"Yes, and my mother brought him to the church to be christened, but she had no sponsor. The priest told her to look for one. She left the church and neglected it afterward, and she told this to me on her deathbed!"

So I had to prepare that boy for baptism, after having prepared him for his First Communion!

"COLD AS CHARITY."

By John Acton.

Ah me! the bitter thing this beggar wails,
With pallid, frozen palms beseeching me:
"Passer, in Christ's name, help! My body fails
For food and fire: *'tis cold as Charity!*"

O Sacred Heart! 'tis such as I have made
This beggar-byword of sweet Charity,
By heart self-bound, by crust and coin delayed,
E'en though Thy dear poor pleaded naming Thee.

THE MEANING OF THE SCAPULAR.

VII.

THE Christian people believe—and the Church has for centuries encouraged them in the belief—that "he who duly wears the Carmelite Scapular at the moment of death will be saved."

This is not an article of faith, of course, and the Church does not teach it as a part of her faith; for it is not a matter of the *public* revelation made by God to His people, and the Church's teaching of faith is drawn from the public revelation only. But it has come to the faithful through a Saint canonized by the Church; and the Church has given privileges and Indulgences to the devotion of the Scapular with full knowledge that this great promise was bound up with the devotion in the minds of priests and people.

It is difficult to ask any higher human testimony, or any more providential sign, of the truth of the *private* revelation to St. Simon Stock on which the promise is based. And, in point of fact, the faithful Catholic people have gone on to our own day, wearing their scapulars with all consolation.

Catholic writers can find no difficulty in the fact of a devotion built up on a like private revelation; the appearance of the gift of prophecy in the Church from St. Paul down has been too frequent for that. But questions have been asked and difficulties raised which make it necessary, at the present time, to give a very detailed and explicit account of the meaning of the promise itself. It is hoped that such an explanation will serve also to a better understanding of other *devotions with promise.*

1. *What do the common faithful understand by the promise made to the wearing of the Carmelite Scapular?*

Clearly they do not understand anything in direct contradiction with their Christian faith; and the most ordinary teaching of their faith is that he who is in mortal sin at the moment of death will not be saved, Scapular or no Scapular. It is impossible to imagine the most ignorant Catholic believing that mortal sin and salvation can go together; such a man would not be a Catholic

at all nor even a reasonable being, supposing that he understood the meaning of mortal sin and salvation.

Therefore the common faithful simply hold that "he who duly wears the Carmelite Scapular at the moment of death will not die in mortal sin."

But mortal sin, as every Catholic knows if he knows anything at all about his Catholic faith, is in the will; and no man's will can be turned away from mortal sin and receive forgiveness and enter into the friendship of God—all of which are required by salvation—without an actual and working grace of help from God. And, finally, no grace of God works effectively without man's free will consenting to it and joining with it in its work. So that "not to die in mortal sin means valid repentance of sin, the forgiveness of sin, and the state of grace or justification of the sinner.

Hence, in sum, the faithful hold that "he who duly wears the Carmelite Scapular at the moment of death will not die without truly repenting of his sins, nor without God's forgiveness and sanctifying grace."

It is time now for the theologian to put a question, though it will be necessary to recur to the Christian instincts of the common faithful before the examination is over. It is already plain that if the "due wearing" of the Carmelite Scapular implies all that has been said, there is nothing less in contradiction with faith and reason itself than the promise made to it. But it is also a prime truth that all Christian devotion, whether based on a private revelation or not, can never do anything more than apply the means and principles *publicly* revealed by Christ through His Apostles to the Church. God's gift of prophecy to this or that Saint is for the instruction or the comforting of His people in the Christian *faith, once delivered.*[1] And if He chooses to promise His special blessing to some particular act of devotion, it must be an act that, in accordance with the Christian revelation, is calculated of its own nature to obtain the blessing promised. What is peculiar to the promise will be the special character of

[1] St. Jude, 3.

the blessing or grace—something greater and more effective than the general blessing which the act would win of itself.

It is therefore necessary to seek the connection existing between the wearing of the Scapular and God's special grace on the one hand, and the connection between the same wearing and man's good-will on the other. And does the promise made to the wearing of the Scapular apply to the first only, or to both of these connections? And, finally, is there the slightest discrepancy between the feeling of the common Catholic in this matter and its analysis by the theologian?

2. *In what principle of the Christian revelation is there found a connection between the due wearing of the Scapular and the giving of grace?*

In the infallible power of prayer as repeatedly taught by our Lord, and explained by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church.[2] Even, the wearing of the Scapular—supposing that the wearer fulfils the conditions dependent on his free will, of which presently—realizes with extraordinary fulness all that is required in order that prayer may be heard without fail.

In the first place, it is a devotion having for its direct end the obtaining of the salvation of him who practises it; and whatever may be said of prayers that are not for God's glory, it is certain that all prayer for our own salvation is pleasing to Him and sure to be answered in the measure of the sincerity with which it is offered up.

Again, the wearing of the Scapular is a devotion of faith and hope. It is a constant remembrance of the fact that Christ is the all-powerful Son of God, and that Mary is His Mother. As often as the Scapular is noticed by its wearer, and the desire comes back to profit by the graces promised to its wearing, so often an act of faith and hope is made in the strength of God's salvation imparted to us through our Lord Jesus Christ and in the helps merited for us through His precious blood. It is unnecessary to

[2] See commentators on St. Matthew, vii.; Father Ramière, in the work recently published at the MESSENGER office as the 1st number of the Quarterly *Sacred Heart Library,* treats this question fully.

say that all the Saints who have written on the subject have considered filial devotion to the Blessed Virgin, under any form, to be a true sign of predestination. In the Scapular, most of all, such devotion is a direct summons to God to be faithful to His solemn promise— *Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.*[3]

Besides all this, the devotion shown by wearing the Scapular is a constant perseverance in prayer. In this way it fulfils the condition so urgently insisted on by all spiritual writers, and indeed by more than one Father of the Church, that the grace of final perseverance is given to persevering prayer. The grace of final perseverance is itself made up of the series of a life's graces leading the soul onward until death finds it in the love of God. Of course, it is only at the hour of death that this great gift becomes truly effective, that is, does its full work. For this reason, perseverance in prayer is demanded up to the last; and this precisely is secured by the true wearing of the Scapular as a devotion of faith and hope.

It might here be remarked that, although the gift of final perseverance is actually brought into use only at the last moment, yet it may be certainly given to this or that soul long years before death. Otherwise what is said of the confirmation of certain Saints, and nominally of Christ's Apostles, in grace would have no meaning. That such a grace can not be known by the one who receives it without a special revelation from God Himself is evident, for it does not fall under human experience. Also, this revelation is not often made, for it would be without use in God's ordinary Providence. This is the true meaning of the decree of the Council of Trent, which has been sometimes misapplied to the devotion of the Scapular; and the decree itself was made against the presumptuous doctrine of the Evangelical Protestant sects, which demands of all the elect an experience of "Christian assurance" in this world. The promise of the special final grace made to the Scapular depends, on the contrary, on final perseverance in prayer. This too is a grace of itself, but it

[3] Joel, ii. 32; Acts, ii. 20; Romans, x. 13.

is also an immediate and most proper object for testing the infallible power of prayer.

VIII.

Over and above the immediate connection between the personal acts of the one devout to the Scapular and the grace of final perseverance thus given in answer to his persevering prayer, another of God's most solemn promises to prayer is realized here. This is that He will unfailingly hear the prayers of Christians uniting together in the same devotion. *I say to you, that if two of you shall consent upon earth concerning anything whatsoever they shall ask, it shall be done to them by My Father Who is in heaven. For where there are two or three gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.*[4] Now the Scapular is the sign of union with the great religious order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, with its many canonized Saints that protect it in heaven and the many holy souls among its friars and nuns, and with the Confraternity of the Scapular which is in union with and depends on it.

This side of the devotion of the Scapular is not always duly appreciated from not sufficiently attending to the doctrine of the Communion of Saints as applied to the religious orders and other approved societies of the Church. Thus the promises made to the wearing of the Scapular are not like the Indulgences attached to it by an act of the Church's jurisdiction; they form part of a private revelation, and are supernatural favors given primarily by God's special Providence to the Carmelite order, and through this order to outside Christians who may be legally affiliated to it. The Scapular is primarily the habit of the children of the order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel; and, whatever may be the conditions of the Indulgences, the supernatural graces are promised only to those who wear it in union with the Carmelites. It is for this reason that the Church has always insisted that the devotion of the Scapular should not be separated from the religious order to which it has been confided by God's Providence. In fact, it is

[4] St. Matthew, xviii. 19, 20.

easy to understand what a powerful element in the power of pleading possessed by the Scapular is derived from its uniting the wearer with all the satisfactions, the austerities and prayers and good works of every kind, as well as with the actual graces and the increase of charity found in each and every member of the Carmelite order, men and women, throughout the world.

Yet another privilege of this devotion is the fact that it is a special honoring of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The private revelation made to St. Simon Stock was from her; and the promise was to those who honor her. It has always been of Catholic tradition that devotion to Mary is a special pledge of divine assistance at the hour of death.

Maria Mater gratiæ,
Mater misericordiæ,
Tu nos ab hoste protege,
Et hora mortis suscipe!

Last of all, there is nothing in this promise that in the least clashes with any theological way of explaining the workings of "efficacious" grace, or the "gratuitous" nature of the grace of final perseverance. All agree that final perseverance is the fittest possible object of prayer, and that we are to pray for the graces that go to make it up. So far as the actual and effective working of grace is bound up with the human will, this too is verified in the devotion of the Scapular, as will be seen in answer to the next question. And, as has been already shown, it is not by way of merit that the Scapular professes to bring its wearer to a happy death in God's grace, but by the pleading of prayer.

If it be asked how then does the devotion of the Scapular differ from the ordinary use of prayer for perseverance, the answer is plain. First, by the very laws regulating it, the most perfect conditions of prayer for final perseverance are fulfilled to the letter; and, secondly, private revelation tells us that God takes a special pleasure in this devotion, and that through it He will effectively work in us with His all-powerful grace—because of His Blessed Mother whom *He the King desireth to honor.*

THE PROMISES OF THE SACRED HEART.

THE TENTH PROMISE: *I will give to priests the gift of touching the most hardened hearts.*

It is not surprising that the difficult ministry of priests should be remembered in the promised blessings of the Sacred Heart. "God my Saviour," says Blessed Margaret Mary, "has given me to know that those who labor for the salvation of souls shall have the gift of touching the most hardened hearts, and shall have wonderful success in their work, if they are themselves penetrated with a tender devotion to His Divine Heart."[1]

The priest himself is God's messenger, for telling all men what their Maker wills of them; and he is the minister of God's Sacraments of forgiveness and grace. The Sacrament that has made him *a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedec* assures to him the graces of his state of life; but there is constant need of new and extraordinary grace for the ever new circumstances in which he is to exercise his priestly ministry. Most puzzling and disheartening of all his difficulties is the desperate work he will often be called on to undergo in striving to win back a hardened sinner to the love of God.

It is not, indeed, the ordinary grace of God that covers the case of a soul which has gone on year after year in the ways of wickedness, and has scouted all repentance as if willing to defy the condemnation of the Almighty. In our poor human way of looking at things, it seems to us natural that God should finally abandon the hardened sinner, and cease to touch his heart by calling on him to change and return from his sin to the life of grace.

The priest, on his part, expostulates in vain. He strives to awaken the live faith of childhood; but habits of vice and indifference are so imperious that the sinner no longer has ears for the words of his younger days. The priest tries to awaken fear for the future—that fear which men the most ignorant of religion feel at the near view of the darkness of death. But a soul which has bent all the energy of its faculties to the things of time will not stop to think of what is yet unseen. Even the

[1] *Letter* to Fr. Rolin, S. J.

heathen philosophers noted that the old did not lose their vicious passions, although they could no longer satisfy them. So the Catholic, who has sowed the wind in his youth has nothing in his old age but to reap the whirlwind—unless indeed God gives him some great grace. If he has really become hardened, it is clear that such a grace must be obtained by some other than himself. In this Tenth Promise it is said that the priest who, by God's Providence, labors over him, shall have the gift of touching his hard heart.

It is a gift from God; for the priest of himself speaks to deaf ears. But, if his words are enkindled at the fire of the Sacred Heart, they shall awaken in the sinner's cold heart some little heat to melt the ice of sinful habit and affection.

It would be curious to know just how this is done in particular cases. In the regular working of God's actual graces, they first bring back to the mind some affecting thought of religion. Even the most hardened sinner frequently has some soft spot left within his heart. The priest will find it out only by chance, unless God's infinite wisdom direct him to it. And so this gift will sometimes consist in leading the priest to bring back to the mind of the sinner some long-forgotten thought which, even now, has a strong influence of faith over him and may lead him to repentance.

Sometimes these strong, sweet thoughts start up of themselves, or are brought out by others than the priest; thus St. John Gualbert thought that he had hardened his heart for the revenge he had vowed to take on his brother's murderer. But when he met the unhappy man, who was moreover quite unarmed and therefore an easy prey, the latter threw himself upon his knees and stretched out his hands in the form of a cross and begged his life in the name of Jesus crucified. The young man was startled in his revenge. How could he slay even a murderer when he remembered that Christ had been slain by sin? And so he bade his brother's murderer go unscathed and freely forgiven, while he himself turned aside from the passions of time and became a great Saint.

Often enough, however, there are plenty of thoughts of faith in the sinner's soul, but they are not warmed into life by the grace of God giving them their full strength as motives for the action of the will. The priest may have a persuasive voice and earnest, kindly ways, yet he cannot reach the depths of the conscience where all shame and remorse have long been extinguished. Here too it is promised him that the sinner shall be warmed at the fire of the Sacred Heart, if the priest is faithful to call It in aid to his own ministry. It is one of the most striking things, often repeated in the *Thanksgivings* published month after month in the MESSENGERS OF THE SACRED HEART, that so many hardened sinners have at last yielded when the Sacred Heart was called on in their behalf.

But the heart of the sinner is not always changed because his soul is enlightened and his feelings touched. In the Christian use of words, 'heart' does not mean feeling alone, nor even principally, but it refers to the affections of the will. There are plenty of unhappy Christians living in sin who bemoan their lot and take no step to escape from it. The tears they shed might deceive men, but God Who reads the heart knows that their wills are not yet changed. They would gain heaven and keep on in their sin. Now it is the gift of the Sacred Heart to move the will, to strengthen it so that it will follow the light of faith and overcome the greatest impulses of wicked temptation. And to the priest devout to the Sacred Heart, it is promised that his word shall not only enlighten and touch the feelings, but he shall also move hardened sinners to act with their wills. For every man, no matter how great a sinner, can be saved—*if he wills!*

What are the exercises of piety which the priest will naturally perform in order to merit this gift for himself? The same as those which go to make up the devotion to the Sacred Heart among all other Christians. First, he will implore the aid of the grace of the Sacred Heart on all the works of his ministry. In this way St. Francis de Sales was careful to prepare himself in the sight of God for the administration of every Sacrament.

Again, he will not rest satisfied with asking for favors; he

will adopt in his own life the devotion and the virtues of the Sacred Heart. These are unalterable patience and meekness in dealing with sinners, along with a great horror of sin and a desire to make reparation for it, just as our Lord did not only forgive the sinner but first offered His own life for the sinner's salvation. Thus we read of St. Francis Xavier's giving a light penance to a notorious sinner, but afterward he was found completing the penance in his own innocent person. In fact, this is but a part of the priest's vocation. He sees more nearly than others the greatness of the sins committed against God, and he should be in the disposition to repent for those who think not of the God Whom they wrong by sin. He offers up the Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ in the Holy Mass; and he therefore ought to be more intimately associated with that Sacrifice.

It is these two sides of the devotion to the Sacred Heart—personal love and reparation—that shine most of all in the devout priest's life and win for him this crowning grace of his ministry—that of touching the most hardened hearts. This too explains the success of the Saints where more eloquent orators or more accomplished scholars failed. *Behold, I will make My words in thy mouth as fire.*[1]

MR. KEMPER'S WORK AND THE PROMISES.

[Our readers will remember the remarkable work of Mr. Philip A. Kemper, of Dayton, Ohio, in connection with the Promises of the Sacred Heart. He now publishes them in over 100 languages, and sends out gratis many thousands to the missions. His words will explain the needs of this really good work.]

——Yesterday I received an order from Asia for the Promises in several languages, amounting, as given, to 61,300, but for the world I cannot say, though written in fair English, whether there is any intention to pay anything for them or whether they are expected gratis. If the latter, I simply cannot do it. I am willing to send a few thousand, but under the circumstances in which I am placed, with no outside help to speak of, I cannot send such

[1] Jeremias, v. 14.

a lot altogether gratis. It would moreover nearly sweep out my present supply. I have concluded to send some and get further information in the meanwhile. . . .

Yesterday also I received the MESSENGER. I read the Ninth Promise—that is, your comments on it—with intense interest.

The whole article seemed to run so much in the line of my humble efforts, that I began to wish for even a foot-note of ten words' mention of it, in the hope that some good soul might take a thought from it of how laudable it might be to put a little gold prop under my weak financial arm, to help the cause along. . . . My little things cannot hope to incite the devotions your larger ones do [?]; in fact, they come in for the greater part of their usefulness where yours to a large extent are likely to lose theirs—in the wild countries of Africa, Asia, the little civilized tribes of Oceanica and the huts of our own poor Indians. It is there chiefly—the hovels and apologies for houses in which most of these poor people live, almost too small to find room for a large picture—that I most delight to see my little insignificant pictures go. One good Father (Oblate) writes me from near the North Pole that his poor Indians seemed transported with delight when each one got one of the pictures; that they took it home and gave them the best place in their huts—kneeling before it to say their family prayers. Of course these are wayside consolations for the burthen one has to bear in a work like this—trifling though it may seem to many.

My greatest anxiety now about it is the needed new edition. I cannot order a small one, it would make the pictures come too high, and the amount needed for a large edition—say 300,000—goes beyond my reach. The "selling" part, as an auxiliary, is a failure and, except to friends, I would like to and will likely withdraw them "from the market." Possibly when this is done more sympathy—more aid will be the consequence. For the present I continue to give them away, averaging about 8,000 a month this year. May the good Lord send me the needed help soon if He sees any good in it and desires me to continue.

PHILIP A. KEMPER.

The Reader.

It is now thirty years and more since Bernadette, the little peasant girl of the South of France, saw the different apparitions of the Blessed Virgin at Lourdes. Her own words that she had seen a beautiful lady, with the rosary beads in her hands, standing in the Grotto above the little river, would have provoked little curiosity. But somehow the people began flocking to the river bank, and then wonderful cures of body and soul were wrought among them. The crowds grew, coming after a time from great distances. The civil power tried to suppress the gathering, but it went on all the same. Enthusiasm could not explain its long continuance, and then—no one in these crowds saw our Blessed Lady, and it was not likely they would give credence to the unsupported statements of a young and ignorant girl. No, but there was some supernatural attraction that invincibly drew the faithful people to this new shrine, and the miracles that followed justified the words of the little Bernadette.

And now, for more than a score of years, Lourdes has been the sanctuary of the whole Christian world. It is built up with vast temples, and pious pilgrims from all parts of the globe—in thousands from our own America—are seen there year after year. Indeed, Lourdes is itself our Lady's greatest miracle.

***

The wonders of Lourdes have naturally excited the curiosity—and let us say it, the apprehension—of those outside the Church. If the Blessed Virgin could work miracles for the Roman Catholics, what excuse could there be for not accepting the Church of Rome as the true and only Church of Christ. Yet it has been generally acknowledged that the facts in the case, miraculous or not, must be granted. A writer in the *Century* magazine (Dr. J. M. Buckley), a year or so ago, tried to put the whole thing down as an instance of "faith-cure"! Either through ignorance or because he was unwilling to tell the whole truth, he quite left out of sight the wonders worked where mere subjective faith or the excitement of enthusiasm could have nothing to do with the matter, as in the case of children or where one person was cured at the prayer of another. Some years before, a popular New York minister (Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr.),

who had himself visited Lourdes, openly proclaimed the supernatural character of what he called the "Mountain Movers," and bewailed the stern fact that Protestant faith could not win the same graces from heaven. He did not see, in his blindness, that miracles are given by God only to the truth, and not to false systems. Lourdes has indeed been a witness to the truth of the Catholic Church of Christ.

It is a pity that one of our largest American magazines—*Harper's* for October—should open its pages to a mere calumny on this point. That the editor is himself ignorant, or afraid of a titled contributor, does not explain away the gratuitous insult made to the myriads of American Catholics that love and honor Our Lady of Lourdes. The insult, too, is in the teeth of perfectly well-known facts. M. E. de Pressensé is a prominent French writer of that scantiest and prosiest and least alive, from a religious point of view, of the sects—French Calvinism. As a respectable man, he is often obliged to side with the Catholics—they forming the only *respectable* body in his own country—in his views of "The Religious Movement in France." But, as usual, wherever the Blessed Virgin crosses the path of one of his ilk, he breaks out into coarse falsehood. It is not too much to say that he must have known the falsity of his remarks. He declares the pilgrimages to Lourdes to be a "superstition which would have made the great French bishops shudder," and that "the spuriousness of pretended apparitions of the Virgin has been demonstrated by the most respectable priests."

What are the facts in the case—facts which cannot for a moment be brought in doubt?

First, no priest—"respectable" or otherwise—has ever in any way attacked the genuineness either of the apparitions or of the miracles of Lourdes, during the last twenty years in which ecclesiastical authority has occupied itself with the question. The most venerable English and American bishops have been on repeated pilgrimages thither, and the Popes have protected and honored the shrine in the most striking manner.

Secondly, as to "the great French bishops," let us have the testimony of one whom M. de Pressensé delights to number by name among "the most distinguished bishops." This is Monseigneur Dupanloup, the late Bishop of Orleans. If he can be cited by our opponent in behalf of the most preposterous statements concerning the Vatican Council, why may we not use his

authority against the same opponent when he wilfully misrepresents us?

***

The following extract dates from 1872, and was published by the historian of Lourdes during the Bishop's lifetime.

——One evening a priest, tall, austere and distinguished in his appearance, knocked at the door of the convent of St. Gildard in Nevers. The Mother Superior was ill. One of the Sister Assistants received him.

"I am come a considerable distance," he said, "and I have taken the journey for the express purpose of seeing and making the acquaintance of Sister Marie Bernard." [This was the name of Bernadette in the convent which she entered eight years after the Apparitions.]

"Oh, *Monsieur le Curé*, we can grant this permission only when explicitly authorized to do so by the Bishop of Nevers; and I must not hide from you that he next to never grants it. Unless this rule were observed, our dear Sister, who wishes only to be left alone, would be always in the parlor."

The priest seemed disappointed. The Sister Assistant added: "However, as the Bishop is not at Nevers, the Vicar General's leave would be sufficient."

"I had special reasons for desiring to remain unknown when I should see her," answered the priest, "but since I have no choice, I will let myself be known." Pushing back his black cloak, he showed the Sister his Bishop's cross. "I am the Bishop of Orleans," he said.

The Sister knelt and begged his blessing, and went at once to summon Bernadette. More than enough proof had already spread a settled belief in the apparitions of our Lady at Lourdes through all Christendom. But it seems that the Bishop still had some difficulties; and he had come to Nevers, to speak himself with Bernadette, whose testimony was thus sounding through the world.

Bishop Dupanloup spoke long with the young seer. His eyes were filled with tears as he left her, and all perplexity had finally disappeared from his heart. "I have just seen the innocence of a soul," he said, "and the irresistible power of truth."

A few months later, and he too went publicly to kneel at the Grotto of Lourdes!

Books Received. —From the author (Fr. Pustet & Co., New York).

De rationibus festorum Sacratissimi Cordis Jesu et Purissimi Cordis Mariæ. Libri IV. (2 vols.). Auctore Nicolao Nilles, S. J. *Editio Quinta novis accessionibus adornata.*

This is the latest edition of this standard collection of official documents concerning the history and liturgy of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. The Index is especially complete, and the work is a necessity for all purposes of reference, as well as an abundant source of theological and ascetic information.

From the author (Herder, St. Louis, Mo.).

Cultus SS. Cordis Jesu Sacerdotibus præcipue et theologiæ studiosis propositus cum additamento de Cultu Purissimi Cordis B. V. Mariæ. Scripsit Hermannus Jos. Nix, S. J.

This is a quite new and original work, and perhaps the best compendium yet published of what is becoming a necessary treatise of theology.

From Fr. Pustet & Co.

Veni Sancte Spiritus: A Novena in preparation for the Feast of Pentecost. By a Sister of Mercy. Cloth, 32mo, 132 pp., 40 cents.

From P. J. Kennedy, 5 Barclay Street, New York.

A B C for Catholic Children. A series of Stories for young readers; with a word now and then to Parents and Grown Folks. By Rev. A. M. Grussi, C.PP.S.

The Little Follower of Jesus. By Rev. A. M. Grussi, C.PP.S.

Two more of the delightful books of stories and apologues for the young by this author (See MESSENGER for April of this year, page 303).

From Caryl Coleman, Gorham M. F. G. Co., 889 Broadway, New York.

The Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary according to the Roman Breviary.

This is by far the neatest edition of the *Latin* Office—well printed and *accented*, and with the rubrics in *English*—that has as yet been brought out for college and other Sodalists.

From the author, Rev. Father Lawrence Moeslein, Passionist.
(Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York.)

O Riven Heart! O Cor Confixum! Hymn to the Sacred Heart of Jesus (words English and Latin). In music sheets with cover, 8 pp., 25 cents.

From the author, Rev. W. F. Hayes. (A. Ruetty, Bookseller, Columbus, O.)

Columbiads: pearl drops from the fountain of wisdom wrought out in sober settings in the laboratory of thought. By A Random Thinker.

From Benziger Brothers, New York.

Prayer. By the author of "Golden Sands." Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon. Cloth, 32mo, 152 pp., 50 cents.

General Intention

FOR OCTOBER, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

THE HUMILIATION OF THE CHURCH'S ENEMIES.

INVITED this month to join in earnest prayer to the Sacred Heart for the humiliation of the Church's enemies, it behooves us, first of all, to understand clearly: 1. What the Church is. 2. Who are the enemies that assail her? 3. What manner of humiliation we are to beg the Lord to send upon them.

I.

The Church of Jesus Christ is the Kingdom of God upon earth—the organ of the Holy Ghost for carrying on the mission of the Eternal Word until the end of time. She is not a mere system of doctrines skilfully formulated and wisely expounded; not a mere organization admirably constructed and even divinely protected. Over and above all this, she is the Spouse of Jesus Christ, one body with Him, fruitful Mother of Christian children whose sublime privilege it is to be animated by the very Spirit of God, the Holy Ghost. Jesus Christ is the Head and the Church is the aggregation of those who by faith in Him and its outward profession were, one by one, through the Sacrament of Baptism, purified from original sin, raised to newness of life by the operation of the Holy Ghost and engrafted as living members under that one Divine Head.

By this we learn to understand clearly that the Christian Church was established in the world by making Christians or, which signifies one and the same thing, members under the headship of Christ. Faith is the first essential requirement or foundation of this membership: hope and charity, with other virtues in their train, are added as the necessary complement to make that faith living and profitable unto life everlasting.

But when once the membership has been completed, charity may be lost by sin and hope be buried in despair; whilst faith may still support a union that is unprofitable, unless the same will that cast out charity and stifled hope, repent of the ruin that was wrought and co-operate with the Holy Ghost in restoring once more the beauty of His temple. When the roof was dismantled and the walls tottering and only the foundation left, He could not dwell in it.

This is only another way of saying that one may still be a member of the Church, though no longer a friend of God. All are not saints, but all are called to be such; and all are supplied with abundant means which, through the merits of Christ, are able to make them holy.

Hence we have the outward organization of the Church with a visible Head representing the Invisible as His Vicar and authorized by Him to speak in His name; and the sole mission of this Church and her ministers, in every degree, is to carry on the work of Christ—to make Christians, to preserve faith in its purity, to go after the wandering and to save the lost: in a word, to be messengers of God's mercy to every human being.

II.

The enemies of the Church are, in broad terms, every man, or society of men, or kingdom which wilfully stands in the way of her divinely-appointed work or thwarts her beneficent enterprises or maltreats her ministers and children. The scandal-giver, the calumniator, the profligate, the time-serving ecclesiastic, the ambitious or neglectful prelate, each in his degree, does the work of an enemy.

But when our Holy Father Leo XIII. speaks, in language which shows how the venerable man's heart is wrung with grief and pity, of the malignant hatred of the Church's enemies and the persistent violence of their attacks, he refers chiefly to the plottings of the secret societies, the blatant impiety of the Socialists and free-thinkers, the shuffling diplomacy of so-called statesmen whose loftiest aim is statecraft, the unholy greed of rulers,

and the decay of public honesty which stoops, with so much composure, to condone or to justify public robbery. Verily, *the kings of the earth have stood up and the princes have gathered together against the Lord and against His Christ.*[1]

They do not, it is true, like the fierce pagans of the olden time, draw the sword and strive to drown the Church in blood. They do not burn her children at the stake or cast them to be devoured by beasts. But their hatred of her is just as relentless and their methods are more insidious and harmful. They are striving to break down the pillars of her strength by specious pretences. They poison the minds of her children by barring her influence upon the young in the school-room. Their minions and mouthpieces are stifling the air with false principles and maxims. All idea of the supernatural is quietly set aside; the natural man is pampered; his ideas of right and wrong are bounded by expediency and opportunity; the weights and measures of his justice are the luck to escape or the power to hold.

How can men trained by such methods and fed upon such garbage bear with composure the interference of the Church with their spirit of unrestrained license? How can they listen to her majestically calling upon them, in the name of Jesus Christ, to turn from their evil ways and to walk in the path of justice?

III.

Truly, the spectacle of the world to-day is not consoling to one who views it according to the principles of Jesus Christ. Not, indeed, that private iniquity abounds more or that the reign of sin is more absolute. But there is no Christian public opinion; a supernatural principle has no weight in public affairs. Europe, with her so-called Christian rulers, is one great camp of armed men; and nations reputed to be civilized and Christian are like chained dogs growling at each other, and with nothing to hinder them from lacerating each other, except the chain—the policy, the expediency, the prospect of the result.

[1] Psalm ii. 2.

And meanwhile the Vicar of Christ appeals in vain for justice. However much the rulers may differ and wrangle among themselves they all agree in ignoring his claims and leaving him to his chances. Like a certain model statesman of their pattern they wash their hands of his case and hand him over to the caprice of the mob. Thus it comes to pass that not only the freedom of the Church is hampered but, what is far worse, the license of heretics, unbelievers, and Jews is enlarged and emboldened; so that ruinous havoc is wrought upon the flock of Jesus Christ. The young are led astray and the old are hurried toward deeper degradation by the baneful influence of successful impiety.

We, therefore, in the true spirit of the Apostleship of Prayer and as zealous members of the League of the Sacred Heart, beg the Lord to stay the Church's enemies in their impious course. We ask not in vengeance, but in mercy, that He would break down the loftiness of their pride, so that by humiliation they may learn to look to Him and to seek forgiveness.

Puffed up with success the monarch of Babylon forgot the Lord and robbed His sanctuary; but, in the very midst of his riotous excesses, the handwriting on the wall struck terror into his guilty soul, and fear was to him the beginning of wisdom. The Emperor whom great success had rendered defiant, the chastisements of the Lord bent down in penitence at Canossa. Break their pride, O Lord, to save them! In the humiliations we ask for them we know that a Father's hand will wield the rod and a Father's love will temper the blow.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular, that the Church's enemies may be brought low, and from their humiliation the kingdom of Jesus Christ may come in the world. *Amen.*

THE POPE'S LETTER FOR OCTOBER.

THE ROSARY AND DEVOTION TO ST. JOSEPH.

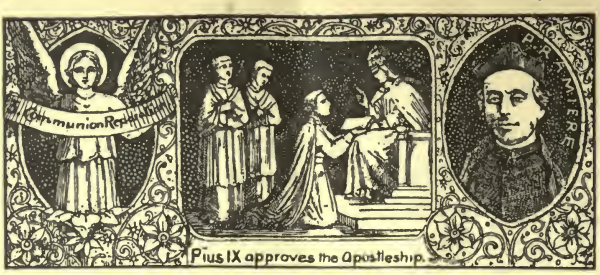
Leo. XIII., from the beginning of his reign, has called the attention of the faithful to the need of prayers for the well-being of the Church. For this reason he ordered the special recitation of the Rosary in churches during each month of October.

In a late Encyclical Letter, dated on the feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady in the present year, he renews this disposition, and adds a form of devotion to St. Joseph. The foster-father of our Lord, who was "set apart for the defence of the Christian name, will also, we must believe, guard and protect the Church which is the house of God and His kingdom on earth." This letter has already been published in the Catholic papers. What specially concerns the work of the MESSENGER is the constant coming back of the Holy Father on the fundamental idea of the Apostleship of Prayer. "For," he explains, "sooner or later, the fruit of pious prayers and of hope in God's goodness will appear."

THE CONSECRATION OF FAMILIES.

(*Official Notice.*)

The Lists of names of Families that have consecrated themselves to the Sacred Heart during this bi-centennial year of the revelations, are now to be closed, preparatory to having them bound up in the *Golden Books* which will be deposited in the great sanctuary at Paray-le-Monial. The number already received is very large, and a summary—by dioceses, parishes, and communities—of all the Lists received here will be published later. It is earnestly desired that all these Lists be in by the first week of November, in order that acknowledgment may be made in the last MESSENGER of this year, and that the names may be received at the sanctuary before the feasts of Christmas.



FATHER RAMIÈRE ON THE ORGANIZATION OF THE LEAGUE.

[These grave words were written shortly after the final revision and solemn approval of the Statutes of the "pious work" of the Apostleship of Prayer. Beside these utterances of the venerable priest who was raised up by Providence to found and spread this work, what are we to think of those directors of souls who propagate a so-called Apostleship of Prayer with unauthorized "Manuals" published *before* the Statutes were approved, without any *union* with the Central Direction—though they assure their people that they gain the benefits of the *united* prayer—using publications and leaflets declared spurious and invalid by Rome, and finally not securing to their people one single condition of the established organization of the work, or instructing them in a single practice required for the gaining of the Indulgences!]

The light of experience has now rendered it easy for us to point out the conditions to be fulfilled if our work is to bear everywhere the blessed fruits which it has already brought forth in some places.

I.

It is necessary, first of all, that God should inspire some person of influence with favorable dispositions toward the work and with the desire of working to spread it.

These dispositions will not always be found in the quarters where assistance was hoped for. With some persons, who are otherwise prudent and zealous, the exceeding multiplicity of new works is a peremptory motive for rejecting this along with all others, without even making inquiry if it has any special claim on their good-will. It will also happen, more than once, that some will condemn this work on false appearances, without seeking after accurate ideas concerning it in the authorized publica-

tions which lay down its doctrinal basis. The devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus has had too much experience of such opposition to make it a matter of astonishment or complaint, when we see that our own work is marked with the same seal.

But the Heart of Jesus will not fail to join consolations to the trials, of which He will not deprive works that are dear to Him. Often, from the most unexpected quarter, He will raise up devoted helpers. Sometimes this will come from the stirring of His interior impulses; at other times, souls lowly and powerless of themselves will obtain by their earnest entreaties and pious importunity the assistance of powerful patrons. They will not suffer themselves to be driven back by a first refusal; they offer the book of the Apostleship of Prayer and they gain a reading for it. Usually nothing more is necessary. The moment that its main idea has fastened on the attention, the mind is taken by its simplicity and greatness. Thus in every country of the world, pious prelates, influential priests, religious of every order, and zealous missionaries have come forward of their own accord to spread the work around them.

II.

Their success has been all the easier as they have lost no time in finding among the simple faithful devoted and working Promoters.

This is the second condition of growth for the Apostleship of Prayer; and this condition, happily, it is not difficult to fulfil. Wherever the Heart of Jesus is known and loved, souls are found who will not be content with honoring Him for their own sake, but aspire to the honor of spreading the worship of the Sacred Heart. Fire always spreads; but, more than any other flame, that which consumes the Sacred Heart tends to spread itself abroad, and every soul that is enkindled with Its heat feels the need of sharing it with others. As soon as we truly love this Divine Heart, we desire to find friends for It; and, since the Apostleship of Prayer has this for its sole aim, we are only too happy to make use of the easy means it furnishes for this purpose and to devote ourselves to spreading its work.

Nothing more is needed for the organization of the work and for assuring its stability. A certain number of Promoters, men or women, gather round a zealous priest, all stirred with the high ambition of glorifying the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of helping to realize Its desires. At least once each month they meet together to agree on the means they are to take, the dangers they must avoid, the useful works they are to help on. It is impossible that the Sacred Heart should find such instruments so ready for Its work, and should not make use of them in carrying out the designs of His love.

We have spoken of men among the Promoters, as well as women. It would be, indeed, a mistake to imagine that this association is only for the weaker sex. The Heart of Jesus—the tenderest of hearts—is also the strongest; and the devotion of which It is the object is a manly devotion. When it takes the form of devotedness—and this is the peculiar character of the Apostleship of Prayer—this devotion becomes yet more fitted to the needs and tendencies of pious Christian men. Who is the man, truly pierced through by the love of Jesus Christ, who could believe himself dispensed, because he is a man, from entering into a League formed for the defence of the interests of this Divine Saviour and for the realization of His desires?

Thus the Apostleship of Prayer will be perfectly organized and will bring forth all its fruits, only where there is the harmonious action of Councils of Promoters, men and women, in which the men and women rival each other's earnest devotedness in carrying out the Sacred Heart's designs of constant mercy to all the souls redeemed by His precious blood.

III.

The most earnest desire of this Heart so loving is to be loved. So the first duty of the Promoters, men or women, is to gain to the Sacred Heart many friends. They apply themselves therefore to increasing the number of those who honor the Sacred Heart, not only by exterior practices, but by sincere devotedness to Its interests. For this purpose the Apostleship of Prayer offers them its *Three Degrees.*

To induce the greatest possible number of Christians to make the interests of the Sacred Heart their own, at least by the daily *Morning Offering* [First Degree], is already something. This simple practice may even have a very considerable result, for all theologians teach that it can be sufficient to give to all the works of the day, and consequently to the entire life of those who practise it daily, the excellent merit of charity and the apostolic power of zeal.

Yet it is to be feared that its very easiness lays it open to the danger of being forgotten. So the Promoters—men or women—will do their best to persuade their Associates to unite with this daily Offering the recitation of the *Decade of the Beads* [Second Degree]. Besides its intrinsic merit, this practice has a triple value. It secures for us, before the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the all-powerful intercession of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. It frees us, by its monthly renewal of our intention, from the danger of routine. Last of all is the still more priceless advantage to be derived from the organization into Bands of fifteen and the monthly distribution of the Tickets, which keep up the life of the work by establishing constant communication among its members.

The same results, in yet larger measure, will be obtained if, over and above the simple decade of the Beads, there is adopted as a means of organization the *Communion of Reparation*, either weekly or monthly [Third Degree]. Among all the practices of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, there is surely none that better realizes devotedness to the interests of this Divine Heart, and none consequently that should be dearer to the Promoters and Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer.

This, therefore, is the question which we now put to the devoted Christians, the zealous priests, the religious and the missionaries who until this day have given so generous a co-operation to the Heart of Jesus. Do they find in what they have done for Him a reason for repose, or do they not rather see a motive for laboring with renewed earnestness? The exceeding great reward which He has in store for them because of past services ought to stir their ambition and move them to merit a yet greater recom-

pense. They have won over to him many friends; but how much greater still is the number of hearts that love Him not? He has the right to win their love; and, if it is in our power to gain some of these hearts to Him, can we refuse it? Since the day when we entered His service, He has showered ever new blessings on us, and they make Him worthy of all our thanks. Then too the Church is attacked by new dangers that make our Apostleship more than ever necessary. Is there not more than one soul whose loss we might have hindered by more fervent prayers? How many, at this very moment, are leaping into the abyss of hell? Yet we might prevent their fall by multiplying the number of those who would pray and offer themselves in sacrifice for their salvation.

We ought then to redouble our zeal in spreading and organizing in every place this Apostleship of the Sacred Heart of Jesus; and that our efforts may be more fruitful, we will beseech this Divine Heart to aid us with the all-powerful help of Its grace.

The Morning Offering of the Apostleship.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

I offer them, in particular, for the spread and permanence of the work which has for its aim to give Thee as many apostles as there are Christians. O Jesus, increase in every class of society the number of these apostolic souls, who will aid Thee to scatter over the earth the fire with which Thou desirest to see it enkindled. *Amen.*

Apostleship Notices.

New Approbation.—The Right Reverend Bishop of Detroit has graciously renewed the approbation of his predecessor for the propagation of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the diocese.

Recent Aggregations.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (from August 12 to September 12, 1889).

The name of diocese in *italics*, before parish or community aggregated.

Baltimore, Maryland: Convent of the Good Shepherd, Baltimore.

Brooklyn, New York: Convent of Mercy, Brooklyn.

Chicago, Illinois: St. Gabriel's Church, Chicago; St. Angela's Academy (Sisters of the Holy Cross), Morris.

Concordia, Kansas: St. John Baptist's Church, Clyde.

Erie, Pennsylvania: St. Joseph's Academy (Sisters of Mercy), Titusville.

Fort Wayne, Indiana: St. John's School (Sisters of the Holy Cross), Goshen.

Green Bay, Wisconsin: St. Mary's Church, Peshtigo.

Leavenworth, Kansas: St. Ann's Church, Effingham; St. Andrew's Church, Abilene; St. Aloysius' Church, Greenbush; Holy Rosary Church, Wea.

Newark, New Jersey: St. Patrick's School (Sisters of Charity), Elizabethport.

New York, New York: St. Joseph's Church, Yonkers.

North Carolina, North Carolina: St. Benedict's Church, Belmont; St. Peter's Church, Charlotte; Sacred Heart Church, Raleigh.

San Antonio, Texas: Convent of Divine Providence (Sisters of Divine Providence), Castroville.

St. Louis, Missouri: St. Lawrence O'Toole's Church, St. Louis. Arcadia College (Ursuline Sisters), Arcadia.

THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

Diplomas of affiliation received from the *Prima Primaria*, have been transmitted to the following:

Baltimore, Maryland: St. Leo's Church, Baltimore.

Chicago, Illinois: The Cathedral, Chicago.

Cincinnati, Ohio: St. Paul's Church, Yellow Springs.

Detroit, Michigan: St. Anne's Church, Detroit.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: St. Patrick's Church, Madison.

New York, New York: St. Francis of Assisi's Church, New York.

Omaha, Nebraska: Holy Family Church (2), Omaha.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: St. Dominic's Church (2), Holmesburg.

Vincennes, Indiana: Immaculate Conception Church, Washington.

BONA MORS ASSOCIATION.

Brooklyn, New York: St. John Evangelist's Church, Brooklyn.

Detroit, Michigan: St. Anne's Church, Detroit.

Mobile, Alabama: Church of the Assumption B. V. M., Selina.

THE LEAGUE IN SOCORRO, N. M.

St. Michael's Church, Aug. 23.— The League is indeed established in the beautiful valley of the Rio Grande, all honor to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

We have now two hundred and fifteen members, and so great is their devotion to the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, so recently introduced and made known to them, that from their small means they have collected an amount sufficient to order a magnificent statue of the Sacred Heart from Froc-Robert, Paris.

THE TREASURY OF THE SACRED HEART.

From a Convent of the Good Shepherd, New York.—Enclosed please find our first little tribute to the TREASURY of the Sacred Heart. Since its establishment here, the children are all eager to do something for the Sacred Heart. Anything recommended to them, as silence or obedience, is taken up immediately and pursued with earnestness in order that others, pining as they once were before coming to the fold of the Good Shepherd, may obtain the grace of conversion.

Truly wonderful is the Apostleship of Prayer, covering the surface of the earth with a network of barracks, so to say, wherein the soldiers of Christ are ever on the alert, watching and praying that His kingdom may be established and that He may hold undisputed sway over the hearts of men.

From a Convent of the Sisters of Providence, Illinois.—We have the pleasure of enclosing the first contribution to the TREASURY of the Sacred Heart, from our school-children. It is consoling to see the zeal manifested by these new members of the Holy League, and we trust the Sacred Heart may grant them grace to increase in devotedness and persevere as true clients of Its holy love.

Associates can gain 100 *days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions recommended to the prayers of the League.*

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from August 12 to September 12, 1889.

	NO. OF TIMES.		NO. OF TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity	17,592	11. Masses Heard	18,506
2. Beads	47,702	12. Mortifications	369,623
3. Stations of the Cross . .	8,223	13. Works of Charity . . .	7,216
4. Holy Communions . . .	13,508	14. Works of Zeal	4,218
5. Spiritual Communions .	23,556	15. Prayers	189,192
6. Examens of Conscience .	16,534	16. Charitable Conversation	4,449
7. Hours of Labor	53,336	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	5,259
8. Hours of Silence	24,860	18. Self-conquest	6,526
9. Pious Reading	31,611	19. Visits to B. Sacrament .	30,681
10. Masses Celebrated . . .	370	20. Various Good Works . .	19,459

Total . . . . . 883,821.

The above represents the returns from one hundred and sixteen Centres.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, **46,882.**

——*Glorify and bear God in your body* (I. Corinthians, vi.).——

Keokuk, Iowa, Aug. 20.—A few days since I sent some petitions, and I am happy to acknowledge my thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the answer of one. This person, who had been away from the Sacraments for a number of years, has returned and this morning received Holy Communion, and says he will receive monthly in future.

Toledo, O., Aug. 21.—We have to pay another debt of gratitude to the Sacred Heart. One of our Sisters, who had done excellent work in the Orphan Asylum and Hospital, had ruined her health in the service of our Lord and was not expected to live. We had tried all natural means to save her precious life, but the physicians had no hope of her recovery. However, she had confidence in the Sacred Heart, and we made novena after novena and used holy water blessed in honor of St. Ignatius. Strange to say, she would rally repeatedly on the first Friday of each month; and now she says she is cured and only some weakness remains.

Logan, O., Aug. 22.—My brother had been recommended to the League by different persons, and in March I myself sent in this as one of my intentions and began a novena of the Sacred Heart. He had not received the Sacraments for two years. A month or more since, he visited the priest and continued his preparation till last Sunday, when he received Communion, and now shows a strong desire of living as a good Catholic. He was out

of employment too but, on returning from Mass Sunday morning, he was offered work.

Washington, Ga., Aug. 25.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for two conversions effected through the little Scapular of the Sacred Heart. The first is of a young man who was dying, and who had never practised his religion. He would not hear of a priest's coming near him. His mother, in great distress, wrote me of his condition, telling me at the same time of a friend, a gentleman about fifty, who was also near death and whose sisters had urged him, in vain, to see a priest. I sent a Scapular of the Sacred Heart to the mother for her son, and sent another directly to the friend asking him to accept and wear it as a token of friendship. At the same time I promised to publish it in the MESSENGER, if any change was wrought.

In a few weeks I received a grateful letter from the mother telling me of the wonderful change in her son. He had seen the priest, also the Sisters, and had been prepared for death. He grew better afterwards but continued to practise his religion, and when death came finally, it found him well prepared.

The grateful mother in writing me an account of his happy death, mentioned also the death of the friend. He too had been prepared and received the Sacraments. The relatives of both parties attributed the wonderful change in each to the little Scapular of the Sacred Heart, and they return heartfelt thanks to that Divine Heart Which so tenderly brought back their loved ones to the fold.

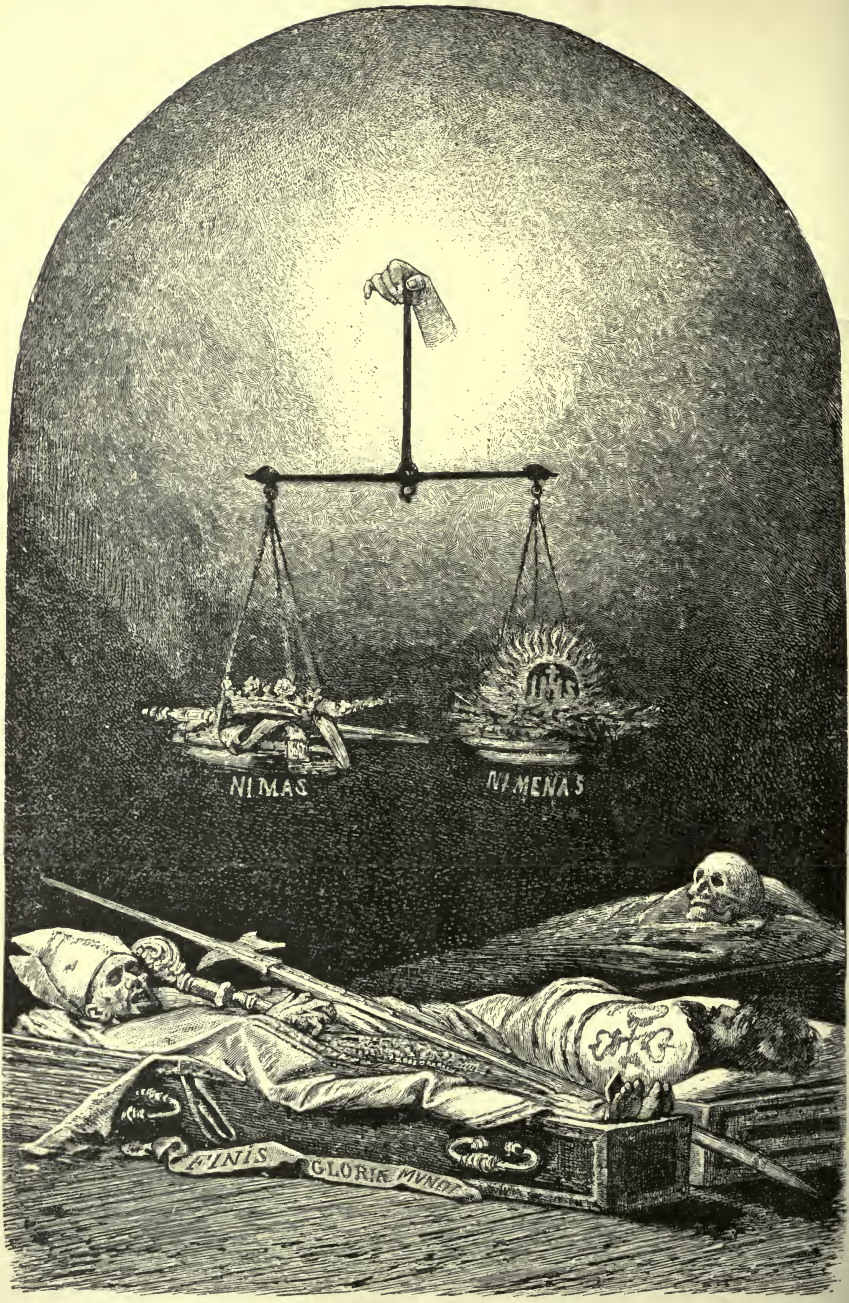
Jersey City, N. J., Aug. 28.—I desire to give special thanks to the Sacred Heart for the return of a young man to the practice of his religion after an absence of eight years. He joined the Apostleship of Prayer a few weeks before receiving the Sacraments. Also, I thank the Sacred Heart for the grace of confession for a gentleman who died suddenly after an operation had been performed. He had led an indifferent life, and the fact that he had not an unprovided death we attribute to the prayers of the League, as he was recommended several months. The presence of the priest seemed providential. He heard of this man's illness and called to see him in time to hear his confession.

Youngstown, O., Sept. 4.—Have thanks inserted for improvement in health of one recommended to the prayers of the Apostleship. I promised our Lord to have thanksgiving inserted in the MESSENGER for a member of the congregation who had neglected the Sacraments for years, if he would go to his duty. After the promise he went to confession.

Baltimore, Md., Sept. 4.—I write to make public acknowledgment to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the deliverance out of an embarrassment that might have involved serious doubts as to my honesty. In my distress I recommended myself to the devout prayers of the Apostleship, and I have realized to my great joy that the supplications are most powerful. Thanks to the Divine Heart, I was readily assisted, and am enjoying palpable proof of Its further protection.

——, Md., Sept. 7.—I had been praying for some years for the conversion of my brother-in-law, and for my younger brother to get a vocation to the religious state, without apparent success. At length the thought occurred to me to promise to publish it in the MESSENGER should my prayers be heard. I promised, and a month afterwards I received a letter from my brother-in-law informing me of his determination to embrace our holy faith. Since then I heard that he is under instruction and full of fervor, while my brother has lately been received as a postulant into a religious order. You may imagine how gladly I fulfil my promise to make known to others the love and goodness of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Various Centres.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for enabling me to pay off my heavy debts and extricate myself from pecuniary disaster.—Wishing to reconcile two persons intensely hating each other, I recommended them to the League and gave a picture of the Sacred Heart to one and of the Immaculate Heart to the other. A perfect reconciliation has since been effected.—For the extraordinary recovery of a man for a long time out of his mind.—For the conversion of a prominent lady under great difficulties.—For the return of one to her religious duties after sixty years' neglect.



THE END OF THE WORLD'S GLORY.

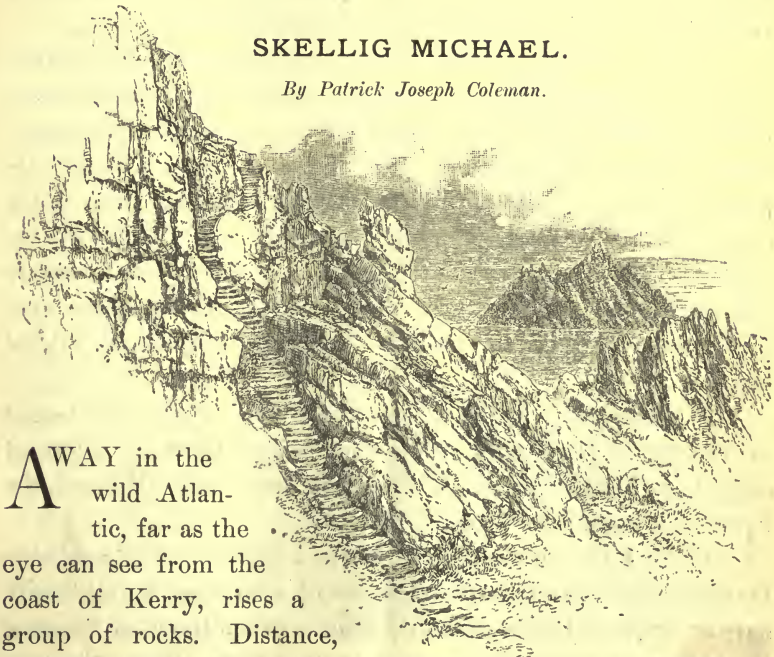
—NOT MORE, NOT LESS.—

(After the Painting of Valdes Leal in La Caridad, Seville.)

THE MESSENGER
OF THE
SACRED HEART OF JESUS
NEW SERIES. NOVEMBER, 1889. VOL. IV (xxiv), No. 11.

SKELLIG MICHAEL.

By Patrick Joseph Coleman.



ANCIENT STAIRWAY ON SKELLIG MICHAEL.
From a Sketch by the Earl of Dunraven.

AWAY in the wild Atlantic, far as the eye can see from the coast of Kerry, rises a group of rocks. Distance, investing them with a purple veil, softens their rugged outlines, their harsh details, their stern grandeur. Pyramidal in shape and swimming in the soft haze of an ocean sunset, floating as it were on the surface of the water, they are like fairy isles of beauty—evanescent and enchanting. Hidden for part of the year in sea mists, seen for part, little wonder that the peasantry and fisher-folk of the west coast should enshrine them in song and legend as Isles of the Blest,—the mythical Tir-na-nog, the island of eternal youth—of the pagan Irish.

Copyright, 1889, by Rev. R. S. Dewey, S.J. All rights reserved.]

These are the Skellig Rocks, the Saint Michael's Mount of Ireland, and they lie in the direct line of ships east-bound from America. Close to them, too, on the sea-bed runs the Atlantic Cable, from Valentia Island, near at hand, flashing its news to America, feeding a feverish press with details of court scandals, royal intrigue, Balfour, Bismarck, and Boulanger, stormy debates in the House of Commons, imprisonment of Irish Members of Parliament, London strikes, to be repaid with New York talk of Exchange—bulls and bears and Canadian difficulties.

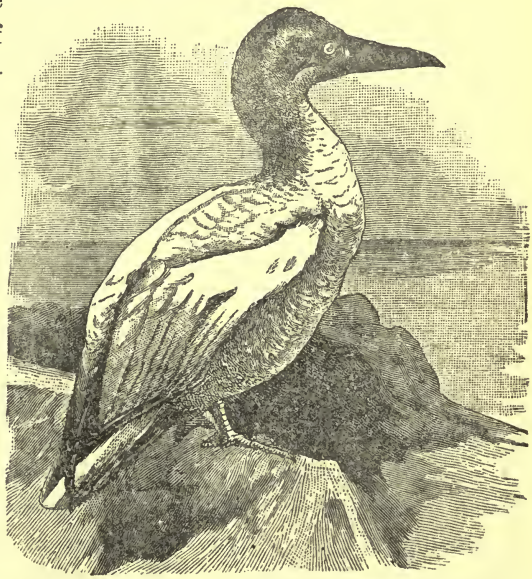
To the average Irishman—and *a fortiori* to the average American "doing" Europe, "*Cook*" in hand—the Skelligs are an unknown land. Few fishermen set foot on their rocky steeps: occasionally a pilgrimage of pious peasants, women as well as men, tempt the danger of the landing that they may pray on the crag of Saint Michael. For the passage from Valentia over the twelve miles of ocean that intervene is one fraught with peril to life and limb; and only the hardy sea folk of the coasts ever brave the wrath of the Atlantic, warring here in its wildest mood.

The Skelligs spring sheer from the water's edge to the height of 720 feet. Lord Dunraven, who visited them in quest of early Irish monastic remains, thus describes Skellig Michael, the largest and most interesting of the group.

"Above, the rock towers higher and higher and is split into fantastic forms like the opened leaves of a book set upright, with narrow strips of bright green running between them, or fringing the horizontal blocks of the strata at their feet. When the sun-lit mists or vapors sweep in driving clouds above them, the effect is in the highest degree mysterious and beautiful; but when at one moment these mists rise so as entirely to conceal the heights, and at the next they vanish as at the touch of some unseen hand, and the cliff again stands revealed against the blue unfathomed sky, it seems as if the whole scene were called up by some strange magician's wand."

The place seems to have been formed by Nature for contemplation and prayer, for it is one of holy influence and benign,

heart-raising emotion. The rocks are entirely severed from the noise of the world, alone in the mighty ocean, the profound solitude broken only by the eternal chant of wind and wave and the clang of innumerable sea-fowl. Save for the occasional presence of a boat rocking out from the coast of Valentia, or a gliding sail where sea and sky merge in the distant amethyst, these birds—gannets, cormorants, and puffins—are the only sign of life. Awed and abashed in presence of the mighty forces of nature, man realizes his own insignificance and nothingness. The world, with the fever and fret of humanity, is forgotten for the moment. God's presence draws very near, brooding in the majesty of nature, the "unfathomed" sky above and all around the vast illimitable deep.



THE GANNET.

For a time we cannot shake off the sense of insecurity, and the loneliness of a high elevation; but gradually the pathos of its associations overpowers us. For around Skellig Michael hangs a charm that will live while love and devotion and heroic sacrifice will have power to touch the human heart. Here in the golden dawn of Irish faith, saintly souls, leaving all for God, prayed and fasted and kept vigil unto death.

Skellig Michael is called after the Archangel Michael, but Finan or Finn—the Beautiful—is the Saint who, putting out from the mainland, built himself a monastery there in the sixth

century. To him also are attributed the monastic remains in Lough Lee in Kerry; but here the noise of worldly faction, the turmoil of courts must have often sounded. Not so on that rugged rock far away in the Atlantic. There solitude reigned supreme, and thither he must go to crucify the flesh in austere penance. No depth of suffering must remain unsounded, no height of heroism unscaled; for he remembered the words of the Lord,

> A contrite and a humble heart
> Is mine accepted sacrifice.

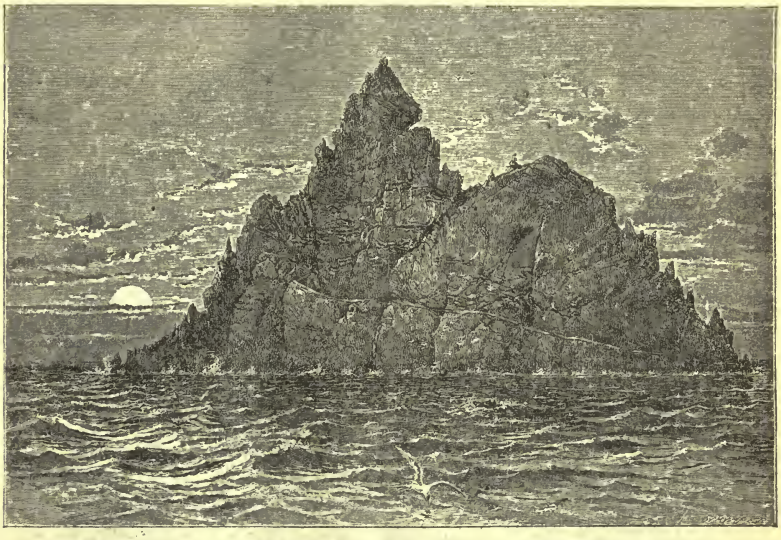
It was the same spirit that led Patrick to Croagh Patrick, Enda to the bleak shores of Arran, Kevin to Glendalough, Columba to Iona.

Beautifully indeed did the silence and isolation of Skellig Michael harmonize with the still contemplative worship of Finan. For "the scene is one so solemn and so sad that none should enter here but the pilgrim and the penitent. The sense of solitude, the vast heaven above, and the sublime monotonous motion of the sea beneath would but oppress the spirit, were not that spirit brought into harmony with all that is most sacred and grand in Nature, by the depth and even by the bitterness of its own experience."

Men of wonderful physical endurance were those old Irish Saints. Surely there was no earthly Paradise on the bleak summit of Skellig Michael. 'Mid the buffet of wind and wave they lived like Saint Paul,—*in labor and painfulness, in much watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.* Nor did their moments of spiritual relaxation allow them rest; for some had to fish the deep for food in their frail hide-boats, and others to harvest their scant crop of herbs, and others to care for the graves of the dead in their little graveyards, and others still to hew a passage in the iron crags from the sea to their cells in the cloud. No light task was this, for the rock leaps sheer from the billows; so by jutting paths and giddy precipices, beetling the more as the higher it rose, lay their perilous path. A false step, a moment's hesitation, and their

doom was the hungry sea below! Let Lord Dunraven again describe for us the stairway that the monks have left, forever hewn in the rock.

"The ancient approach to the monastery from the landing-place was on the north-east side. There are 620 steps from a point of the cliff which is about 120 feet above the level of the sea, up to the monastery. The rest of this flight of steps is broken away and a new approach was cut in very recent times. The old stairs run in a varying line; the steps which grow



THE GREAT SKELLIG.

broader toward the upper half of the ascent, are lined with tufts and long cushions of the sea-pink, and at each turn the ocean is seen breaking in foam hundreds of feet below."[1]

The "monastery" of Finn covers a lofty shoulder of the rock, a plot of ground about 180 feet in length by from 80 to 100 feet in width. Monastery is an elastic term to give to a collection of small, bee-hive shaped cells—some half a dozen in number—and two small oratories, the whole being surrounded by a Cashel or wall of stone, built so exquisitely on the edge of the

[1] Dunraven's *Notes on Irish Architecture.*

cliff, that one shudders at the thought of the frightful peril to which the builders were exposed.

The cells are very old, belonging to what our archæologists are pleased to call the Cyclopean order, which can be traced away back to the days of the Firbolgs, long ere our Milesian ancestors conquered their "island of destiny." Some of the cells on Skellig Michael are in a fine state of preservation and afford a profitable study of this, the earliest recorded style of stone-building in the British Isles.

MONASTIC CELL ON SKELLIG MICHAEL.

In general these old cells of the Irish anchorets were circular in form, built of uncemented stones laid on in layers, one overlapping the other, until the roof was brought to a conical shape, when a single stone closed the top. Thus it will be seen that the name of "bee-hive" houses describes them exactly.

But the cells are desolate now; there is no matin-chant, no vesper-hymn, no sound of bell or psaltery. Only the sea-wind

sighing among the crags of Skellig sings a dirge for the dead that sleep in the little *leachta*—the God's Acre of the sea. Silent they lie, hidden deep in the cool ground; for *blessed are the dead who die in the Lord*, and their rest be eternal! The rude cross and the touching epitaph inscribed thereon attest the faith of those who, when all was lost, clung to their God, and in death would not be separated from their Saints. Though the foot of the tyrant might pollute their fields, though his hands might desecrate their altars, he could not take away the memory of their dead in the grasses of the cloister. A centre of holiness in Ireland's golden morning, "a green altar burning on the foam," a sanctuary of refuge for her children in the hour of her tribulation, and the place of their final rest, in the hope that forsook them not with death, the Skelligs stand as a monument of eternal love, of a faith sublime, and a hope as fast-anchored, against the shock of ages, as their own stern rocks.

Nor are their dead forgotten, for the people of the coasts have come out for centuries in their boats to pray on the ground hallowed of Finan and his fellow Saints. Never was Way of the Cross more fittingly named than that trodden by the Pilgrims to Skellig Michael. Danger and distress and often death beset their every step; but their faith is dearer to them than life; and the memory of the Saints is now almost their only heritage. At different points along the path rude crosses were carved out of the rock, overlooking the wide expanse of water. Significant were the names given to these "*stations*" or *places of stopping*, such as the Garden of the Passion, Christ's Saddle, the Stone of Pain, the Rock of Woman's Wailing, etc. It was sweet to tread in the footprints of the Saints, sweet to pray where they prayed, sweet to toil where they toiled; and when life was done sweetest of all was it to mingle their dust with the dust of God's elect, in the hope of one day rising with them to glory.

The cold eye of heresy sees in these antique and touching national ceremonies only a grotesque anachronism and un-Christian idolatry. It cannot lift the veil and gaze at the faith that informs them, giving them a spiritual significance. It will not behold the

WAY OF THE CROSS, SKELLIG MICHAEL.

unaffected worship, pathetic in its simplicity, venerable by reason of its age, the legacy of Saints, the tradition of generations of martyrs, the survivor of persecution. How deeply a man may flounder in the mire of prejudice is seen in the coarse jests, levelled by Thackeray, at our Irish pilgrimages.

The Way of the Cross—the "stations" of peasant speech—as practised of old in Ireland must not be confounded with the modern Way of the Cross. The latter has its origin from the Franciscan friars of Jerusalem, the guardians of the holy places. It sprang up naturally from the practice of visiting the different scenes of the Passion on the Via Dolorosa, and thence was propagated throughout the Catholic world, pictures of the various events recorded at the different sites in Jerusalem, being substituted as mementoes of those events. The former was not strictly the Way of the Cross in the modern signification; that is, the honoring of the Passion of Christ was not originally the central idea. In the beginning the people made their way on "patron" days or the feasts of the local Saints, to the scenes of their life, and there made commemoration of them, performing certain exercises of devotion and usually ending with a circuit of the place in prayer. But in time devotion to the Passion was added; for at various points in their circuit crosses were erected, symbolizing and recalling to their minds the Passion and Death of Christ. In many instances these crosses were first set up to mark the place of the Saint in life or his grave in death, and the "patron" followed. So that the Irish name of *stations* is really the true title of this national devotion, and points to the origin of the custom; for the pilgrims were wont to *stand* before the crosses.

Surely the dead on Skellig Michael are soothed by the yearly prayers of their kindred; for *it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from sins.* And very touching is this devotion to the Holy Souls in Ireland, "whose every tombstone, almost from the earliest time, is inscribed with a request for intercession for the soul of the departed."[2]

[2] Miss Stokes in *Early Christian Art in Ireland.*

There is serene peace and quiet in these little graveyards of the sea. The riot of humanity breaks not in upon them, nor does the tide of life go ebbing and flowing beside them as in our cities. But all is deep rest and calm.

> Or when as winds and waters keep
> A hush more dead than any sleep,
> Still morns to stiller evenings creep,
> And Day and Night and Day go by:
> Here the silence is most deep.

A proverb current in Kerry says that every madman, if left to himself, would find his way to the Skelligs; an idea doubtless emanating from their tradition of miraculous and saintly association. While the wild and fairy in poetry is prominent in the legend which asserts that every seven years the Skelligs sail away from their moorings in the sea, advance to each other, bow heads in salutation, and retire to their anchorage for another seven years.

But there is an old and beautiful allegory, by which the peasants express the traditions of holiness and heart-healing influence attributed to the Skelligs. The sea-birds winging their way above, are said and fondly believed, to be compelled to light upon them, so benign is the virtue exhaling from the graves of the Saints—a tradition which has been utilized by Moore in describing his—

> Islets so freshly fair
> That never hath bird come nigh them,
> But from his course through the air
> Hath been won downward by them.

VALENTIA: WITH STATION OF THE TRANSATLANTIC CABLE.

PITY AND PRAY FOR ME.

By Joseph E. Barnaby.

FLOWERS have withered; now the leaves fall;
Pale grows the sunlight; hark! the faint call—
Through the gray mists of the drear November,
Souls of the dead that sigh—*Remember!*
O you my friends, pity and pray for me,
The Lord's hand toucheth me,
Sorely, sorely.

Bleak blow the west winds; higher the mists rise,
Dimmer are morn and eve; faintly the Autumn dies;
Souls of the dead cry shrill from each grave,
Thrilling our wintry hearts—*Save, oh save!*
O you my friends, pity and pray for me,
The Lord's hand toucheth me,
Sorely, sorely.

Love knows no seasons' change, no cold of death;
Hearts true and Christ-like melt at the breath
From the dark land in the gray November—
Souls of our loved and dead sighing—*Remember!*
O you my friends, pity and pray for me,
The Lord's hand toucheth me,
Sorely, sorely.

A BRETON MISSIONARY.

BLESSED LOUIS-MARIE GRIGNON DE MONTFORT.

Born January 31, 1673; died April 28, 1716.

By Frances Waite.

ONE evening last summer a railway train rushed swiftly past the little Vendean village of Pont Chateau. The gathering darkness made a view of the place impossible, but we strained our eyes peering on every side in hope of getting at least a single glimpse of the great Calvary which marks the labors of the Blessed de Montfort. The one which he erected was thrown down, but its successor must be dear to the hearts of the faithful, recalling as it does his singular grace, unfortunately rare even among those who are pre-eminently the friends of God —the grace to see one's good works destroyed, and remain calm in the consciousness of having only wished to please Him for Whom all good works are begun.

But we anticipate a scene late in the life of one whom the Church has recently honored. Perhaps the MESSENGER readers will be glad to know more of him.

I.—His Early Days.

Louis-Marie Grignon de la Bacheleraie was born at the little town of Montfort in Brittany January 31, 1673. Like many others of the Saints, he was of noble birth. The great body of the Church is composed of the poor and humble of the earth, and "not many mighty, not many noble" are called, yet it is often our Lord's pleasure that His graces shall shine forth more illustriously because of the accidents of fortune. Not to consider the charm which good breeding carries with it, the fact of worldly position and good birth will influence many. He Whose will it is to save by the "foolishness of preaching" can also use the foolishness of the hearers.

And such Saints give a more shining example than others when they can truly say, *we have left all and followed Thee.* Holy people seem to group themselves naturally into two classes; the illustrious converts, and those who were remarkable for

youthful piety. Louis was of the latter class; nothing interested him from infancy but heavenly things. He reminds us of St. John Berchmans in his perfect fulfilment of home duties, his great love for our Lady, his devotion to the Rosary, his gentleness with his playmates, noticeably in a sweet habit of consoling his mother in all her trials. Like St. John also he was early placed under the care of the Jesuit Fathers and, in their College at Rennes, became the model of all in scholarship and conduct.

But the resemblance ended in early boyhood, for John was called to follow in the paths of saintly common-sense,—to learn the perfect adaptation of human means to heavenly ends, while Louis was called to wonderful abnegation and a sublime exercise of that folly which is wisdom with God. *Now there are diversities of graces but the same Spirit, and there are diversities of ministries but the same Lord*, and since He has approved by the voice of His Vicar such different endings to the same beginning, we cannot presume to compare or criticise.

Louis continued at Rennes until ready to begin his theological studies. The generosity of a pious woman, which was rendered necessary by the increasing wants of the seven younger children, made it possible for him to be sent to Paris, to continue his studies. In leaving all who were bound to him by natural ties, his beautiful spirit of detachment shone forth brightly, and it was probably at this time that, in imitation of Him Who was called "the Nazarene," he substituted for his noble name "de la Bacheleraie" that of his birth-place—Montfort.

The intention of his patroness at first was to send him to one of the seminaries of St. Sulpice which, still in undiminished fervor from their founding about fifty years before, were pouring forth holy young priests for the missions of France. But on his arrival, he was led to a small community founded for poor young ecclesiastics by a former Curé of St. Sulpice.

The great happiness with which Montfort found himself surrounded by others of like mind with himself was interrupted, for in a few months his pension ceased to be paid. The only way in which he could remain was by accepting the fatiguing and

revolting office of watching beside the parish dead. This was for him a light effort, and the companionship of death served to rivet on his already unworldly mind the contempt of earthly things. But these continued watchings added to other austerities and incessant study and prayer must have undermined his hitherto strong health. After receiving minor orders, and upon the sudden death of his kind superior, he was taken seriously ill, and it was found necessary to send him to the Hotel Dieu. "What an honor," he said, "to be in the House of God! Only princes are lodged in the Louvre, and in the house of the King!" The fever brought him very low, but when he appeared sinking he foretold his own recovery in a clear and startling manner.

The great reputation, which he already had for sanctity, made him more than welcome at the Little Seminary of St. Sulpice, where he remained for the next five years. During this time every virtue shone so conspicuously in him that it is hard to distinguish one above another. His obedience was perfect, his prayer incessant, his charity, which never let pass an opportunity for doing good, was accompanied by a gay and winning manner which insured success.

But pre-eminent was his great love of Mary which accompanied him to the end of his life. And no doubt the Seat of Wisdom obtained for him that clear perception of spiritual things which made all earthly things seem as dust. This utter unworldliness led him often into such eccentricities as deeply to offend the worldly-wise. As a further safeguard, he was subjected by his superiors at this time to the most rigorous treatment. But, so far from discouraging him in the practice of virtue, this only served to detach him more utterly from human support and enable him to rest completely on God alone.

II.—A Priest Forever.

He was ordained at the age of twenty-seven, June 5, the Ember Saturday after Pentecost. On this happy day, according to his biographer, he said on meeting his friends instead of one *Deo Gratias*, "a thousand times *Deo Gratias!*" When he said his first Mass, he had the look of an angel.

His ardent desire to go as a missionary into foreign lands was unheeded by his superiors, and he was sent with another priest into the country districts around Nantes. There are no details of this which was the first of the long and splendid series of missions with which the latter part of his life was entirely filled. It was terminated by opposition on the part of certain Jansenistic ecclesiastics. He set out for Paris, stopping on the way at the Abbey of Fontevrault, where his sister had been recently professed. When he arrived, without announcing his name or condition, he asked only for "Charity for the love of God." His appearance and expression so attracted the portress that she asked him many questions, to all of which he only replied—"Charity for the love of God." Even after the abbess was called he merely added: "It is not for myself I ask your charity, it is for the love of God." Whether he only wished to escape the honor which would have been shown him if his name were known, or whether he wished to impress upon them the supernatural motive for which alone kind deeds should be performed, we cannot judge.

But as he did not seem courteous to the lady-abbess, he had to go away and seek shelter and food at a neighboring farm. The regret of the nuns when they found who was the angel whom they had refused to entertain unawares, did not move him to return. This incident is very characteristic of the peculiar simplicity with which he sacrificed conventionality and even bodily comfort to his unworldly standards of thought and action.

Providence at this time guided him to Poitiers where he was to find the beginning of one of his great and lasting works. Every good work is complete in itself, every kind word or deed, every Sacrament administered, no matter what the end of it may be; even apparent failures are not failures if one has tried to please our good Master Who sweetly deigns to be pleased with the trying. But sometimes He crowns a little labor, a little suffering, on the part of one of His servants with magnificent spiritual blessings and permanent success. So at this time was it with Montfort. Before he began the regular work of his life—the giving of missions,—there occurred this apparently insignifi-

cant episode at Poitiers. He found there a single nun. She waited ten years for companions, but the end was the great and vigorous Congregation of Wisdom.

On reaching Poitiers he went as usual to say Mass at the hospital. The poor inmates who saw his edifying devotion united at once in begging him to remain as their chaplain,—they happened at the time to have none. He was touched by their entreaties, and consented to wait for the answer of the bishop to a petition which they at once forwarded.

In the meantime he busied himself with all manner of good works. When he was finally appointed to the hospital, his zeal was unbounded. Everything was in a grievous state of disorder, but he soon corrected many abuses. He waited on the sick, swept, dusted, begged alms, and attended to the most repulsive patients himself. One wretched creature was refused admittance on account of the dreadful contagious ulcers with which he was covered. The good chaplain begged to have him in a room quite apart from the rest of the house. He tended him with the greatest care and, says his biographer, "one day, when from weakness of nature, he felt more than usual repugnance in waiting upon one whose very sight inspired horror, he reproached himself for an excess of delicacy, and in order thoroughly to overcome his repugnance, did what so many of the Saints have done,—he collected the matter of the sores in the hollow of his hand and swallowed it. He afterward related this action to Sister Mary of Jesus, in order to encourage her to overcome herself, and he added that by a sensible effect of grace he had never tasted anything so delicious."

We are certainly not called upon to imitate such extraordinary actions; nor is it culpable to dislike even hearing of them; but a very slight knowledge of the luxury unfortunately prevailing among too many ecclesiastics in the reign of Louis XIV. may make us understand why God should call some to such heights of virtue, in so extraordinary a way.

This institution where Montfort found himself was in reality rather an almshouse than a Hotel Dieu.

The evil-disposed among the healthy inmates, headed by a gentleman resident in the house, raised a violent faction against him. In order to keep his spirit calm and gain light for further procedure, he made, as was his frequent custom, an eight days' retreat at the house of the Jesuit Fathers, to whom during his entire life he was warmly devoted. While there, as he tells us, "I was filled with great confidence that God and His holy Mother would in some clear manner take my cause in hand. Nor was I deceived in my expectation. At the end of my retreat, I found that this gentleman had fallen ill; and he died a few days afterward. The superioress who was young and strong followed him to the grave." During the distressing epidemic that followed and in which he alone was never ill, his spiritual works were all prosperous and, when he was called from Poitiers by the troubles of his sister, he could scarcely tear himself away from the affectionate friends who surrounded him.

III.—"Even Saints are tried."

This brings us to the most painful scene in Montfort's life. Illness and privation, persecutions from enemies and the loss of friends are nothing—and we have the authority of Saints for the assertion—to the unutterable wretchedness of desiring only to do the will of God and having no one to say what that will is. He went up to Paris to see his superiors and was met by the most humiliating coldness. So far from helping him with advice these holy men refused to give him any, either for his present difficulties or for the future. Whatever their reasons for thus acting, his superior afterward made the most ample apology by saying, when reproached for his conduct: "You see I am no judge of Saints." Deprived of counsel and the happiness of external obedience, he was thrown back upon the much harder task of faithful obedience to the inspirations of the Holy Ghost in his soul. That he was not at this time, even though so humiliated, in any disgrace with his superiors, is proved by the fact that he was sent upon a strange and delicate errand. The Hermits of Mont Valerian, from a state of great virtue, had fallen into dis-

cord. The Archbishop of Paris, their chief superior, sent Montfort to them. Without using any sternness of authority, but simply by living before them a life more austere than their own, he succeeded in so entirely winning their admiration and confidence that in a short time obedience and peace were restored.

After his return to Paris he was most providentially aided in placing his favorite sister Louise in a Convent of the Blessed Sacrament where she became a model of virtue.

He was welcomed back to the hospital at Poitiers by his beloved poor, but although things were greatly improved since his first arrival there, he felt more strongly than ever the difficulty of managing charitable institutions without persons well-trained in religious sacrifice and obedience. Soon after his return he began in a small way the work which was to become in time the Congregation of Wisdom.

IV.—The Daughters of Wisdom.

A young lady of good position in the town, Marie Louise Trichet, had repeatedly begged him to send her to a convent as he had sent so many others. One day he said to her: "Console yourself, my daughter, you will become a nun."

Without giving the subject any further attention as regarded her personal wishes, he selected about twenty poor girls in the hospital, some deformed and blind. He gave them a rule, watched over them diligently, and trained them to the practice of virtue. Mademoiselle Trichet did not remain quiet with a mere prediction; she again begged her director to permit her to retire from the world. He told her that if the bishop gave his consent she might come to live at the hospital. The bishop sent her with a letter of recommendation as assistant to the superior. But Montfort, far from treating her with any such distinction, placed her among his society of poor girls. She had the same rule and the same food, and he gave her a small sum of money with which to buy herself a habit. She chose some coarse gray serge, and made for herself a habit of the same pattern as that now worn by the Daughters of Wisdom.

He permitted her to make her vows on the feast of the Purification, 1703, and added to her baptismal names the title "of Jesus." The deepest indignation was expressed by the whole town at this event, and even the most pious spared no means to persuade her to give up the habit. Only the bishop and her holy director counselled her to yield in no wise to human respect.

During the same year the wicked faction that had troubled Montfort from the first, succeeded in breaking up the little congregation of poor girls, but Sister Marie Louise of Jesus remained alone constant in the diligent practice of religious virtue.

So perfect was her detachment from all creatures that when Montfort told her he had been advised by his confessor to leave Poitiers, on account of the hopeless dissensions in the hospital, she too urged him to go. This left her alone among enemies, at twenty years of age, deprived of him who was to her both father and friend. Our good God does not forget such sacrifices.

> "He will come to those who wait for Him,
> He has sworn it—only wait!"

But the talents and sanctity of Montfort had been hampered and confined long enough. His superiors wished him to begin the missions with which he filled the remaining twelve years of his sixteen as a priest. Were one merely to narrate the striking incidents of his career without giving a general view of his character, the impression would be one of extravagance and eccentricity. Much there was that seemed peculiar in contrast with the moderate piety of the ordinary Christian. But his simplicity, sincerity, and charity rarely failed to please. He was tall, brown-haired, and of a fresh complexion. In his large dark eyes was that best of external graces, an expression of shining chastity. His forehead was broad and high and his manners of a simple nobility. He travelled entirely on foot. When he entered a town, he sought lodgings among the very poor. When the churches would not hold the great crowds who came to him, he went into the open air, to the market-place perhaps, or into the fields.

The fine natural talents which had made him conspicuous at St. Sulpice were not alone sufficient to explain his extraordinary success. Father Vincent, a Capuchin, said of him: "One word of his, a simple inflection of his voice, a single gesture, was enough to produce miracles of conversion. As for myself when I listened to him, I thought I heard an angel." De Montfort was gifted with a lively imagination and considerable artistic ability.

These he used in a thousand ways, bringing in sensible objects as illustrations. Underneath all his tact was the solid foundation of prayer and penance. "Leave me alone," he said to some friends who objected to his praying all night after preaching all day, "what good shall I be to others if I am no good to myself?"

He always began the sermons and the catechetical instructions of the children, to which he attached great value, by prayer, usually saying part of the Rosary. He perpetuated the results of each mission by some lasting memorial, either dedicating a new shrine or chapel, erecting a confraternity, or restoring a church. Perhaps his best legacies were the *Cantiques* which he composed himself. Breton Catholicity shows itself even in folk-songs. Still more does religious music take firm hold on these strong and earnest natures. One may go on any day of devotion—not even a holyday—into one of the huge churches or cathedrals which surprise the traveller in the little villages. There at Vespers, gathers nearly the whole population; on one side the men in big hats and silver buttons; on the other the women in snowy caps and neckerchiefs; all these simple peasants chant the Office in purest Gregorian tones. Still more impressive is the procession up and down the noble aisles, singing innumerable stanzas of the *Cantiques* which Montfort left as their inheritance. What must it have been to see him at their head, the glowing energy of his warm nature set on fire by the Holy Ghost! He usually had several of these processions during the missions, and, by a special grace, directed them from the pulpit without assistance, so that the many thousands taking part would preserve perfect order. The mission was invariably closed by a solemn renewal of the baptismal vows.

These were his general methods. But this original character could not run in grooves. At Saint-Saturnin, one of the first places to which he was sent, was a garden, the resort of the most abandoned characters in the city. This scene of crime was a grief to the holy man. He begged of God the grace to make public reparation. He led the people in procession to the garden. Torrents of tears followed his instruction. Sincere contrition took possession of all. Montfort consoled them by a prophecy that "one day the place would become a place of prayer, and would be served by nuns." Soon after he found a wretched invalid who was forsaken by everyone. He carried him on his shoulders to the now deserted garden, and with five others as wretched, left him in charge of some young women who supported them by alms. Afterward the Hospital for Incurables was built on the same spot, and in 1758 the Daughters of Wisdom took charge of it.

There are many striking instances of this prophetic power in Montfort's life. He seems to make no effort to hide it, never thinking of himself. Some of the Saints seem to have spent the first half of their lives in divesting themselves of all natural charm, and the last part in concealing their spiritual graces. They could hardly have been such pleasant companions as Montfort, who trusted our Lord to preserve his spiritual as well as his natural gifts. His childlike spontaneity relieves an heroic character from any touch of hardness. So also does his unfailing patience and sweetness of manner, even in the midst of contradiction and crosses. A persecution which put an end to his work in the diocese of Poitiers gave him the opportunity—long desired—to make a pilgrimage to Rome.

V.—Made Missionary-Apostolic.

He set out near the beginning of Lent, 1706, going on foot, begging shelter and bread the entire way. He spent fifteen days at Loretto in the deepest devotion, and having reached Rome, obtained, June 6th, an audience of the Sovereign Pontiff, Clement XI.

Montfort expressed his wish to labor as a missionary among the heathen, but the Holy Father said to him: "Father, you have in your own country a field worthy of your object." He then conferred upon him the title of Missionary-Apostolic, with special privileges, and a particular charge against the errors of Jansenism. Thus fortified by the blessing of the head of the Church, our Saint returned to France in the same way that he had left it, but the heat of summer made the journey far more exhausting.

When he rejoined Brother Mathurin, the first of the "Brothers of the Holy Ghost," he could scarcely be recognized. He would not take any rest, but started off immediately to place himself under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, by a pilgrimage to *Notre-Dame des Ardilliers* at Saumur. Then he showed his ever great devotion to the special protector of France, the glorious Prince of heaven, by a pilgrimage to Mont Saint-Michel.

On leaving here for Rennes and Montfort, he passed by the homes of his relatives to take lodgings in the poorest quarters of the town. His old nurse begged him at least to dine with her. He said to her on taking leave: "Andrée, Andrée, you have taken great care of me, but you have not been charitable. Forget Montfort, he is nothing. Think of Jesus Christ, He is everything and it is He Whom you must ever regard in the poor." At the charming town of Dinan a hospital still exists which he founded at this time. He seems to have been influential also in the remarkable conversion of the Count and Countess de la Garraye, whose charity has been the theme of romance and song.

The pilgrim and the artist are still attracted to the lovely ruins of Chateau Garraye, where the noble lord and lady themselves tended the sick and suffering for more than thirty years. At La Chèze, one Saint followed upon the track of another. There was an abandoned chapel of Our Lady of Pity near the town. Roofless for centuries, it was tenanted only by bats and owls. St. Vincent Ferrer had said on seeing it: "This great undertaking (of restoring the chapel) is reserved by God for a man who will be born in latter times, a man who will remain

unknown, a man who will be much contradicted and laughed at, but a man who will bring this enterprise to a happy issue."

So said the son of Our Lady of the Rosary and Montfort, "unworthy Slave of Jesus in Mary,"[1] could not see our Mother's shrine neglected. He who lived on alms as a beggar, nevertheless dauntlessly began the restoration. The work was finished with solidity and elegance and the means of meeting all expenses were provided at the necessary time. This place is still an object of great devotion to the people, and near La Chèze is still shown to the stranger a stone which is called "Father Montfort's pillow."

VI.—The Calvary.

The Calvary at Pont Chateau was a far more remarkable instance of his ability to accomplish great works by a simple appeal to the charity of the people. A most successful mission

[1] This was the title he gave himself and those who consecrated themselves to the service of Mary, that is, giving themselves to Mary in the *quality of slaves*. The treatise, *True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin*, by Blessed Louis-Marie Grignon de Montfort, was translated into English by Father Faber and has been recently republished, with a preface by the Right Reverend Bishop of Salford. A full appreciation of this remarkable work, which is better known to our American readers under the title—*The Secret of Mary*—is given by the learned bishop as well as by Father Faber. Father Ramière in the MESSENGER of November, 1877, wrote an accurate analysis of the treatise, commending the practice of this method of honoring the Blessed Virgin. Blessed De Montfort speaks of several kinds of devotions to the Blessed Mother. The first consists in performing the duties of a Christian, by avoiding mortal sin, by acting more from love than from fear, and by praying to the Blessed Virgin and honoring her as the Mother of God, without having any special devotion toward her. The second consists in entertaining for the Blessed Virgin feelings of the most perfect esteem, love, confidence, and veneration. It leads us to join her Sodalities, to recite the Rosary, and honor her images and altars. The third is the *Secret*, and consists in giving ourselves up entirely to the most holy Virgin, in the quality of slaves, in order to belong wholly to Jesus Christ; and in the next place to do all our actions with Mary, in Mary, by Mary, for Mary, in order to do them more perfectly with Jesus, in Jesus, by Jesus, and for Jesus, our last end.

The slavery and chains Blessed De Montfort speaks of differ altogether from the use of the chains and some other practices of a certain confraternity which the Holy Office has forbidden (see *Analecta*, 1 P., col. 757).—EDITOR.

had almost drawn to a close. The ever-pious Vendeans had been stirred to yet more profound devotion by the burning words of the missionary; he deemed it a fitting time to execute a long-cherished project.

Near the town was an extended moor; the central point of it was a little hill which commanded a magnificent view of the whole surrounding country. On this summit Montfort asked them to form a higher hill to represent Mount Calvary. Every day for fifteen months a volunteer body of workers, men, women, and children, from the lowest to the highest rank, even to the number of thousands, labored faithfully without noise or confusion. They kept silence except when the Rosary was said or the *Cantiques* were sung in public. When the work was finished, the central hillock was in the form of a sugar-loaf, forty feet high, and a hundred and seventy in circumference. At the top was a platform for the Crucifixion. The Cross of our Lord was fifty feet high and painted red. At the foot were Our Lady of Pity, St. John, and St. Mary Magdalen. The crosses of the Thieves were on either side. The trench around the whole was one thousand and seventy-six feet in circumference. One hundred and fifty fir-trees and fifteen cypresses made a "Living Rosary" at the base, by which the pilgrims could mark their devotions.

For forty miles off this magnificent work of voluntary piety was plainly visible, and all Vendée was proud of it.

On the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, the Calvary was to be solemnly blessed when an order arrived from the bishop withdrawing his permission. The unconquerable hatred of the Jansenists had accomplished this. Still not satisfied, they represented Montfort as an ambitious man, and the Calvary as a fortified place in which he might defend himself against the state. The militia was ordered to take it down amid the sighs and tears of the people. Our Saint alone was unmoved. "God be blessed!" he calmly said; "I have not sought my own glory, but only that of God. I hope to receive the same reward as if I had succeeded."

He went into retreat at the house of the Jesuit Fathers at Nantes, and they saw no signs of sadness on his sweet and serene countenance. He foretold that the Calvary would be twice restored. So it was, once in 1747, to be again destroyed during the Revolution; again in 1821, when the zeal of the whole neighborhood was roused. More than twenty-one thousand persons gave a day's work for nothing. The Calvary is still in existence, watched over by the Daughters of Wisdom, and a place, it is said, of miracles and benediction.

Little was done during the lifetime of Montfort toward the organization of the band of missionaries who were to carry on his work. He left the sketch of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, a community of priests and lay brothers, among whom was a select number of missionaries—the Company of Mary—"true apostles with their whole heart in their work, detached from every object, ready to fly like a body of light infantry, at the good pleasure of the bishop, wherever they may be called for the greater good of souls." How wonderfully his desires were fulfilled, we have neither time nor space to tell.

In 1715 Montfort gave a mission at La Rochelle. This place was always a Huguenot stronghold, and the children were either lamentably ignorant or taught by heretic teachers. Deeply distressed by this state of things, he laid the matter before the Bishop of Champfleur. For the girls' schools he offered his two Daughters of Wisdom, who were still in the hospital at Poitiers. The bishop was greatly interested in all that he heard of Sister Marie Louise of Jesus, and promised to give the necessary provision for the schools. Without further delay Montfort started a school for the boys, attending to all the details himself. He then wrote for his daughters, whom he had already warned, to prepare for the change. Sister Marie Louise of Jesus had in the meantime arranged her affairs with the greatest prudence so that she could conquer all the difficulties in the way of her leaving Poitiers. Montfort welcomed her with joy, addressing some fatherly advice to the future superior in his own quaint phraseology: "Look, my daughter, look at that poor hen with her

chickens under her wings; with what attention she takes care of them, with what tenderness she loves them! Well, then, it is thus you must behave toward all the daughters whose mother you will henceforth become." He spent some months with them in thoroughly training them in the spirit which was to be their heritage. He bequeathed to them the wise rule he had composed for them, and with it his own spirit of utter unworldliness, unaffected piety, and love of the Cross. He took leave of them a few months before his death, but continued to write to them the sweet and energetic letters which are the mirror of his devoted soul. The last one is given in all its quaint tenderness in the life of the holy man, from which we have drawn this present sketch. He asks, as ever, abundant crosses for his "little flock, which is but poorly lodged among men, that one day it may be amply lodged in that Divine Heart Which has been pierced for this very end."

VII.—The Reward Comes.

He was taken ill with pleurisy during a mission at Saint-Laurent-sur-Sèvre, in April 1716, and died on the 28th of the same month after arranging his affairs with the greatest care. A moment before his death he sang a stanza of one of his *Cantiques:*

"Allons, mes chers amis,
Allons en Paradis;
Quoi qu'on gagne en ces lieux,
Le Paradis vaut mieux."

His last words were: "It is in vain that you attack me; I am between Jesus and Mary:—*Deo Gratias et Mariæ!* I have finished my course. It is over now, and I shall never sin again!"

He is buried at Saint-Laurent-sur-Sèvre, the site of the mother-house of the Daughters of Wisdom and the central mission of the Company of Mary. It is off the usual line of travel, and the pilgrim after praying at the shrine will find little to interest him. More satisfactory will it be to trace the points of

his various missions, and to discern in his countrymen the inheritance of sincere Catholicity which generations of Breton Saints have bequeathed to them.

One day, during a recent visit to Brittany, we left regretfully the lovely shrine of Sainte-Anne d'Auray. A warm September day and unclouded Breton skies softened the sombre heathery gloom of the moors of Morbihan; a delightful drive over a perfect road, past a picturesque old mill, and several herds of the innumerable black cattle of Brittany, brought us to the outer gates of La Chartreuse. Here for many generations the silent sons of St. Bruno[1] did penance for sin, and by intercession and praise imitated the life of the blessed in heaven.

Here, now, their places are filled by children, silent not from choice, but because *the hand of the Lord hath touched them.* We could not see the little deaf-mutes or any considerable portion of the building, because everything was in confusion. The nuns were preparing for a great feast in honor of their holy founder, why—we could not ascertain, as his commemoration is usually in the latter part of April. A huge cross which they had brought with difficulty from Vannes, was to have a place of honor. So great was the happy excitement in the house that after a glimpse of the chapel and the cloisters, where are some imperfectly restored pictures of the life of St. Bruno, we were obliged to go without finishing our special errand. This was to get a parcel of precious and now very rare relics of the Blessed which had been left there for us by the Superior-General of the Company of Mary. Thanks to our own imperfect French and the absence of the regular portress, we were obliged to leave them behind.

But we said farewell to the quaint old building and the pleasant-faced Sister, after an earnest prayer before the beautiful statue of the Saint that something of his holiness might descend upon us, his earnestness, unworldliness, love of the Cross,—that we too might truly use the motto which his every thought breathed, every action exemplified, which his sons and daughters constantly place before their eyes: *Deus Solus!* God Alone.

[1] See Messenger, Oct. 1889, p. 758.

'TATER JOHN'S MAGGIE.

By Harry Vincent.

(CONCLUDED.)

IV.

MAGGIE and George did not meet again till the following Friday, when they were to visit each other's churches and make up their minds as to where they should worship in the future. Maggie had almost made up her mind that she had consented to do another great wrong, but she finally convinced herself that she was so sure of victory and so confident of winning George over, that nobody would find very much fault with her for her conduct. "Besides," she would say to herself, "if he should possibly take a dislike to my church, he would never force me to attend his."

George laughed heartily, when he saw her, over the stormy termination of their last meeting, and listened with interest to her as she told him—the tears meanwhile starting to her eyes—of how nervous she had been for his safety.

"I never thought," she said, looking up into his eyes, "that you would leave the house alive. Father was dreadfully angry. I'm sure he'd have killed you, and I gave up every hope when those bad wicked men burst into the room."

"Oh, I didn't care a brass button about myself," he answered gallantly. "I was thinking about you all the time. I shouldn't have left the house at all if I hadn't heard that young fellow, who was looking after you and your mother in the corner, calling to me to get out of the house as fast as I could. He was level-headed enough to see that I was the real cause of the trouble."

"Yes, that's true," said Maggie, "you were. If Father hadn't seen you, there would have been no disturbance at all. He was dreadfully angry with you, and he would have thrashed me to death afterward, if Mother hadn't persuaded him to see Father Donnelly about it first. And then Harry Small did a great deal to quiet him."

"Is he the young fellow who was looking after you? I'd like to do something for him, he did us a good turn," said George,

and then asked suddenly: "Is your father as mad as ever with me?"

"No," she replied, "not since he has seen Father Donnelly. You do not know what a good friend he has been to you. He spoke up for you all the time, and said he wanted to see you and know you, and he hoped we would be happy together, but he scolded me dreadfully for going before the parson, and he says he's sure we'll never be happy till we have our marriage blessed by a priest. But he told father that it was wrong of him to wish you any harm, and that he was to treat you as his son-in-law. Father said he thought that would be impossible, but he promised to try his best not to harm you. But he told Father Donnelly that he did not know what might happen if you met again."

By this time they had arrived at the church where George had proposed they should attend the afternoon service. He was in no way serious about his bargain. He did not think for an instant that Maggie would, as he called it, "change her church" for him, nor had he any desire that she should do so. He had merely proposed the scheme as an excuse for seeing her once more than he might otherwise have done. At present it was immaterial to him what church he was supposed to belong to. In his anxiety to secure Maggie as his wife, he had rashly promised her to be baptized, but since he had come to think over it seriously, he shrank from going through so holy a ceremony, when he really knew and secretly felt within himself that he did not believe in it and was only undergoing it to please her. As for poor simple Maggie, she had entered into the contract because she felt sure that he would be so struck with the beauties of the service of the Catholic Church, that any doubts he might still entertain would be immediately overcome.

And so they entered the great bare building with its softly carpeted aisles and its cosily cushioned pews. A strange sight presented itself to their eyes.

A young, prematurely gray man, with a strong clear voice and handsome regular features, was speaking in the pulpit. His language was good, and so were his ideas. He stood up in his

lofty position to his full height. He added great force and weight to his arguments by the excellent intonation of his well-trained voice and the graceful motion of his hands and posture of his body. He was evidently a young man whose good qualities having been discovered, had advanced him to the curacy of a prosperous church. But its fashionable and wealthy congregation gave its attention on the afternoons of week-days to teas and receptions, for on this present occasion he was delivering his sermon—a duty of the endowment—to an audience amounting in numbers, without taking into consideration our friends who had just entered, to two persons! These were two very elderly ladies, heavily veiled with crape, who sat apart from each other directly under the pulpit, nodding their heads in unison in decided approval of the sermon which was being delivered in a stentorian voice to the empty pews at the back of the church, by a preacher who appeared to be unconscious of their presence.

Maggie, who was quick to take in the situation, did her utmost to restrain, out of deference to George, the smiles which parted her lips. But the latter buried his face in his hands and gave full vent to his merriment.

She felt him shaking at her side—for she dared not look—and she quickly caught the spreading epidemic. They hid their heads under the bench, and stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths to stifle their plainly audible tittering. They clasped each other's hands, and though shivering with laughter besought each other to stop and restrain themselves, till they were able to contain themselves no longer and, rushing from the church, had scarcely closed the doors behind them when they both burst out into such peals of laughter as were probably heard in the next street.

"Well," said Maggie, as soon as she was able to speak, "if I can't beat that, I don't know what I shall do to myself." And then she told him how sorry she was she had laughed, and begged him to forgive her. "I didn't mean to do it," she said. "I wanted to behave as well and nicely as I know you will behave in my church."

"My dear girl," replied George, "it was my fault entirely. I began it, and I'm not a bit sorry either. Why, a bishop would have roared under similar circumstances."

And then they both laughed again so merrily that passers-by turned round and stared at them, and looked at each other and smiled.

That evening there was Benediction at Father Donnelly's church, and as the bells were ringing to summon people, George and Maggie walked arm-in-arm churchward to carry out the second part of their programme.

George was filled with awe as he entered the sacred edifice. Though he had never attended any of the services of the Catholic Church, he had always had an immense esteem for a religion which had held its followers together and in unison through so many troubled centuries. In this his mother agreed with him; and though she was a strict Anglican, she was in no way bigoted and did not in any way oppose his idea of becoming a Catholic. She could not bear to see him without any religious practice, and she saw no better way out of the difficulties of the hasty marriage he had made.

Maggie gave him the holy water, and showed him how to bless himself and to genuflect in so pretty and winning a manner that he found himself doing these things reverentially and with a great deal of pleasure. The priest—whom Maggie whisperingly pointed out to him as Father Donnelly—clad in his flowing robes was walking to his place on the altar.

As they had only just arrived in time, they found that the church was well filled already and that it was impossible to get a seat. They walked around and knelt half-way up the side-aisle. The priest raised the Sacred Host aloft, a choir of boys lifted up their clear voices in the *O Salutaris Hostia*, and the people bowed their heads and struck their breasts in devout adoration.

During the hymn George, who had been doing as Maggie did as faithfully as he could, had an opportunity of looking around and noticing everything and everybody about him. How different everything was from the church he was supposed to attend,

which they had visited in the afternoon. There was no carpet on the floor nor any cushions in the seats, it was true; no well-dressed ushers to show the people to their places—nor did the congregation consist of two people. Every seat in the church was occupied, and devout worshippers, crowded together, knelt all about the altar-rails and down the aisles to the very doors of the church; all joining piously in the hymn, all intent on what they were doing, every lip moving in prayer, every eye downcast, every face wearing a happy look.

"Very different from churches I've been to before, where people look about to see whose gown is the prettiest, compare each other's hats, and make merry over quiet little flirtations during the sermons," thought George to himself.

As the Litany of the Blessed Virgin—which is always sung at Benediction in the English churches—was commenced, a little boy, who had already several times turned round from his seat to look at Maggie, rose from his knees and with the aid of a pair of crutches left the pew and stood by her side.

"Won't you please take my place?" he said. "I can kneel here very nicely."

"No, thank you," answered Maggie; "you need a comfortable place more than I do."

"Oh, I'm not a bit tired," he answered pluckily. "I've been sitting all day. I should be very much pleased if you would."

"Thank you very much," said Maggie, as she stepped into the pew, whilst the little boy laid his crutches on the ground and knelt down in her place in the aisle.

"You don't belong to our church, do you?" he said suddenly, turning to George who was at his side.

"No," answered George; "I only came with my wife."

"I thought so," said the little lame boy; "I could tell immediately. It's as beautiful a religion as it's true, and it's full of consolations and happiness for the good. I'm very lame and very sick and have been all my life, and I cost my mother nearly everything she earns, because she's very poor; and yet we're both

happy and contented, because we know there are better things in store for us. And I'm going to pray for you, very hard indeed. I shall remember your face, and every time I think of it, I shall pray for you."

And then he turned toward the altar again and clasped his little hands fervently, and closed his eyes and struck his little breast reverentially to the end of the service.

As they were leaving the church he whispered to George: "I am here in good time every Friday evening. I will keep a place for you if you would like to come next week."

"Very well," answered George. "I promise to come; don't forget me." And then Maggie took his arm, and they left the church.

They were to separate at the nearest corner, as she could not stay out late and was quite near her home.

"Maggie," he said, after all the people had passed and they stood there alone, "you have won, and I'll go with you to Father Donnelly to-morrow afternoon. Meet me here, at this corner, at three o'clock."

"Oh, George," she cried joyfully, "a thousand, thousand thanks. You are a dear, good fellow."

He kissed her tenderly on the forehead, and bade her good-night, and she tripped off gaily and happily homeward.

V.

Father Donnelly, perhaps the most popular priest in London, was sitting in his room the following afternoon, hat in hand, ready for his afternoon calls. He was waiting to be told that Boggs, whom he had sent for, was downstairs in the parlor. He had a word to say to him about the thrashing he had administered to the drunken fellow who was ill-treating his wife in the street just a week ago that night. The affair had only just reached his ears or he would have spoken to him about it at the time he had read him a lecture concerning the trouble in his own house, with which 'Tater John had wound up that memorable evening.

'Tater John was always punctual. The very minute he was expected he was at the front door, and Father Donnelly entered the parlor almost at the same time with him.

"Now, John, I haven't much time to spare," he said, "so while I've got you, I'm going to give it pretty hot. What's this I hear about your punching a fellow black and blue last Saturday night?"

"Well, Father, I'm sure he deserved it."

"Tut, tut, John," replied the priest, "no more than you deserve a thrashing now, for doing what I have often forbidden you to do."

"Oh, but Father," argued the costermonger, "you wasn't there and didn't see. Why he was a 'ollerin' like mad, and his poor wife was lyin' supine-like in the mud, and he was a sprawlin' all hover and punchin' the deuce out of 'er. Poor thing, she 'ardly knew which was 'er top-hend when I lifted her to 'er feet, and the blood was a streamin' down 'er face, and 'er 'and was cut fearful, and 'er clothes which were full o' 'oles and awful shabby were covered hall hover with mud."

"I don't care," said Father Donnelly testily, though he was much amused at his parishioner's description; "you must stop this thrashing people. It won't do at all."

"'Ow can I 'elp it?" said John. "You'd 'ave done it yourself, Father, under the circumstances. I thought so at the time, too, so I just says—'Mind yer heye'—and I lets 'im 'ave it as 'ard as I could lick."

"Well, John," urged the priest, "you must not let it occur again. Help a woman up to her feet, if you like, and stop as many quarrels as you can, but don't take the law into your own hands, and beat the breath out of every man's body who happens to get into a row. Take my word for it, John, if you don't stop you'll have them all down on you, and some of these nights they'll mob you, and they won't leave a sound bone in your body. Or somebody will be running a knife into your back before you know where you are. So be warned in time, and if you want to do good, do it quietly and gently; the result is much more lasting. And now to change the subject, how's your little girl?"

"Oh, I've no patience with 'er."

"Why not?"

"Because she's been hout with that feller again."

"Where to?"

"To some of the play-'ouses, I s'pose. I'd thrash 'er if you 'adn't hordered me not to."

"You might just as well go on bread and water for a month for letting your own wife walk by your side on the street. He's the girl's husband. I've seen the marriage certificate, and the clergyman who performed the ceremony, so whether you like it or not you might as well make the best of it."

"Oh, I've made up my mind to lump it."

"What sort of a young man is he?"

"Why, 'e's a reg'lar bloody dandy."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, 'e's one of them fellers as wears a shiny 'at as you can see your face in, and 'is 'air's parted down the middle, and plastered down on 'is 'ead, and his boots are shined up till they're almost white. And as for his clothes, my heye, they fit just like the skin of a horange."

"Good clothes are no harm if he's a sensible young man."

"But he hain't. 'E hain't got no more sense in 'is 'ead than a cockroach. 'Ow can a man with such a houtward appearance 'ave any brains? He hain't a Catholic, either."

The clock struck three. The front-door bell rang, and Maggie and George were ushered into the parlor. Father Donnelly welcomed them cordially and showed them chairs, and George found himself shaking hands with the priest as though he were one of his best friends.

"Think I've had the pleasure of seeing you before," he said to Boggs. "How d'ye do? I'm glad you didn't get hurt very much the last time I saw you."

Boggs looked as though he would very much like to crush him, and George smilingly turned again to the priest.

"May I ask the object of your visit to my house?" said the latter.

"This girl," answered George, "is my wife and the daughter of our mutual friend here. She is a member of your Church, whilst I, though I am supposed to belong to the Church of England, am practically nothing. I have not been in the habit of saying prayers or attending service. But I want to change all that now. My little wife here only married me because I promised to become a Catholic, and I thought that there would be nothing simpler than to go through the inaugural ceremonies and appear at the church occasionally. But last evening she tempted me to attend your devotions—the Benediction, I think you call it—and I was so struck by the beauty of the service and the piety of the people that I made up my mind to go into the thing thoroughly."

"By Jove!" cried Boggs, "you hain't such a hidiot as I thought you was."

And then George told the priest of the pleasure he had experienced the evening before, and of the thoughts which had passed through his brain and the happiness that had thrilled him. It was arranged that the marriage should be blessed by the priest, and that instruction in the doctrines and teachings of the Church should be immediately commenced. Then George, in some confusion, gave the priest a crisp five-pound bank-note for the little lame boy who had given up his seat to Maggie.

Boggs was now brimming over with pleasure, and was in consequence leaving out more "h's," and putting more in where they did not belong, than was his wont. He kissed his daughter and called her a "bonny lass," and promised her lots of money and fine dresses such as would match her husband's "tip-top" clothes. He was suddenly seized with an inexpressible admiration for his son-in-law, whom a few minutes before he had held in utter contempt, and called him the "right sort, by jingo." He shook Father Donnelly's hand warmly, and promised him a "fiver" for the school in honor of the occasion.

As they left the house together he thus expressively relieved himself: "Blow me tight, but I never thought as 'ow my Mag could have made a convert all by 'erself."

"I don't think it was my doing, father. I'm afraid I did a great deal of harm to him as well as myself by consenting to be married by a parson."

"Well, if you didn't do it, who did, I'd like to know? Now, sir, confess like a man, she did it, didn't she?"

"Well, if I must tell you, I'm afraid it wasn't Maggie," replied George. "The devotion of the people had something to do with it; but it was principally due to our little friend who gave up his seat to your daughter. That little fellow's piety, and his happiness under such affliction, would have moved the hardest heart!"

VI.

"Of course I know, Mr. Buntin'," 'Tater John was saying, "that I can't keep my daughter from you, and indeed I hain't anxious to do so any more. She shall go with you and live in your fine 'ouse, and do just what you says. I know I'm a long way beneath you—'eaps below you in the social point of view—so I shan't bother you and keep a-turnin' up at your 'ouse and 'auntin' your very life hout. I recognise as 'ow my gal 'as married above 'er, and you needn't fear as 'ow I shall crop hup to turn you to shame when you're in the middle of hentertainin' hall your fine lady and gentlemen friends."

"Nonsense, Boggs!" George had replied, "I married your daughter because I saw she was a good girl and would make a capital wife—just what I was on the look-out for—but you mustn't think I consider myself above you and your wife. I don't—I'm not that sort. You must both of you come to see your daughter whenever you please, and I myself shall always be delighted to welcome you."

"Well, you're a reg'lar trump, I'm blowed if you hain't," replied John, overcome; "a gentleman, sir, from the word go. You're fit to be a dook, Mr. Buntin', much more than some o' them as is dooks. And since you're so kind as not to be ashamed of me, I'll make bold to ask as you'll let me give a bit of a feast so as some of my friends and neighbors can see what a hexcellent gentleman my Mag's married."

"By all means, Boggs; I'll join you with all my heart."

And so the supper was prepared after much ado and a goodly company had assembled. Father Donnelly had promised to look in, and the sexton of the church—the most important personage in the parish—was present. There were tradespeople from all around the neighborhood there, with their wives; John's barber and grocer had not been forgotten, and Harry Small was amongst the guests; and, at George's special request, the little cripple who had given up his seat in the church to Maggie. He was very fond of this little fellow; he associated him very closely with the happiness he had felt ever since he had visited the church that Friday night.

Mrs. Boggs had been very busy for two days beforehand. She was an excellent cook and had prepared, in Harry Small's phraseology, "stunnin' grub." Roast chicken, a round of beef, potatoes, carrots and turnips, bread and butter, cheese, jam-tarts and beer—plenty for all and to spare.

Mr. Boggs, who had left the house to meet George at an appointed street corner to navigate him safely to the house through the dangerous locality, was expected every minute. At last the hero arrived and the company set to, to do justice to the excellent repast. They still love to talk to each other of the "hinnocent henjoyment as they hexperienced."

Boggs took upon himself the arduous duty of making the speech, because he believed he could do it better than anybody else. He said he was quite sure that the assembled people wished Mr. Bunting and his daughter every joy, and he didn't see any reason on earth why they shouldn't be as happy as anything; and he made the dishes clatter by bringing his hand down heavily upon the table. There had been a deal of trouble, and he felt that he had been on occasions a trifle too hasty, but he repented this and hoped Mr. Bunting would forget and forgive. Long life and plenty of money and happiness was what he wished them from the bottom of his heart, and he was sure that all present were of the same opinion and harbored similar sentiments.

"Hintroduce me formal to your 'usband, won't you, Miss Maggie?" said Harry Small after they had all risen from the table.

"George, this is Harry Small, of whom I have so often spoken to you."

"'Ow are you, sir? 'ow are you, sir?" said Harry as he bowed to the ground. "'Appy to 'old your 'and. Call me 'Arry, hevery-body calls me 'Arry, sir. And I'm hovercome with honor to meet so 'lustrated a person, and I wish you hevery joy and 'appiness in your married life, and I 'opes you'll get on fust-rate and that by and bye the Queen'll make you a markis or a hearl. And I'd like to congratulate you on your wife. She's a charmin' lass, she is, and she'll make you 'appy. She 'as 'er mother's good looks and 'er father's pluck, and the sense of both of them. I 'oped to win 'er myself, but I'd never 'ave thought of it if I'd known you and was aware of your hintentions. I thank you kindly, sir, too, for all the money you gave my little cousin, the lame boy."

Then George went over to the little fellow and sat by him and listened to his innocent prattle.

"And if you had your choice of everything in the world, what would you take?"

"I'd take," he answered, "one of Mr. Boggs' hot potatoes."

"Why," laughed George, "didn't you get enough at the supper-table?"

"Oh yes, I got plenty, but I left room enough for a hot potato from Mr. Boggs' cart. You see I've heard so much about them, and I've never had money enough to buy one."

So John set to work and baked him a potato, and sat by him whilst he ate it. "And whenever," he said, as the boy finished it, "you see me on the street, call out to me and you shall 'ave the biggest potato in my cart for nothin'."

So the party went on merrily. George mixed about very little with the people, because he saw his presence awed them; so he made his wife do double duty for him in that way. Boggs himself was undoubtedly the life of the entertainment. He sang and danced and made merry with them all, whilst Harry

Small did his best to amuse the guests, and succeeded in doing so by his original sayings and his extraordinary facial expression. The party was finally broken up, and George and his wife were allowed to depart—once again under the safe protection of Boggs—with good wishes for joy and happiness from all.

A few years have passed away and our two friends are living contentedly and happily in a small but pretty house in Kilburn, one of the suburbs of London. George has lost his mother; he was not able, unfortunately, to impress her before her death with the claims of his adopted religion, to which he has himself been most faithful. Maggie sometimes trembles as she thinks of the guilty rashness which, somehow, the good Angels turned well. Her eldest boy has been christened Thomas—after Father Donnelly.

Boggs continues to sell 'taters, larger and hotter than ever, and is everywhere pointed out as the man whose "gal married a man as 'll some day be a bloomin' dook."

Harry Small still does well in his trotter business, but he has lately given it out as his intention to take the Queen's shilling and enlist in Her Majesty's army. His cousin, the little lame boy, no longer rattles his crutches as he kneels before the Blessed Sacrament in the church: he has long since talked over with the good Angels all the work, in which his suffering prayers had assisted their own efforts, to save 'Tater John's Maggie and her husband George.

WANDERING THOUGHTS IN MEXICO.

By Manuel Kennedy.

VII.

A RECENT writer[1]—a true teller of "traveller's tales"—in the midst of words of fanatical reproach of everything religious in the Mexican people, has words that show how far there still remains a desire in the hearts of these poor people to know and follow the teachings of the Church. "It is simply astounding to see how much these Christianized aborigines stand, without having the scales removed from their eyes. In Mexico they are the principal support of the old system of miracles and Popish mummery. The cross is the symbol of their slavery; and yet they regard it as an emblem of glory."

This was written after the relentless persecutions of late years. The same traveller, with his fanatical North-of-Ireland hatred of the Catholic shall tell us what we have to expect as the outcome. "I was desirous of visiting a noted place—the ruined monastery of *El Desierto*. . . . Turning away, I felt no regret in having found it literally a desert, its convent a crumbling ruin, inhabited only by two or three old men in monkish costume."

From a passing magazine[2] I catch the following touching incident related by a lady who had gone among the scenes of my wandering thoughts and illustrations in search of "lustred pottery." She found, without knowing it, the faith that lies deep down in the hearts of the simple country-people.

[1] Captain Mayne Reid. [2] *Harper's*, for August, 1889.

"Not ungermane to the subject is a feature which illustrates the character of these people. I received many felicitations on the success of my exploit, whose happy issue was attributed by the courtier-like Mexicans to the power of personal influence and 'sympathetic charm.' This was flattering, but to me not conclusive or satisfactory, and an after-occurrence furnished me with an explanation which is plausible and I think the true one. Having to choose between extra raiment and the camera in matter of luggage, I elected to take the camera, and so had to adapt my riding-habit to the requirements of walking. The long simple folds and severe finish caused those unsophisticated creatures to mistake me for a nun, and they could, I take it, refuse nothing to one of the venerated 'little mothers,' whom they have seen so seldom since the establishment of the reform laws abolished convents in Mexico. I felt myself a rank impostor and unspeakably guilty when I discovered the deception I had all innocently practised to achieve my little triumph in winning a secret that has been handed down in this out-of-the-way corner, no doubt, since it was taught there to the Indians by some artist-souled priest of the Conquistadores."

The confiscation of the goods of the dispersed communities was attended with all the ruthless Vandalism which has accompanied every effort of the Masonic Revolution elsewhere. Libraries were carted away piecemeal by ignorant policemen, who had all the contempt of ignorance for any book or manuscript showing signs of antiquity. The loss to sober history cannot easily be estimated.

These confiscations were even extended, when any passing convenience made it desirable, to private libraries and collections. Thus the project of a State University demanded a library to go along with it. An aged member of one of the religious orders, which had been long since dispersed, had lived for a half-century in his own house, and though a priest had at one time been a Senator of the Republic. Being a man of learned tastes, and having at his disposition the property of his family, he had collected during all these years one of the finest libraries in the

country. He had arranged the books carefully in seven large halls in his house; and I still remember the ever new delight with which he went over the shelves day after day. He would be seen in the early morning at the top of a step-ladder peering at the names, and occasionally apostrophizing some volume which had slipped out of place. "*Picaro* (Thou rogue)! How come you here?"

He left his books at his death to some of his religious brethren, for whom he had collected them, in hopes that sooner or later some community of his beloved order might again find footing in Mexico. In all this there was nothing which did not come under the most sacred rights of private property. But there was no public opinion in favor of the "clericals." Accordingly the Government, so early in the morning that it concluded no one would be stirring, sent its policemen to cart away the books to the new University. They were perhaps not quite aware how early hours are kept by the religious orders. Even so, there was barely time to remove a few sets of domestic documents, whose loss could never have been repaired, into the bedroom of a foreigner staying in the house, when the devastation began.

The most valuable sets were simply bundled away in baskets and barrows, without a single educated man being sent to supervise the difficult work of removing a formed collection of books. A young student of my acquaintance was present. He had long been in want of a complete dictionary of some learned language or other. Seeing this invasion of the rights of private property he lost his own scruples, and boldly went to the alcove where he knew such a work to be kept.

The guard, who had but half a heart in his business, significantly remarked:

"You must not let me *see* you take anything away!"

He was understood, and amid the great laughter of the policemen, the young man calmly took off his coat, arranged the huge tome on his shoulders, and throwing his coat over it made his way out of the house with the hump of learning on his back.

VIII.

If my truly wandering thoughts have not been garrulous enough of themselves to show signs of age, I at least feel strangely old in my experience of the Masonic revolution when I consider the present state of Mexico. What an opportunity was here, by a hearty co-operation with the Catholic religion, for uniting a whole people along the course of prosperity and morality. Will it ever return? I know not; but the only consolation in thinking of those past possibilities is to know that, at least, no foreign religion has yet been able to tear out the Catholic faith from Mexican hearts.

Yet American Protestantism never had such golden opportunities as here. It was the sworn policy of the Government to protect it in all its proselytizing efforts. Beautiful churches were confiscated in its favor, though the religious accommodations of the capital have been so small for many years as to oblige the priests to make use of a most singular dispensation by which each says three Masses on a Sunday or day of obligation.

In the country places, the antics of these North American missionaries, as the people called them, were during the first few years indescribable. There is no place in the United States where similar breaches of all civilized, not to say, Christian propriety, would not have been summarily stayed—by "vigilance committees," if not otherwise.

I do not speak of their coming into remote villages, and by brutal questionings attempting to scatter abroad among the people scandalous rumors of the private lives of their pastors. They did not stop even at the profanation of churches. Thus one Good Friday, after the most solemn part of the service—which by the way had exclusively to do with Christ's Passion—a man, speaking the language of the people with the most ludicrous incorrectness, rushed up into the pulpit before the astonished congregation and began declaiming against the idolatry of their whole religion.

Imagine what would have been the result of a similar proceeding in Protestant Kentucky, as soon as the men had recovered

A TROPICAL KITCHEN.

from their first surprise. Certainly there would have been a general popping of revolvers. The good-natured Mexicans were more tolerant. When they could listen no longer—for it was some little time before they found out the man was not crazy, but simply insulting the holy mysteries of the day—they quietly dragged him from his place and threw him out with a warning to return no more. On one such occasion, the indiscreet missionary landed in an Indian *pueblo*. It was unfortunate for him, but I do not know that the result was surprising. He was beaten so badly that he died of it. He has long been a martyr for the old women who give out their money to convert the Mexican Romanists! Of late, however, this missionary ardor has cooled, except so far as drawing the salary from home is concerned.

Meanwhile, there is no country riper for true missions. As long ago as the beginning of this century, Captain Pike spoke respectfully of the priests and religion of this country. This was in Spanish times; but Bayard Taylor fifty years later has no very harsh words for them. With all the increasing ignorance and religious privations of these later years, the poor people still hunger and thirst after justice which they can never find in the emotional spasms of Protestant justification by faith. In the cabins of the hot region, where everything conspires to make men dream their lives away, dark native faces can everywhere be seen looking with faith and hope to the picture of the Sacred Heart—gaudy and cheap, it may be, but still speaking to them with an intelligible voice from the staked wall where it hangs.

In the recent troubles in the State of Guanajato, while the mission of which I spoke last month was going on in the country-town, clear signs were given of the people's faith, however lax may have been their practice. The preacher had said, as every priest in the United States has said many times every year, that for Catholics a merely civil marriage was not a Christian marriage at all; in Mexico it is not even a valid union. Thereupon the head magnate of the village walks into the church during the next sermon, with hat on head and drawn pistol in hand, and attempts to arrest the missionary and carry him off to prison.

TROPICAL SCENES.

Then occurred the very mild riot, considering the intense brutality of the provocation, which was so exaggerated by the American press. Of course, the provocation was not even spoken of. In fact, the whole riot was chiefly the fright and alarm and sore-heartedness of the pious women present; and the only violence really used against the impudent magistrate was at the hands of an old woman who left the imprint of her nails on his evil face. Yet since that time the missionary Fathers, without any form of trial, languish in the common prison of a Mexican town—a place which would not be considered fit for murderers in sentimental America.

As I close these wandering thoughts of many years amid the luxuriant vegetation of these tropical savannas, I can but ask—what will be the end of this Christian land? It was one of the first to welcome the devotion to the Sacred Heart; surely there must come a time when the passions of men will no longer prevent Its mild and gentle reign among souls.

GOD'S HEROINE.

By a Sister of Mercy.

And His look was as it were hidden and despised, whereupon we esteemed Him not.

WOULD that I could engrave upon the hearts of my readers the name of Maria Lasagna, that therein she might always be remembered with feelings of the deepest gratitude for her heroic love and devotion toward her God—a devotion perhaps unequalled since the day in which the blessed Veronica, despite all personal danger, knelt before Him when on His way to Calvary to wipe with her veil that countenance defiled by contumely. And shall we consider this circumstance, because it has happened "in this our day," as the less worthy of veneration as well as of immortality?

In the annals of the Order of Mercy is related a touching account of a poor Italian woman who, unconscious that her deed

would ever appear in print, has probably ere this gone to reap the reward of her noble self-devotion.

The incident occurred in South America in the old city of Buenos Ayres which, founded in the year 1850, was called through the piety of her Catholic founder Cuidad di Nuestra Señora, or the City of Our Lady. It is now the capital of the largest and richest portion of the Argentine Republic and is situated on the southwestern bank of the Rio de la Plata, or Silver River, about one hundred and fifty miles from its mouth.

This city is, or was once, very beautiful; its streets are laid out in squares paved with granite; and the flat-roofed houses of the natives, one story only in height and built of brick, surround a court in the true Spanish fashion. The houses of foreign residents resemble, for the most part, those of our own country.

The Plaza del 25th de Mayo is located in the principal part of the city, and was named in honor of the independence of the country. It is ornamented with fountains in the midst of which rises an obelisk commemorative of the same event. Fine public buildings surround this plaza among which are the Cathedral, a fine many-pillared domed building and one of the largest in South America as well as the richest, and the Episcopal Palace the residence of the Archbishop. Both of these buildings bore a prominent part in the events which we are about to relate.

The environs of the city, mostly occupied by the beautiful country seats of the wealthier inhabitants, are surrounded by olive and cotton plantations beyond which stretch the pampas, or large grassy plains, on which can be seen the graceful horses and fine herds of cattle peculiar to that region of the country.

The repeated reverses of this unfortunate country have materially affected its growth and prosperity and even more so its faith which, once purely Catholic, is now a mixture of sects, of which Communism, Carbonarism and Freemasonry, bear a prominent part.

After the defeat of Rosas and his consequent flight in the year 1852, the country fell into anarchy; one or other of these parties held sway, not alone over its political institutions, but even over those consecrated to religion.

During this disturbed period and in the year 1856, the Sisters of Mercy, ignorant of the true state of affairs and warmly invited by the good old Archbishop, left their home on the banks of the Liffey, and full of hope for the future, set sail for this unfortunate country. They were warmly welcomed by those who yet retained their faith and even won the respect of the infidels by their heroism and self-devotion during the pestilences with which the city was at different times visited.

The Sisters had established themselves in a fine convent in the Calle Rio Bamba, opposite the Jesuit College of San Salvador. This college, in fact a university in all but its name, which bears such an important part in our sad recital, was an immense structure four stories in height, constructed of glass and iron and possessed of every facility for the pursuance of the different branches taught therein. It also contained a library of some 30,000 volumes. An adjoining church for the use of the students was also the possession of the Society, and was of great architectural beauty.

The Jesuits and the Sisters of Mercy were the only religious orders in the city at that time, and notwithstanding the public services they had rendered, not alone to the city, but to the entire country during its various pestilences, they were marked out as victims when the time for the sacrifice should come.

In the year 1875 the infidel party, strengthened by that of the Communists, was the dominant faction, and the time was now come for the immolation of the victims. The fanatics numbering several thousands, upon an agreed signal, rushed upon the episcopal residence hoping to take the venerable Archbishop by surprise, declaring that they would be satisfied with nothing short of his blood.

And that in this our day!

Baffled in their expectations of immolating him as their first victim they mutilated or destroyed all that they could lay hands upon in the palace; then, entering the massive Cathedral, they continued their work of destruction, doing as much damage as was possible in their haste to seek for living victims.

With cries of "first the Jesuits—then the Sisters of Mercy," the fiends with imprecations rushed toward the College, breaking in its doors. The Fathers and students were at their noon-day recreation in the college grounds and the mob, unimpeded in their progress, rushed through the building, breaking up the furniture and everything else that they found in their way. They made huge piles of the debris, upon which they poured petroleum, and set it on fire. Entering the church, they emptied the sacristies of the holy vessels and other articles used in the divine service, heaping them upon the blazing bonfires. One impious wretch, seeing a fine picture of the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord, transpierced it with a javelin amidst the jeers of the crowd. The tabernacle was broken open and the ciborium emptied into the street.

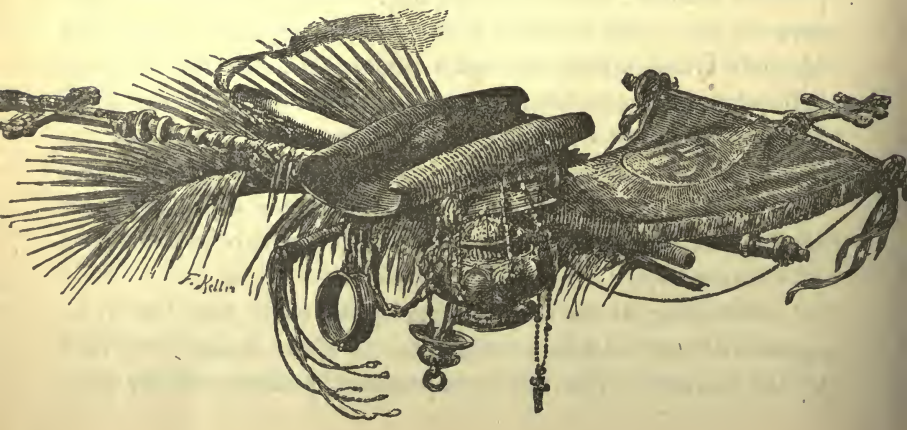
The heroic Maria Lasagna, with heart full of grief at the continued sacrileges, had been watching the fiends at their work from as near a stand-point as possible, hoping in her weakness to be able to be of some service in the interests of her Divine Lord. Upon this crowning act of sacrilege she sprang to her feet and, throwing herself into the midst of the crowd, fell upon her knees to gather up the scattered Particles. As reverently as was possible in her haste, being fearful of further outrage, she carried all that she had been able to secure to the gate of the convent opposite, wherein was a Sister kneeling ready to receive the precious Burden; then simply saying: "I must go back and try to save my Lord," she returned to the scene of disaster. Regardless of their brutal insults she again plunged into the midst of the infuriated rabble, to begin another search for the sacred Fragments, now almost concealed by the mire of the street and the blood of the murdered desecrator of the picture of the Sacred Heart. For he had met with just retribution shortly after his impious act, having been pierced through the body by the sword of a comrade.

Collecting all the sacred Particles she could find, but by no means all, that had been scattered to the winds, she again returned to the convent. The saintly superioress, prostrate at the gate,

welcomed, as well as made acts of reparation to, her insulted Lord, then, bearing the sacred Particles into the chapel, placed Them upon the altar which was surrounded by the religious, as also the pupils and orphans belonging to the convent.

The heroic Maria, her mission now over, lost herself in the crowd, and we hear of her no more. The faithful worshippers remained the entire night around the altar, making acts of reparation for the fiends who were busily engaged in their mission of sacrilege. After finishing their work in the church, with cries of "Now to the Sisters of Mercy!" they broke open the convent door, and filling the house with their shouts and imprecations, penetrated even to the chapel door, when a voice, from whence it came was never known, was heard saying distinctly three times: "Not there!" The mob, intimidated at last, withdrew, leaving the place in peace, if such it might be called. During this reign of terror a Jesuit, disguised as a gardener, said Mass daily in the chapel until, with the other Jesuits, he was expelled from the country.

No longer able to bear the sad state of affairs, which seemed to become even worse instead of better, the dark-robed Sisters, who did no harm to anyone, but only had come to save and bless, were obliged to abandon the country where they had labored and suffered for twenty-four years, leaving behind them sixteen of their band sleeping their last sleep in the City of the Dead.



THE MEANING OF THE SCAPULAR.

IX.

WE have now come to the question which is, perhaps, the most important, and is certainly the most difficult for the theologian to treat.

It is all very natural that God should honor His Blessed Mother by joining His choicest graces to the due wearing of her Scapular by her Christian children; and it may well be that these graces are directly connected with the final perseverance of the wearers in His love. But the grace of God is freely offered to the soul, not forced upon it; and the soul, of its own free will, can always reject even the most extraordinary graces of salvation. If, therefore, the pious belief of Catholics that those who die duly wearing the Scapular are saved, is true, there must be some direct connection of such wearing with the free will of the wearer.

It is not enough that graces "sufficient" for final perseverance should be conferred. It is necessary that the grace should be "efficacious," which implies that the wearer freely consents to it. If he is in mortal sin, it is not enough that he should have grace *sufficient* for repentance, *if he will.* He must *effectively* repent by actually and heartily willing it. And, if his will does not thus consent to the call of grace, he will never save his soul, "Scapular or no Scapular."

Now, what the pious faithful have held for centuries is precisely this: the free will of him who duly wears the Carmelite Scapular will not persevere in affection for sin, nor will it hold out against the love of God, until the moment of death. And this pious belief does not make of the Scapular a magic charm having some mysterious and unexplained power over the sinner's will; but it is based on the natural workings of the will of man under the influence of supernatural grace.

That such a grace, even in connection with the soul's final perseverance, should be attached to the wearing of the Scapular, we have already shown to be a perfectly reasonable application of the promises of our Lord in favor of the Christian's prayers.

That this grace is of more than ordinary efficacy we also know from the perfectly credible private revelation originally made concerning it and accepted for centuries by the devout children of the Church. The answer to our final question will show that the efficacy of this grace is in practice really without fail, thus justifying the pious belief of Catholics that "whoso duly wears the Carmelite Scapular, shall not suffer the loss of his soul."

3. *What is the connection between the wearing of the Carmelite Scapular and the consent of the wearer's free will to God's grace?*

The will of man is inscrutable in its action to all except God Who gave it. It always reaches out to that which is good, at least in part. Yet it often freely chooses the lower good rather than the higher; and even when the lower good is a forbidden pleasure, and therefore an evil, the will may still prefer it to the higher good of obedience to God's law and His friendship. The temptations of pleasure and self-will are so present to us in our life on earth, and the higher thoughts of faith are of things so unseen to us and belonging to the life to come, that even the Christian's free will of itself would soon turn to this world's evil and away from Christ's good.

It is for this reason that God's continued grace is necessary to the Christian life; and God our Father, Who provides for every creature that He has made, gives His grace constantly to all souls. Without it neither the good can persevere in His friendship, nor the bad seek reconciliation with Him.

Yet the grace of God, abundant though it may be, never forces the free will of man. No matter how urgent the appeal and how strong the attraction, the sinner can always refuse the proffered grace. Doubtless there are souls among the lost that rejected graces sufficient to have made them the very greatest Saints; and all the lost might have been Saints in heaven, *only they would not.*

Hence, when we speak of the action of the will in consenting to God's graces, we really mean two things which, however, must always go together. One is the *supernatural* character of the

action—the strength with which the will, through God's grace, reaches out to the unseen things of faith and turns aside from present pleasure. The other is the *vital* character of the action—its proceeding from the free activity of the soul's own faculty. When, therefore, we seek the connection between the due wearing of the Scapular and the consent of the wearer's free will to God's grace, we are really asking two questions once again.

The first has already been abundantly answered. The wearing of the Scapular is a direct reason for God to watch over the wearer with His choicest graces, even of perseverance; and by perseverance we understand not only the chain of graces which offer a Christian the facility of saving his soul, but also that immediate strengthening of his will to embrace the opportunities and graces thus offered to him. Among these graces, that of persevering in prayer is quite distinct, as the great theologian Suarez has remarked; so that the grace of perseverance in grace regularly implies the grace of persevering in prayer as well.

We have also abundantly seen that the wearing of the Scapular is a direct exercise of the prayer of faith and hope and has its right to a share in the general law of God's Providence, besides its special title as a revealed practice of piety toward the Blessed Virgin Mother of God.

X.

The second branch of our question concerns immediately the connection of the wearing of the Scapular with the succession of acts of the wearer's free will, which are necessary in order that he should persevere in God's grace if he has it, or that he should regain it if he has it not.

Now, in the first place, we declare that this connection flows directly from the nature of the free will and of the wearing of the Scapular, when the latter has any meaning at all. And, that the question may not be hidden away from sight by limiting it to those who on other grounds are in their right of expecting grace, we at once take the example of the Christian in the state of sin. Of course, he must be a Christian, and the wearing of

the Scapular by him must be an act of faith and hope—faith in the merits of Jesus Christ, Whose Mother is thus honored, and hope in God's grace to be won by her prayers and by pious observance up to the hour of death.

We must rule out the case of one who does not know he has the Scapular, which has been put on him by another; for this is not to wear the Scapular in any true sense. The same must be said of one who attaches no other idea to its wearing than an ignorant notion that there is something good in it, he knows not what. And, finally, if some other should be found who held to his Scapular, thinking it would bring him safe through any future dangers, without his repenting of sin or caring to love God, he too could not be said truly to wear the Scapular nor could he possibly share in any of its privileges. For the Scapular is a Christian habit, and such a man has not, in the act of wearing it, even ordinary Christian faith. He would be as likely to associate his superstition with any other exercise of prayer, or with drawing lots from texts of the Bible—a common enough practice in Protestant countries. His ignorance and superstition do not in the slightest degree form any objection to the devotion of the Scapular. He is simply incapable of praying rightly because of his superstition, which is against the commonest Catholic teaching. The very sign of the cross will be a stumbling-block to us if we are to judge it from his practice.

The next worse sinner—and him we accept—is he who believes and trembles, and even hopes, but still puts off the day of repentance. He intends to make friends with God, but meanwhile he wills to live in sin. Let us suppose that he is faithful to pray daily for his own ultimate salvation; for indeed the promise of prayer in general is quite as much involved in his case as is the promise of the Scapular. Does the promise of the unfailing power of prayer apply in his case? and, if so, what connection can prayer possibly have with so distorted a will?

The answer would seem to depend on the deliberateness with which the poor sinner makes his delay. There are many inveterate sinners who still bemoan their fate, going on only half-

indeliberately from sin to sin, always intending—hoping even—to do better, and really practising faith and hope in Jesus Christ. In regard to such as these, Father Suarez cites the instances of miraculous conversions in the lives of the Saints, and thinks it probable that for them too prayer is of unfailing efficacy.[1] They ought undoubtedly to be stirred to fear of God's judgments, but they are not to be driven to despair; and it has never been Catholic teaching or practice to close the door of hope to their poor distracted souls.

When, however, the deliberate perseverance in sin amounts to a preconceived plan that for so long a time they will sin, and then, before it is too late, they will make friends with God, we must say, with the same theologian, that a soul in such dispositions can scarcely be said to pray at all. God may have mercy on him; but it will surely not be in virtue of a prayer that violates both faith and hope. And this, in our present question, is the same thing as saying that such a soul cannot be properly classed among those who wear the Scapular. What kind of *confrater* of Our Lady of Mount Carmel would such a Christian be? Indeed, what Christian faith can remain amid such contradictory applications of its very first teachings about the necessity of grace to salvation along with the action of free will, itself to be strengthened by grace? It should be pointed out, however, that this clear and deliberate presumption of God's mercy is of rare occurrence. The sinner usually stumbles on from sin to sin, unthinkingly; and the delay he plans is not from any principle in his mind, but simply a dallying between temptation and faith.

All theologians agree that the prayers of ordinary sinners are heard, most of all when they pray for whatever is necessary to their own salvation. So far as their free will is concerned, what is required of them is that it should yield under the influence of grace. And the will, which would have held out under the attraction of one grace, will yield, though still free, to a stronger grace; this is perfectly known to God *Who is a true searcher of the heart.*[2]

[1] *De Religione*, on the Prayer of Sinners. [2] Wisdom, i. 6.

Now the prayer of hope aims precisely at this—that God will give the help fitting and necessary, not only in general, but also according to the need of the one praying.[3] We can safely say therefore, that the prayer of the sinner—and consequently his wearing of the Scapular—will win for him the fitting grace needed for the particular disposition of his own will. This will strengthen him, sooner or later, for the supernatural act which will finally secure for him the repentance needed for forgiveness, whether at the priest's hand in the Sacrament, or even before by the perfectness of his contrition. The wearing of the Scapular supposes that he perseveres meanwhile in some prayer.

But, last of all, will his will act at all? and will it continue acting until the saving grace comes and is accepted? For, once again, no force is put upon it.

In this single point, the certainty which comes from God's promises fails us, because at this point God leaves man *in the hand of his own counsel.*[4] But we still have the moral certainty from what is peculiar to the will in all its actions, whether natural or supernatural. A man does not really pray—does not really wear the Scapular—unless he does so in constant faith and hope; and there is no faith and hope without some reaching out toward charity and reconciliation with God. Now, it would be positively unnatural that a soul having this disposition even in an imperfect manner should not yield to God's grace that is specially fitted to its own weakness. And, in the case of the Scapular even more than in that of ordinary prayer, a direct assistance of Providence is promised that the grace shall be suited to the weakness in an altogether special manner. This is so true that, if the will should refuse all grace, it could only be for the reason that actual motives of faith and hope had been abandoned, and with this all true prayer or any real wearing of our Lady's Scapular would also cease. There would be no further question of God's promises in the case.

[3] Cornelius à Lapide, in his great *Commentaries* on the Scriptures, constantly insists on prayer for the *gratia congrua.*

[4] Ecclesiasticus, xv. 14.

It is worse than idle to conjecture whether Providence, in such an event, would see that the Scapular were cast off materially by the wearer. His promise is not to the material, but to the formal and Christian wearing of the Scapular. He is bound to no outward sign or miracle, any more than he is bound to hinder the apostate from mumbling prayers with his lips, while the heart within rejects faith in prayer.

We have thus come to the end of our task, which has been to explain as far as might be the true and full meaning of the Carmelite Scapular for the Christian people, and where need was to defend the reasonableness of its great privileges.

In an atmosphere where the natural is all in all and the supernatural fades more and more, it is easy for Catholics to lose sight of the rich presence of God's grace with them. It is even possible for very false reasonings to come in among them, designed to lessen the influence of that supernatural devotion which has ever been the life of the individual members of the Church. And in this matter it must always be remembered that the social work of Christianity is of little consequence when compared with the work of the Holy Ghost in the soul of each separate Christian. Earthly society goes on from change to change; and the overwhelming importance of its civilization is only for the next world, namely, that it should render easier to individual souls the attainment of their salvation. The material civilization that seeks simply to make this life easier is not worthy of a thought in comparison with this.

Our study of the Scapular, which is nothing else than the everyday habit of the religious Brothers and Sisters of Our Lady of Mount Carmel and their *confratres*, has shown us the great influence of a very little thing, when blessed by God, over the lives of common Christians in the Church for many centuries.

The Scapular is to the Christian a sign and an occasion of acts of faith and hope in prayer; and it is a means of enlarging the Communion of Saints by specially uniting its wearers with the great religious order of the Carmelites—the order of St. Simon

Stock and St. Teresa. It is also a means of securing that perseverance in the practice of the prayer of faith and hope which is the necessary disposition to final perseverance in the grace of God. And these prerogatives are the object of the special blessings promised to its faithful wearers in the prophetic revelation that introduced it into the life of the Church.

THE PROMISES OF THE SACRED HEART.

THE ELEVENTH PROMISE: *Those who shall promote this devotion shall have their names written in My Heart never to be blotted out.*

The devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus was revealed from the first as a devotion of promise. Its promises were not only for the general welfare, temporal and spiritual, of those who practised it. There were also special blessings for those who should aid in spreading abroad the devotion among the Christian people. For this reason, in the "League of the Sacred Heart," the only office among the laymen who do its work is that of Promoter; and the promises to all who promote this devotion is specially set before them. It is, indeed, to such Promoters of the honor and love of the Sacred Heart that the special promises are made.

Blessed Margaret Mary, in one of her letters, says expressly of all who practise the devotion in its fulness: "I acknowledge that I cannot believe that persons consecrated to the Sacred Heart should be lost, nor that they should fall under the control of Satan by mortal sin; that is to say, if after they have given themselves to Him, they strive to honor and love and glorify Him with all their might, by conforming themselves in all things to His holy maxims."[1]

It is this general promise, made to all who honor the Sacred Heart, which is here enlarged and insisted on in connection with

[1] To *Mère de Soudeilles*, 15 September, 1686.

those who promote Its devotion among Christians. It is not necessary to say that such promoters must themselves first understand what is meant by the devotion and be pierced through by its flame of divine love. The altogether worldly Christian cannot enkindle a fire with which his own heart has never been warmed; and even his mind will not serve him in explaining it properly.

That names should be written in our Lord's Heart is but another way of saying that they are present to Him in a special manner, both in life and in death. He will remember to shower down upon them His choicest graces here, and hereafter they shall find that their names are in the Book of Life, for they who are thus written in His Heart "shall never be blotted out."

This is the more easily understood as the spread of this devotion associates the devout soul with the divinest work of God—the salvation of souls. This is why the blessed seer again remarks: "It seems to me that the demon fears exceedingly the realizing of this good work, because of the glory it has to give to the Sacred Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ, through the salvation of so many souls which the devotion to this Heart of love will work in favor of those who will consecrate themselves entirely to Him in order to love and honor and glorify Him."[2]

In the wonderful visions in which our Lord Himself revealed to the simple soul of His servant the consequences of this devotion, He comes back again and again on these blessings.

At one time the Blessed Virgin charges her daughters of the Visitation to "strive to enrich the whole world with the precious gold of this devotion." Again, St. Francis de Sales speaks to his daughters: "It is necessary that this Heart should be the life which animates us. Its love must be our constant exercise, which alone can unite us to God *if we are to aid by prayers and good examples the Holy Church and the salvation of our neighbor.* For this we shall pray in the Heart and through the Heart of Jesus, Which wishes to become anew the Mediator between God and men. Our good examples shall be to live according to

[2] To *Mère de Saumaise*, 17 February, 1687.

the holy maxims and virtues of this Divine Heart, and *we shall help to the salvation of our neighbors by imparting to them this devotion. We will try to spread abroad the good odor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ in the hearts of the faithful, in order that we may be the joy and the crown of that Heart of love.*"

This instruction alone gives a Saint's idea of promoting the devotion of the Sacred Heart, and of its recompense. That this reward is in an increase of that holiness which causes our names to be written in the Book of Life is shown by words of the Blessed Virgin to the Venerable Father de la Colombière in the same vision. He is speaking of the result to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus from their laboring to spread this devotion. "In the measure in which they shall give our Lord this pleasure, His Divine Heart—the fruitful source of blessings and graces—will pour them out so plentifully on the exercise of their ministry that they shall bring forth fruits beyond their labors and their hopes, *even for the salvation and perfection of each one of themselves in particular.*"

The closing scene of this resplendent vision (of the 2d day of July, 1688) gives the sublimest description of the reward which is the subject of the present promise. It shows once again the application of the ever true principle of God's dealing with souls: He gives no glory in the future without first having given the grace from which it grows in this world.

"The good Angels drew near to present to the Divine Heart the hearts they were holding. Some of these, when they had touched the Sacred Wound, became beautiful and lovely and lightsome as so many stars; others became all black and frightful. But there were several whose names remained written in golden letters in the Sacred Heart; and some of these sank forward therein and were swallowed up with desire and pleasure on either side, saying: 'In this abyss of love is our abode and rest for ever.' *These were the hearts of those who have the most labored to make known and loved the Heart of our Divine Master.*"

The Reader.

A very interesting and useful book has lately been published by Pustet & Co., and we are glad to recommend it to those of our Associates whose attention it specially claims. It is called: "Thoughts and Counsels for Catholic Young Men," by Rev. P. A. Von Doss, S. J., freely translated and adapted by Rev. Augustine Wirth, O. S. B. It is divided into four parts—Book I. "The return"; II. "Confirmation in good"; III. "Progress"; and IV. "Consummation"—a plan obviously modelled on the *four weeks* of St. Ignatius and, though not professedly nor in the same order, still, in the main, treating the same class of subjects. It is, however, limited in its application, inasmuch as its specific aim is to win the hearts of young men from the ways of sin and to help them on in the way of holiness. There is in it very great richness of thought, pointedness of illustration, and an extraordinary fulness and appositeness of Scriptural indorsement for the lessons imparted. It is evidently not intended for continuous reading, but rather for short portions at stated times; and for that purpose, we presume, the whole book has been cast in the form of short paragraphs, not much larger than the verses of the Bible.

One disadvantage, we fear, of this method is that it has opened the way too widely for what may be called "explosive exhortation," such as: "Take courage, young man, have patience and persevere!" or, "No, young man! despond not! Earnest effort must be successful." Indeed we may add that the method of addressing the reader always as "young man" seems to us not well fitted to add either to the weight or the attractiveness of the appeal. "Think of this, young man!" "Remember this, young man!" "Yes, young man, your body is a sanctuary": such a form of address, especially when so often repeated, becomes somewhat tiresome.

However, these are but slight blemishes in a work which abounds in many beauties. We recommend it strongly to directors of young men and to the clergy in general, on account of its great suggestiveness on a variety of subjects and its fine selection of suitable texts from Holy Writ.

***

Another book of an entirely different character has fallen under the READER'S notice and seems to call for a word of remark. "History of the Ancient Working-People by C. Osborne Ward, Librarian of the United States Department of Labor." The author very candidly avows that he began his researches for the matter of his work with some of that misgiving and resentment of Christianity which is so very common among so-called friends and advocates of the working man. He was, however, led on, by the force of evidence that was irresistible to the important conclusion that our Lord Jesus Christ was the first wise friend that labor ever had, and that in His counsel of peaceful means is the only hope that labor yet has.

To our readers and Associates this conviction is neither new nor astonishing. The Sacred Heart of Jesus beats with deep and tender sympathy for every human being that is suffering from the toils and burdens of life or from the wrongs of the oppressor. He rang the death-knell of that pagan tyranny which trampled upon the poor and ranked the slavish workman among goods and chattels; and by establishing a universal brotherhood of mankind He taught all the essential duty of dealing fairly with one another, or else they will be cast away forever into the place of torment by the sentence of His justice. But unfortunately the spirit of evil has been waging bitter warfare against the teachings of our Blessed Lord, and inciting the victims of wrong to seek for redress from some other source.

A man who works hard and gets but scanty reward for his toil, who must eat sparingly the bread of poverty, who is obliged to dress coarsely and everywhere to take his place among the lowly—in a word, a man who is doomed, humanly speaking, to live very much under a cloud and very seldom in the sunshine, is naturally an easy victim and a ready disciple for the apostle of ungodly revolt. Whenever the weight of one's cross presses very heavily upon the aching shoulders, not only is it true to say that courageous patience is the only thing that can make it lighter, but equally true, and very important to remember, that such patience has to spring to life and maturity under the ever-pressing and powerful temptation to fall down beneath the weight and to cast it away in despair. Wherefore, considering the grievous trials to which his state of life of its own nature

subjects the son of toil, and the many natural advantages or human comforts of which it deprives him, it is surely an impious and a diabolical thing to try to rob him of the one treasure upon which he can draw for courage and patience and hope and joy, namely, his faith in Jesus Christ and the following of His teaching in daily life. Yet such has been the sad plight of working men whenever they have allowed themselves to be lured by noisy declaimers to seek for redress of their undeniable wrongs by first abandoning their fidelity to the Church of Jesus Christ.

If they are first made irreligious, what kind of happiness are they to look for?

***

Lately the world has witnessed a splendid example of what the peaceful influence of the Church can effect in behalf of working men when they listen to the counsel of her ministers.

All London was aghast at the huge proportions of the monster strike of the dock-laborers. It was, perhaps, the mightiest and the most alarming uprising of the kind which the world had yet seen; and as it grew daily stronger in its organization and louder in its stern demands, gloomy forebodings of its result were spreading through the civilized world. But, when the angry thousands were at the height of what may be regarded as their pardonable frenzy, there appears before them the figure of a man the authority of whose personal holiness was enhanced by the worthiness of his deeds. They gaze on him; they are hushed in silent admiration; they stand around him attentive listeners. His words sway their minds and he soothes their troubled hearts.[1] He was the envoy of Jesus Christ to them to hear their cause, to quell their excitement, and to lead them to a peaceful settlement of their troubles.

By this Christian intervention Cardinal Manning taught the workmen of England where they are to look for their truest friends, and he taught the civil authorities that, although the Church's chief mission has regard to the future life, she yet outranks the world's statesmen in practical wisdom, when momentous issues are to be met. She was set up to teach all nations and He Who established her is with her still.

[1] Aeneid I. 149.

General Intention

FOR NOVEMBER, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

THE ATONING GOVERNMENTS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

THAT a government should, of its own accord, make reparation or atonement for its misdeeds is a thing so very uncommon that our Associates and readers may have wondered not a little at the title of the General Intention for this month. But, as it is in South America that such an event is taking place, it is only fair to admit that there may be a great many things happening down there about which not only our readers, but the general public in the United States, know next to nothing with accuracy. Perhaps, then, a few words of dry information concerning the facts of the cases to which our attention is specially called may serve as a good basis for our prayers. To know precisely what we ask for, and what struggle we are summoned to help in, will give more directness to our aim and greater earnestness to our asking.

I.

South America is a very comprehensive and, for many reasons, a somewhat vague expression. It takes in a vast reach of territory the area of which is nearly double that of the United States. It is inhabited by over thirty millions of people, of whom twenty-eight millions, at least, are baptized members of the Catholic Church. These figures are surely not in excess of the truth; for if anything can be said against them, it is that they allow too wide a margin for the whole number of unbaptized children of Catholic parents, unconverted natives or negroes, and of immigrants who have brought with them either the fragmentary tenets of a creed, or no creed at all. The one religion of the whole continent is the Roman Catholic, and the language in use throughout is Spanish, with the exception of

Brazil, where it is Portuguese. And these two facts may help, in some degree, to explain why it is that we are so often treated, in the newspapers and periodicals of the United States, to unwholesome dainties in the way of highly-spiced accounts of the low state of public morality in South America. There is an abundance of free comment upon the ignorance, the idleness, the superstition of the people and the cunning greed of the dreadful "clericals" who trade upon their credulity, under pretence of ministering to their spiritual needs. It is taken as a matter of course that Catholic countries are never found in the vanguard of our great civilization, but somewhere hopelessly in the rear where the light does not shine upon them with the full splendor under which we are walking. Hence, when persons who know little or nothing of the language and who detest the faith of a Catholic country, pay a flying visit to it, they have a keen eye for everything that is blameworthy, gather a few facts very hastily and generalize upon them, at their leisure, with a freedom and boldness that are magnificent in their unrestraint. Then the public of the United States are to be congratulated upon their own happier lot, upon the possession of freedom, common schools, stable government, wisdom and the splendid public and private virtues which accompany progress like ours! And the "gentle readers" seldom dare to challenge the statements of "eye-witnesses" whose highest endowment is, oftentimes, the untrammelled freedom of speech which those enjoy most fully who are not hampered in their views or utterances by an exact knowledge of the subject they are dealing with. Take, for example, the following piece of information which I find in a popular magazine: "When I was in Peru a bishop presided over the sessions of the House of Deputies, having been elected by a popular vote in one of the interior (*sic*) provinces. He was a jolly-looking old padre, and did not appear (?) to have suffered much from mortification of the flesh. The priests are, as a rule, (?) corrupt, licentious, and gluttonous, and while the rest of the population are suffering for the necessaries of life, they and the vultures only seem to be in danger of dyspepsia."

Now, when such testimony as this is laid to a country's charge, when conclusions drawn with such obvious recklessness are scattered broadcast, through the press, as established facts, and when, above all, such a method of attack is kept up persistently for half a century, it is not to be wondered at if the country or countries thus maligned should lose largely in good repute. This has been the lot of South America.

It must not, however, be pretended that much of the censure levelled against the Catholic nations of South America has not been deserved. A tropical climate is not one under which industry thrives, and when idleness becomes a characteristic of a people other vices will grow apace among them. Wherefore it has come to pass that quite a large proportion of the people of the South American countries, though professing a pure faith, do not lead very edifying lives; and not a few of the clergy are well known to be far less blameless than their sacred office demands. Still, by a singular bounty of God's good Providence the light of faith has not been dimmed, and the women, the true guardians of the sacredness of the home and the moulders of the future, are everywhere, in overwhelming majorities, models of Christian behavior. The result of their work and example is bound to be a national blessing; and already the dawn of better days seems to be breaking, especially in the Republic of Colombia, in Ecuador and Brazil. The wicked diplomacy of the organizations, always so hostile to the Catholic Church and ever striving to control government in order to turn it to the ignoble use of thwarting and crushing her, has at last overreached itself; and some governments are now making reparation for the long-continued wrongs that have stained their country's history. Look at Colombia.

II.

The Republic of Colombia, formerly known as the "United States of Colombia," lies on the northwest of the South American continent and covers a space of territory a little more than ten times the size of New York State. Its climate varies in different

parts of the country, but in the most thickly-settled portions, such as the district around the capital of the Republic, Bogotá, there is a perennial summer, the temperature seldom going above 70° F., or below 52°. The country abounds in mineral wealth of various kinds, and its natural resources and fertility of soil need only a little more systematic development to place them in the highest rank. The population is about three millions, seven-eighths of whom are Catholic.

In the early days of its seizure and settlement by the Spaniards, the country was called "Golden Castile," and afterward, the viceroyalty of "New Granada." But when the valiant struggle directed by Bolivar secured independence of Spanish authority, there was a confederation formed with Venezuela and Ecuador, under the title of the "Republic of Colombia," a name which it bore until the withdrawal, in 1830, of the other two parties from the union. Then the state was reorganized (1831) as the "Republic of New Granada." So it continued until 1860 when, under the presidency of Doctor Ospina, who was both great and good, a terrible revolution broke out; and it is for the evil doings and disastrous results of this revolution that Colombia is atoning to-day. The "liberals"—as those persons, in Catholic countries, are pleased to call themselves who claim so much freedom from the restraint of Christian law in carrying out their political aims—the "liberals" arose against the government. Led by General Tomas C. Mosquera, a man of great Masonic prominence, they succeeded in overthrowing Ospina, seizing Bogotá the seat of government, establishing Mosquera in the presidency and endowing him with the powers of a dictator. At once he began an open persecution of the Catholic Church and it lasted, with unabated violence, until 1863. Mosquera's own brother, the Archbishop of Bogotá, was banished and died in exile. Church property was confiscated, religious houses were seized and their inmates hunted out as criminals; schools and colleges were closed, and even the communities of women whose lives were consecrated to works of mercy and the training of the young were ruthlessly torn from

their holy works and forced out of the country. The earnest protest and pleading of a second Archbishop of Bogotá, the saintly and scholarly Heran, were unavailing like those of his predecessor and, like him too, their author was sent into exile where he died much lamented by his afflicted people. It seemed, indeed, as if the persecutors had well-nigh exhausted their powers of torment and despoiling, and so there came in 1863 a lull in the violence, or rather, in the openness, of the onslaught. A new Constitution was framed—called, from the name of the place where its authors assembled—the "Constitution of Rio Negro"—and it was bitterly anti-Catholic in its principles, though veiling its hostility under pretended toleration. In the university, the colleges, and the primary schools, materialism and atheism were taught with the approval of law, and bitter opponents of all things Catholic were honored with appointments to important professorships. Civil marriage was established and the sacramental contract, as such, ignored; cemeteries were secularized so as to set at naught the Church's conditions for maintaining the sacredness and upholding the honor of Christian burial. The public press was bad in principle and bold in practice, openly insulting the ministers of the Church and reviling her doctrines. What was called the "inspeccion de culto," or the systematized spying upon those engaged in the sacred ministry, was kept up with vigor from 1863 to 1875. Minions of the government, belonging to a low class of informers, mingled among the worshippers or listened under every pulpit to catch an ambiguous phrase and to fashion from it a treasonable utterance. Then the law was enforced; and so galling became the tyranny of this ignoble method of persecution that, in '75, there was a general uprising of the "Conservative" or Catholic party who determined to make a bold struggle for freedom from a yoke that had become unbearable. The government was too strong for them, and their gallant effort failed of success. Banishments, imprisonments, and various forms of persecution were again the order of the day. Several bishops were sent away and sentence was passed against Archbishop

Arbelais of Bogotá, but the government wavered about carrying it into effect.

Arbelais was a prudent and brave man and stood like a watchful sentinel at his post, teaching his people, encouraging the zeal of his clergy, aiding in the establishment of a press that would form a sound public opinion, and maintaining his rights with a firmness and moderation which commanded respect. He established, besides, a fine seminary in which discipline was of the highest order and the course of studies most thorough. The rector at the time was afterward made Bishop of Medellin.

A new spirit was growing in the country and the hopes of the Catholic party were brightened by the fire of indignation that was steadily showing itself among the ablest men of the liberals against a government whose extravagance of cruelty had provoked their scorn. Rafael Nuñez, a man of undoubted ability, formed what was called the "Partido Independiente" of men who pledged themselves to cast their votes for whatever measure seemed to be just, no matter from which side it started. The result was that the strength of the liberals was scattered and broken. The union of conservatives and independents sounded their death-knell. But they were determined not to die without a struggle. Then began, toward the end of 1884, a war which lasted for one year and which served to show forth, in plain light, the character and the aims of the men and the organizations that had laid such a heavy hand upon the Church of Jesus Christ. To the great advantage of true faith and pure morality, Nuñez led his followers to victory, and the government that legalized impiety was crushed, let it be hoped, forever.

III.

Under the skilful leadership of Nuñez the whole system of government was reconstructed and the "Republic of Colombia" established under a new constitution which is remarkable for the soundness of its ethical principles and for the clear spirit of Catholic truth and moderation that ennobles it. Besides this, a Concordat was ratified between the Republic of Colombia and

the Holy See which would do honor to the faith and the genius of Charlemagne. Every needful provision is made for securing the perfect freedom of the Church in her spiritual domain; pledges are given for the restoration of church property which was confiscated, within certain limits of time; the banished religious are called back—the Jesuits, Augustinians, Franciscans, Sisters of Charity, Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Bethlehemites and others. The splendid college "del Rosario" is once more put on a sound Catholic basis and a president assigned to it who enjoys very high repute in the Republic. He is Dr. Carlos Martinez Silva, the same, by the way, who is now in this country to represent Colombia at the international congress in Washington. The University of Bogotá has been purged of its materialism, and true Christian teaching flourishes there, as well as in the colleges and primary schools throughout the land. The Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul are rapidly increasing in number and widening their sphere of usefulness; bands of zealous missionaries are travelling through every diocese and reaping a rich harvest of souls. The archdiocese of Bogotá and its eight suffragan sees—Tunja, Pamplone, Medellin, Antioquia, Popayan, Santa Marta, Cartagena and Panama—are witnessing, every day, the growth of piety and enjoying the blessings of Christian peace. In this way atonement is making for the past; and it is for the continuance of such a work unto perfect completeness that we beg the Sacred Heart of Jesus to help the *Atoning Governments of South America.*

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular, that the Atoning Governments of South America may fully repair the evils of the past by bringing to perfection the good works begun in the present. *Amen.*

THE CONSECRATION OF FAMILIES.

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

(*The Closing of the Lists.*)

AS already announced in the last numbers of the MESSENGER and *Pilgrim*, the Lists of names of Families that have made the special Act of Consecration, placing themselves under the protection of the Sacred Heart, close this month. Those who have not yet sent in their Lists, or who have not had their families consecrated, should hasten to do so without delay.

All Lists should reach us the *first week of this month.*

The *Golden Books*, in which these are to be bound, are now preparing under the direction of the Ladies of the Tabernacle Society, attached to the convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame, this city, who have cheerfully and generously undertaken the work as a private act of devotion and in addition to their usual charity of aiding poor churches.

It is the desire and intention to have these *Golden Books* transmitted to Paray-le-Monial and there placed in the hallowed shrine where our Lord first revealed the riches of His Sacred Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary, by the latter part of December. They will form a fit Christmas offering for the Infant Jesus Whose Heart first throbbed with tenderest human love and sympathy for all of us centuries back on Christmas night, and the protest of so many Catholics in America, who have given their signatures to the Lists, against the impious celebration of the centenary of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, will carry with it its meed of consolation to the Divine Heart.

Here in this far-away shrine of blessed memories will lie the names of the consecrated American families, reminding the Sacred Heart, according to the Act of Consecration, that It is "to guard the cradle of the new-born, the school of children, the vocation of youth; that It is to be strength to the weak, a staff to age, a support to the widow, a father to orphans; that It is to watch in every home at the pillow of the sick and dying; that It is to be their shelter and their refuge and their resting-place; and that when all the members of their family shall have

fallen asleep in the bosom of Jesus, they may find themselves united in His Sacred Heart in Paradise."

We hope to give a classified report of the Lists according to dioceses, parishes, convents, and schools, in the next number of the MESSENGER.

Though no names will be sent to Paray-le-Monial after the *Golden Books* are closed, the consecration may yet continue, not only for the rest of this year, but for next year likewise and for any time thereafter, as was announced in the beginning of the year, and the *Memorial Engravings* can still be obtained.

As most of the consecrations, either individually, or in the family circle, or with the whole congregation in church, were made in June, we recommend a renewal of the act of consecration on some Sunday or feast-day of December. The first Friday or the feast of the Immaculate Conception or, better still, Christmas day when the *Golden Books* are to be deposited in the shrine at Paray-le-Monial, would be an appropriate occasion.

One Local Director of a large and active Centre has already signified to us his intention of having this renewal on the first Friday of December.

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

THE Apostleship of Prayer, as organized and approved in the Church, is best known by the name of League of the Sacred Heart—the title chosen for it by Father Ramière and used in the briefs of the Sovereign Pontiffs (28 May, 1879, 24 August, 1884).

It is *not* a confraternity or sodality, nor is it subject to the restrictions of such societies, *nor even included in any dispensation regarding their establishment.*

It is a "Pious Work" (*opus pium*), to which the mutual union of its members is an essential of its existence.

It is on a canonical footing similar to that of the Propagation of the Faith—of which Pius IX. called it a sister-work—and of the Holy Childhood. It has a Cardinal Protector, who

designates, with the special blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff, the General Intentions proposed to its united prayers.

It is governed, subject to the approved Statutes and the decisions of the Sacred Roman Congregations, by a Director General nominated by the Father General of the Society of Jesus and confirmed by the Pope. In the different countries, he delegates Head or Central Directors, usually in connection with the MESSENGERS OF THE SACRED HEART, the official periodical organ of the work; and these sign the diplomas of aggregation, of Local Directors and Promoters, in his name, and issue the necessary publications of the work and whatever other articles are connected with its approved working.

The names of all Local Centres thus established are transmitted to the General Director each year.

It has been forbidden by the Sacred Congregation that others than the Head Directors delegated for this purpose should print or give out the Certificates of Admission or the other publications of the work (24 May, 1867, 2 June, 1880).

Also, the name Apostleship of Prayer cannot validly be joined with that of confraternities or other pious associations in their publications (7 June, 1879), nor has any confraternity of the Sacred Heart or pious union or society of any kind ever enjoyed such a privilege, which would entail the destruction of the union of mutual prayer.

The practice of the First Degree—the daily Morning Offering—is an essential condition for the gaining of the Indulgences or privileges, or for sharing in the Mutual Prayer, by the Associates.

The Bands of the Second Degree are essential to the organization of the League in a Local Centre by the Promoters.

Where religious communities become Centres of the League, it is necessary that each member should be admitted singly.

These points are mentioned here to guard against a common misunderstanding as well as to answer questions or doubts sometimes proposed to us. A full explanation of the very simple but effective working of the League is found in the authorized *Handbook.*

Apostleship Notices.

Recent Aggregations.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (from September 12 to October 12, 1889).

The name of diocese in *italics*, before parish or community aggregated.

Boston, Massachusetts: Immaculate Conception Church, Revere.

Buffalo, New York: St. Mary's Church, Dunkirk.

Chicago, Illinois: St. Francis Xavier's Academy, Mercy Hospital, and St. Gabriel's School (Sisters of Mercy), Industrial School (Sisters of the Good Shepherd), and Convent of the Sacred Heart, Chicago.

Cincinnati, Ohio: St. Joseph's Church, Springfield.

Cleveland, Ohio: Immaculate Conception Church, Toledo.

Denver, Colorado: Our Lady of Guadalupe Church, Conejos.

Detroit, Michigan: St. Stephen's Church, Port Huron.

Galveston, Texas: St. Patrick's Church, Houston; St. Patrick's Church, Dallas.

La Crosse, Wisconsin: Sacred Heart College, and St. Gabriel's Church, Prairie du Chien.

Leavenworth, Kansas: Sacred Heart Church, Chetopa; Church of the Holy Name, Winfield; Holy Trinity Church, Paola; Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Pittsburgh; St. Joseph's Church, Humboldt; St. Patrick's Church, Mount Pleasant; St. Patrick's Church, Emerald; St. Patrick's Church, Parsons; St. Paul's Church, Olathe.

Monterey and Los Angeles, California: Sacred Heart Church, Hollister.

Newark, New Jersey: Seton Academy (Sisters of Charity), Orange; St. Joseph's School, Paterson.

New Orleans, Louisiana: St. Joseph's School (Brothers of the Sacred Heart), Donaldsonville.

New York, New York: St. Agnes' Church, New York.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: St. Vincent de Paul's Church, Minersville.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: Church of Sts. Simon and Jude, Blairsville.

Saint Louis, Missouri: Convent of the Good Shepherd, St. Louis.

Springfield, Massachusetts: St. Paul's Church, Worcester.

Trenton, New Jersey: College of the Sacred Heart, Vineland; St. Peter's Church, New Brunswick.

Utah, Utah: St. Brendan's Church, Eureka (Nevada).

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

From Kentucky.—We have here a little house called "Loretto," where are reared some thirty children from the age of one day to eighteen years. The poor little things mean well and request me to send you their little offering for the Treasury.

Associates can gain 100 *days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions recommended to the prayers of the League.*

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from September 12, to October 12, 1889.

	NO. OF TIMES.		NO. OF TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity	75,204	11. Masses Heard	51.377
2. Beads	103,011	12. Mortifications	512,112
3. Stations of the Cross . .	23,409	13. Works of Charity . . .	53,668
4. Holy Communions . . .	28,246	14. Works of Zeal	19,012
5. Spiritual Communions .	160,203	15. Prayers	1,954.366
6. Examens of Conscience .	98,305	16. Charitable Conversation	16,881
7. Hours of Labor	208,959	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	7,454
8. Hours of Silence	129,509	18. Self-conquest	22.325
9. Pious Reading	41,552	19. Visits to B. Sacrament .	61,640
10. Masses Celebrated . . .	747	20. Various Good Works . .	144,672

Total . . . . . 3,721,133.

The above represents one hundred and seventy-six Centres.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, **52,243.**

——*What shall I render to the Lord for all that He hath rendered to me?* (Psalm, cxv. 12).——

Elmira, N. Y., Sept. 13.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for having obtained employment. I had been out of work for many months and was recommended to the prayers of the League. On the ninth, the day for employment and means, I obtained a good situation very unexpectedly.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 14.—Thanks are given to the Sacred Heart for the return of a brother to his religious duties neglected for a long time. Please publish in the MESSENGER according to my promise.

Villa Maria, Pa., Sept. 15.—Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the unexpected recovery of a young man who for three years suffered greatly from hip-disease. He was cured in March (more than five months ago), and has had no return of any of the symptoms of his disease; owing, however, to the length of time he had suffered, he has not yet recovered his full strength; but his appetite is good and he is becoming daily stronger. He works, too, every day. His sister, through the Apostleship, for many months besought his cure of the Sacred Heart.

Philadelphia, Sept. 15.—I beg leave to give thanks to the Sacred Heart for a special grace received through the prayers of the League. We give thanks also to our Lady of Martyrs, for her kind intercession. I was afflicted with a painful malady

for two years. I recommended myself to the Sacred Heart through the League, and the intercession of our Lady of Martyrs, and am now quite well.

St. Louis, Sept. 16.—I thank the Sacred Heart for the protection of my two sons in a dangerous railroad accident.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 16.—Permit me to return special thanks to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor. Promise was made to publish it, and you may be assured that it is with a grateful heart I fulfil the condition. May this testimonial help to strengthen those of weak confidence in the Adorable Heart, and add to Its increased and ever increasing glory.

New York, Sept. 17.—I am a Promoter of the League, and a subscriber to the MESSENGER. Some time ago, I petitioned the Sacred Heart, through the League, for grace to overcome some spiritual troubles, promising to return my thanks through the MESSENGER. I now offer my most sincere and humble thanks to the Sacred Heart for the favors obtained.

Frederick, Md., Sept. 25.—Please thank the Divine Heart for the restoration of peace and right understanding between the members of a family. For several years has this intention been recommended to the prayers of the League. Thanks also for the return of a person to the practice of his duties, neglected for many years, and the conversion to the Faith of another—which grace had likewise been sought through the prayers of the League.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 26.—Will you please thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for many temporal and spiritual favors granted during the past two months, things that were evidently the result of the prayers of the Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart.

Philadelphia, Sept. 26.—Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the cure of a man who had been insane for some time. About three weeks ago he was able to go to confession and received Holy Communion. His family would like it to be made known to the League in thanksgiving for the Associates' prayers.

New York, Sept. 27.—Thanks are returned most gratefully to the Sacred Heart for deliverance from spiritual danger—an intention which was recommended last month.

Springfield, Ill., Sept. 29.—I wish most sincerely to thank the Divine Heart for the speedy recovery of my mother, who is in her 76th year, from a dangerous sickness. Being alone in a room in which hangs a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and praying before it for mother's recovery, if God willed it, I felt impelled to show our dear Lord the Promoter's Cross which hung on my breast, to represent to Him that I had tried to earn *it* and a special right to His protection, when immediately one of the two physicians who had just told me mother would die, came calling to tell me she was better, and, now, she is as well as she has been in years. All through the mercy and goodness of the Divine Heart of Jesus!

Various Centres.—Please offer thanks to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus for the return to the Sacraments of five persons who had neglected them for many years, and who have been brought to them through the prayers of the members of the Holy League.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the cure of a woman who was insane.—Return special thanks for two important favors received through the prayers of the League.—I thank the Sacred Heart for a very great favor granted after years of prayer, also for speedy answers to requests made in union with the League.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a man who had not been to his duties for 17 years, nor to Mass for 15 years; he had been frequently recommended to the prayers of the League. Also, for a person who had not approached the Sacraments for 12 years until last Assumption day, after having been recommended to the prayers of the League.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for granting me, through the prayers of the Holy League, great improvement in my eyesight.—Thanks are returned for the conversion, this summer, of a friend who had been recommended for many years to the Apostleship.—An Associate gives thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a brother.

(*Painting of Carl Müller, after Photograph.*)

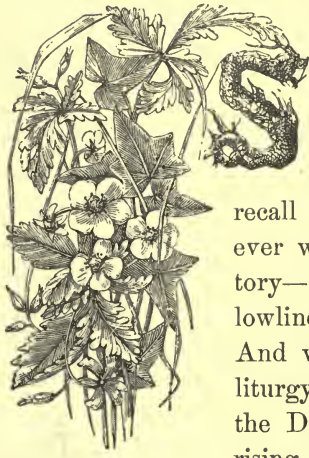
THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

New Series. December, 1889. Vol. IV (xxiv), No. 12.

A THOUGHT OF CHRISTMAS DAY.



SOON we shall be keeping the anniversary of the greatest day that ever dawned upon the race of man—the birthday of Jesus Christ. We shall recall the memory of the grandest fact that ever wove itself into the web of human history—the fact that the Son of God came in the lowliness of human nature to save humanity. And we shall hear Him spoken of, in the liturgy of the season, as the long-Expected, the Desired of the nations, the Star Whose rising eager watchers had been straining their eyes to see.

This thought, therefore, will lead us to remember that the sublime event of Christmas Day links together all the dispensations of God in His merciful dealings with mankind.

The old order was a time of preparation, the new one of fulfilment: the one shows the finished pedestal, the other the faultless statue. What to Patriarchs and Prophets was promised, for us has been fulfilled. What they longed for, we have. The Star which they stretched forth to see hath arisen to us, and shines upon the pathway of our lives in Christ Jesus, Whose birthday we are to keep; and Who is, at once, our Lord, our Life, our Light, our hope and our salvation.

Copyright, 1889, by Rev. R. S. Dewey, S.J. All rights reserved.]

One thing, at least, is very plainly written down in the record of man's doings before the Messiah came: sin everywhere abounded and the evil one was triumphant. The very nations which marked the limits of civilization were sunk in low depths of depravity; and the power of their statesmen, the songs of their bards, and the very wisdom of their sages could only lead to lower depths yawning to engulf them. Rome had lost almost every trace of the sanctities of family life, and Greece, with her Plato and her Aristotle, could not measure or understand the dignity of simple motherhood. Passion and pride of state had brought both nations to disregard the fundamental rights of woman and child. Nay, more than this, the aged, the suffering, the helpless of every class and condition, cried in vain to Rome and Greece for aid in their distress. Slavery, with the horrible woes it entailed, was like a rank weed growing apace and stifling the air with its poisonous vapors; whilst there seemed not to be on earth a power able to check its growth or to curb its enormities. And, in truth, there was not: for the very wisdom of the wise had been turned into folly, and the nations were sunk in the barbarism of idolatry. Crime was personified and worshipped, with disgraceful orgies; and the earth, reeking with sin, seemed to cry for the justice of the Deity to come and smite its dishonor and loathsomeness.

Meanwhile, God, in the sublime height of infinite holiness and unassailable purity, was thinking thoughts of peace. Like the snow-clad mountain peak which rises ever in unstained grandeur, whilst the storms riot at its base, the adorable Trinity was calmly surveying the sad havoc which sin had wrought in the great heart of humankind. The iniquities of earth cried to heaven for justice, but the bountiful goodness of God sent forth winged mercy, not to strike, but to offer terms of peace and to save. And so, justice and peace met and kissed in the union of love; and the outcome of their union was the mystery of the Incarnation, the birth of Jesus Christ, God and Man!

Wherefore, the great fact we commemorate on Christmas Day gives in epitome the wonderful harmony of God's justice

and mercy, in Christ Jesus our Lord, Who was Man to suffer and God to save: Man to pay the penalty of man's misdeeds; and God to make the payment of infinite value.

Therefore we men rejoice because by Him man was raised up and deified; whilst God stooped, in lowly condescension, to lead humanity into the sure way of salvation. We rejoice because the old truth which mankind had almost entirely lost was, in the beauty and purity of the Gospel teaching, once more securely restored. The immortal soul, with its lofty aspiring, was raised anew to its old-time dignity: the understanding was cleared and the will re-established in the might of its majesty: because the Babe of Bethlehem thinks the thoughts of deified manhood and loves with a love which is worthy, alike, of God and man.

Let the glad tidings ring through every heart and through every homestead—God has become Man, in order that man may learn to live here in a holiness that is God-like, so that he may exult, hereafter, in a happiness which will be divine!

No wonder if we feel, at Christmas time, the gladness and the mirth of redeemed souls; no wonder if we look upon Christmas Day as the dawn of everything which gives to civilization its beauty and its charm! For, if there be to-day a spot of earth on which honor is held in esteem and virtue wins its reward; if there be in the heart of man a throb which beats in compassion with the suffering, the aged, the helpless, it is to Christmas Day it owes its birth.

Hence we may say, in the words of an ancient Father: "Rejoice ye that are holy, for your crown is nearer; rejoice ye that are sinners, for the Lord of peace offers you pardon."

At Christmas time let wrongs be forgotten and griefs buried. They are the relics of man fallen and disinherited; whereas the Christmastide calls upon us to glory in the fact of his restoration. Merry Christmas is our watchword, and it must bring gladness to our hearts because we remember, at its sounding, that God became Man, in order that man may be as God, immortal and perfect in the joy and the glory of Heaven.

THE DANCE OF ADORATION.

Feast of the Immaculate Conception in Seville.

By an Eye-Witness.

IF any of the readers of the Messenger are contemplating a visit to Spain, they would do well to arrange beforehand to keep some feast of the Blessed Mother in the country where so much honor is shown her. When they see so much done in her honor, they will feel how far short their devotion is from what it ought to be. Let them betake themselves to Seville —the birthplace of Murillo, the city of sumptuous edifices, the centre of Catholic loyalty—on December the seventh, in time to join in the celebration of the beautiful feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God.

At six o'clock in the evening they will be startled by the booming of cannon, the firing of guns, and the joyful pealing of bells, and, hastening to the windows, they will find all the neighboring hotels, houses, and balconies gracefully draped in white and blue, our Lady's colors. After nightfall, by going out and swelling the happy crowd which throngs the streets —for all Seville will seem to have turned out of doors—they will find themselves carried along from one illumination to

another, until it will appear that the whole city is ablaze with ever-varying and brilliant lights.

Early in the morning of December 8th, if they wish to catch the spirit of the bright and joyous day, the American wanderers must be with the great numbers of those who at the low Masses are receiving, with loving adoration, the Son of that Blessed Mother whose feast-day is now dawning.

As the day hurries along in its joyous progress toward nine o'clock, the great bell of the Moorish tower of the Cathedral, called the Giralda, will be rung by an expert in bell-ringing. At once the visitor will be tempted to hasten forth and, mounting breathlessly to the top of the tower, prevail upon the man to perform his wonderful feat of swinging out of the window of the tower, on the end of the rope, and, with a great leap in the air at that dizzy height, to mount upon the bell and, with its returning swing, enter the window of the tower, riding on it. This he will do for you over and over again, until you can no longer bear the strain of bending back your head to look up so far above you. For, to see this performance to advantage, you must be on *terra firma.*

Yet it is from the tower only that, looking down, one gets an idea of the immense height of the Giralda, which is by far the finest relic of purely Moorish architecture in Seville. It rises to a height of about three hundred and fifty feet, from the angle of the Patio de los Narranjos, or Court of Orange-trees, and is surmounted by a vane or weather-cock—*girandola*—from which it takes its name. This weather-cock is the figure of a woman which, though it weighs nearly three tons, is yet so finely balanced that it turns at the slightest breeze. Oddly enough, it represents Faith, and why a woman and a weather-cock that are proverbial emblems of fickleness and inconstancy have been chosen to typify a virtue whose characteristic feature is steadfastness, it is hard to say. Perhaps, though—and this is the common belief—it represents Vigilance.

The Giralda is a structure that stands unrivalled in Spain, perhaps in all Europe. It is not easy to say under what aspect it looks most lovely—whether rising into the deep, radiant blue of

an Andalusian noontide, flooded by a light so intense that every detail of fretwork, and arabesque, and fresco comes out with the utmost vividness; or on the night of some high festival, such as the Immaculate Conception, when the belfry-lights seem so unconnected with earth and so far up in the sky that they look like strange lurid stars; or, perhaps more beautiful than all, in the brilliant light of a full moon, when everything is bathed in a fine white radiance, bright enough to bring out the marvellous beauty of the tower, and yet kindly veiling the marks of decay which deface it.

THE GIRANDOLA.

So sensitive were the Moors to its beauty that, it is said, when Seville was conquered by Ferdinand, they had arranged to destroy it before surrendering the city, that it might not fall into the hands of their enemies. They were prevented from fulfilling their purpose only by the threat that, if they did so, the city itself should be given up to be sacked by the troops.

Even while you are thus engaged in running over the history of this wonder of human genius, the long procession preceding the Cardinal Archbishop of Seville, surrounded by his chaplains and the canons of the Cathedral, will have issued forth from the gateway of his palace, and you will want to follow close behind it into the vast Cathedral, second only to St. Peter's, at Rome.

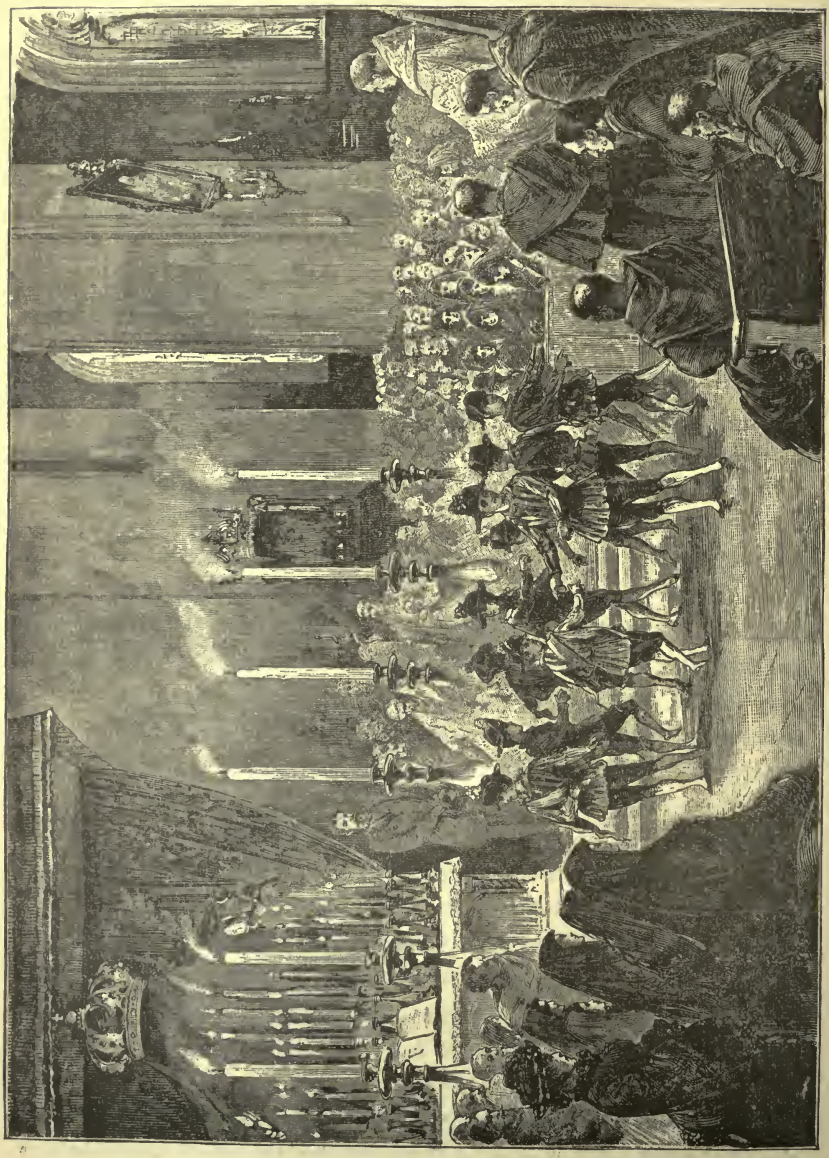
In the procession is carried a full-sized statue of the Blessed

Virgin, in silver. On this occasion the altar at which the Mass is to be celebrated is in the very centre of the Cathedral, and most gorgeously decorated for the feast-day. Two Saints, life-size in silver, their breasts studded with jewels, adorn either side of the altar—one, of course, St. Ferdinand. They seem far too large for altar ornaments, even where everything is on so grand a scale. At one side of the sanctuary there is a movable altar, surmounted by magnificent silver salvers and many other exquisite ornaments. This is only to exhibit some of the wealth of the Cathedral. The Cardinal and his forty attendants in most elegant vestments, grouped on the twelve steps of the altar, form most beautiful and varying *tableaux vivants*. The congregation kneels upon matting between the sanctuary and choir. One's soul is uplifted by the low soft cadences of the stringed-instruments, accompanied by the rich voices of full forty men, who compose the choir. At the Elevation, the organs on either side of the choir break forth in thundering peals, and continue to accompany the voices to the end of the Mass.

All will be over in time for your midday breakfast, after which the sunshine and delicious air will invite you forth, and perhaps you may take a tram, and go outside the city to wander over the fields, enjoying the perfect weather so like your Indian summer at home, or the climate of Algiers, which so much resembles Southern Spain in point of temperature, and visiting whatever of interest may come in your way.

In the church attached to the Hospital of the Precious Blood, you will find some old pictures of value, and going further on to the church built over the relics of Saints Rufina and Justina, who would not bow before strange gods, your venture will be repaid by seeing the dungeons where they were imprisoned, and there in the darkness lift up your heart to God for a faith like theirs that knew no fear of death.

Do not linger too long in green pastures, but secure your kneeling-places in the throng before the Blessed Sacrament, in the Cathedral, at 5 o'clock, to witness the Dance of Adoration. Darkness will have fallen by the time you have reached there.



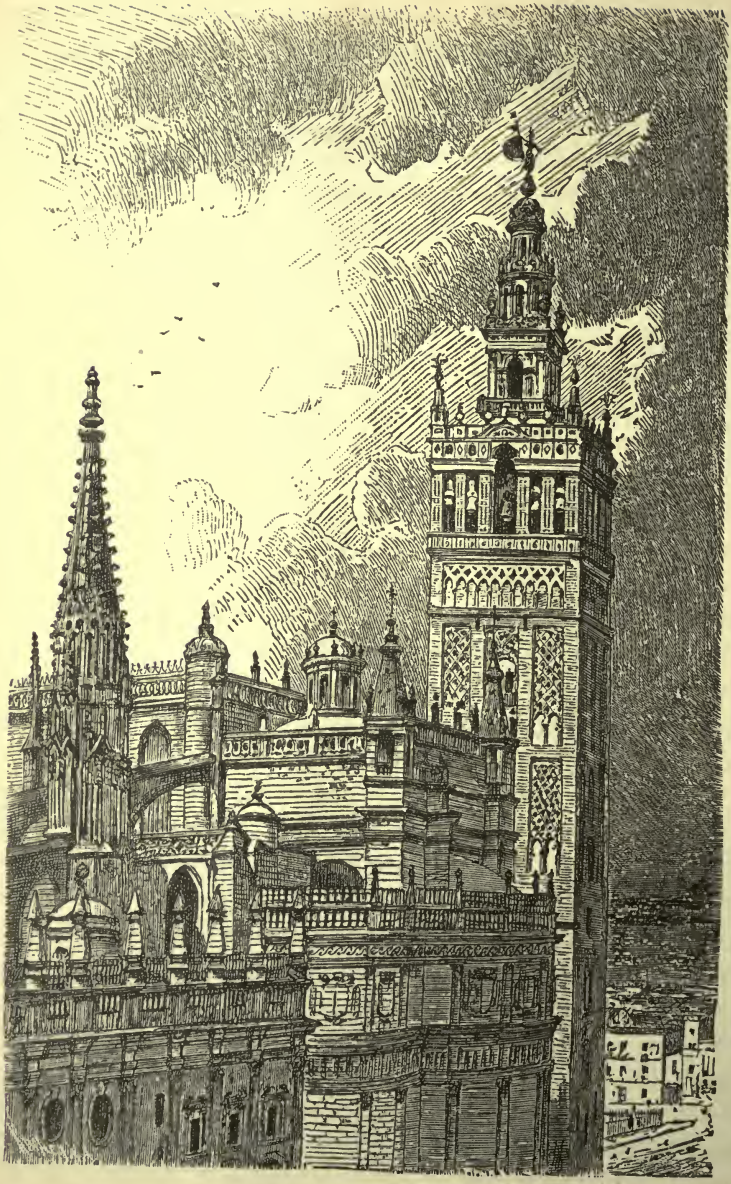
THE DANCE OF ADORATION.

The lights on the altar illuminate one spot alone, in all the great Cathedral. The musicians with their instruments have their position apart on one side of the sanctuary, while the Cardinal Archbishop takes his seat on the opposite side, and the twelve little boys, ranging from eight to twelve years of age, glide past you and kneel at their small velvet stools, which are placed just within the sanctuary gate—six facing the other six.

These boys are dressed like court pages, in white satin jackets slashed with light blue satin, a broad white satin sash secured on the shoulder, crossing the breast and fastened at the side, white satin tights to the knee, long silk stockings and satin slippers, which, with broad white felt hats turned up on three sides and bearing ostrich feathers—two of blue and one of white —complete their costume. They kneel a moment in recollection, as the music softly plays the prelude to a hymn in honor of the Blessed Mother. Then rising to their feet, they sing it in sweet childish tones and, as they sing, they begin moving toward each other, then receding; again they go forward and recede, all the while singing, until gradually the steps quicken and they are soon mingled in a dance, from which in an instant they emerge; the two sides separate and face, as before, in a line. Again they dance, adding the sound of the castanets in their hands to their voices.

All too soon the Dance of Adoration is over and the boys are again on their knees. The Cardinal ascends the altar steps and kneels on the highest one, while his elegant train falls in a graceful sweep to the lowest. Here he intones the Benediction hymns, and far in the height above the altar is the Sacred Host, before Which two silken curtains are gradually meeting as the hymns are sung and the prayer is said. At the last word they noiselessly close together, and Heaven is withdrawn from your sight. As your eyes reluctantly turn from the things above, you encounter many tear-stained faces, for so simple, so earnest, and so devotional has been this singular dance that no one could witness it and be unmoved.

Thus will end your day in Seville, and the rest of your lives



THE GIRALDA, SEVILLE.

on the feast of the Immaculate Conception you will continue in spirit to be there, living it all over again.

Yet you will resent even the thought of leaving. With Mr. Edward Everett Hale you will say: "Well, what can be more charming than this? Have you exhausted it? With every day you feel that you are only beginning to take it in." The local proverb, "See Seville and die," could be better rendered—"See Seville and live there." Let us, then, linger awhile.

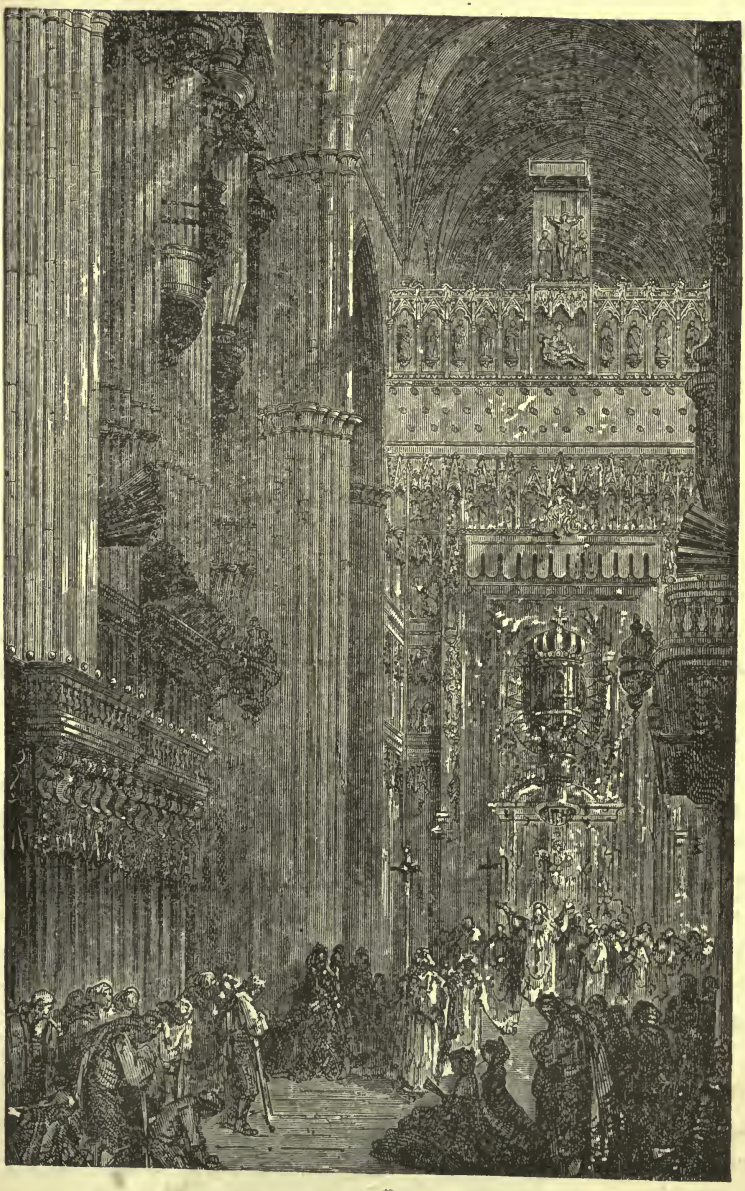
The Cathedral is not handsome on the outside, but the interior fills you with awe and reverence. The Sevillians said: "Let us build a Cathedral so enormous that men will think us mad," and they succeeded in a wonderful degree. Besides the choir and main altar in the centre of the Cathedral already described, the space down both side walls of the Cathedral is ranged with altars, each one enclosed like a chapel, with an iron-grating, and elevated one step above the marble floor of the building. It is truly bewildering to an American accustomed to one or two altars, and as many Masses, to go to the Cathedral at an early hour, and to hear perhaps as many as twenty bells sounding for the Masses, which follow in quick succession at the various altars. The distant peal of an organ will attract you near the main entrance, where turning to the right and raising a heavily-padded leather *portière*, you will enter the Sagrada, or sanctuary. It is an L, built on to the Cathedral and is in itself a large church, with several side altars. But the finest altar of all yet remains to be seen. It is some distance behind the choir, and is dedicated to St. Ferdinand, whose superb silver casket containing two coffins, one within the other, has a place just without the sanctuary rail, which is of silver. So also the altar, with all its furniture, is made of silver. Before it swings the immense sanctuary lamp of pure silver, evidently the spoils from the conquests of Peru and Mexico.

Close by, in one of the many sacristies, is a cupboard which alone contains half a ton of silver—Saints in effigy, the sword of St. Ferdinand, and too many *objets de piété* to describe. A morning could be most agreeably passed in that sacristy, examining

the collection of rare gold chalices studded with precious stones, as well as reliquaries of every kind, ostensoria and ciboria; then there are closets full of gorgeous vestments embroidered in finest needlework, scarcely distinguishable from painting and hung so as to be seen in all their beauty. Still the wealth of this great Cathedral has only been touched upon, for the paintings, the sculptures, and the grand old missals, graved on parchment by the faithful plodding monks hundreds of years ago, yet remain; and they can be seen directly after the office has been sung and the priests have left the choir, for the little choir boys ever ready for the "*una peseta, Señorita,*" beckon you in and not only show the great missals, too heavy for them to lift unaided, but also the stalls which represent Bible history in carving.

Maderno's crucifix carved in wood may be seen in one of the sacristies, and there you long to be alone, for the heart bleeds and the eyes weep to behold the veritable wounds, so real is it that you forget all else but Jesus crucified. Maderno has also carved a statue of the Blessed Virgin, which occupies an altar in another church in Seville. This is a great favorite with the people, which you will readily believe, when they tell you with pride that this is the Blessed Mother which they carry in the May procession, clad in a velvet dress three metres long, together with their gift of jewels valued at $100,000. In the same church, surmounting another altar, is a figure of Christ Suffering, which is fearfully real—also Maderno's work. This figure, when carried in processions, is arrayed in black velvet, spangled with gilt, which will be probably repugnant to your simple American taste, but is very pleasing to the Spaniards.

Seville is, as said above, the birthplace of Murillo, and holds in proud possession many of his most exquisite paintings. What could be more beautiful than his St. Anthony of Padua in the Cathedral, which was adroitly cut from the frame and taken to New York, but traced by detectives and restored to the Spanish Government! The stolen portion, which was the figure of St. Anthony only, has been so skilfully replaced that only in certain lights can the piecing be noticed. But even this picture of



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL, SEVILLE.

marvellous beauty does not excite more devotion than the painting of Murillo's in the Musée, that represents our Lord crucified, with His right arm detached from the cross and thrown around St. Francis of Assisi, who stands at the foot of the cross lost in an ecstasy of adoring love, and his eyes uplifted to the Face that is looking down upon him. You can almost imagine that you see his lips move and that you hear the words he so often uttered: "Lord, let the sweet violence of Thy burning love detach me from everything under heaven and completely absorb me, so that I may die for the love of Thy love, since it is for love of my love Thou hast deigned to die!" You will stand there rooted to the spot, until you are filled through and through with the love that inspired St. Francis and made him the happy blessed beggar that he was.

But you must move on, though reluctantly. Perhaps you will go next to the Casa del Pilatos, spoken of in *Bradshaw*, I believe, "as the House of P. Pilate!"

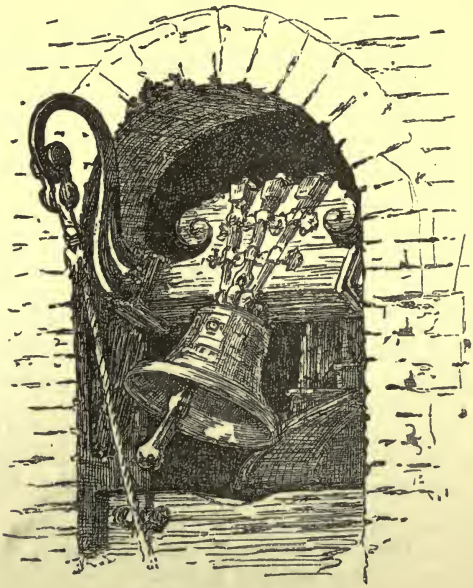
It is said that the Duke of Tarifa went on a crusade to the Holy Land and brought back a shipload of earth from Jerusalem, upon which he had built this house after the plan of Pilate's House. You are shown the Hall of Judgment, also the place where St. Peter sat by the fire warming himself and denied our Lord. You will even see the cock upon the wall, whose crowing recalled to St. Peter's mind the words of our Lord. Stepping out on a roof, you look at the Balcony through which our Lord was led forth into the presence of the Jews, who were clamoring for His blood in the court below. The thrilling words—*Ecce Homo!*—appear over the doorway. In addition to the historic interest of this house, it is very beautiful in its tiling, the handsomest in Seville.

Last but not least is the Library founded by the son of Christopher Columbus, a magnificent building containing an ample collection, but not, as you may imagine, devoted to memorials of the discoverer of our country. Some of his handwriting is seen under a glass, in the form of notes on a book, and an old map with three caravels drawn near islands,

which you would eagerly fancy were the vessels he had on his voyage of discovery.

When tired of walking, a large vehicle drawn by three or four horses, with bells on their necks to make the occasion festive, can be obtained at small cost for a drive in the country. The old Roman town of Italica, now an utter ruin, is pleasant to wander over, gathering wild flowers in the amphitheatre, or penetrating into the dungeons where the wild beasts were kept. Changing the conveyance and taking the tram, we make a visit to the Cartuja, no longer inhabited by the monks, but converted into a pottery. The chapel, however, is still untouched, and will fill you with sad thoughts as you gaze on the vacant choir stalls, so superbly carved in rich dark wood. All the Carthusians are driven out of Spain. What a sorrow it must be to them to think of their deserted and desecrated homes!

Now that you have wandered in and around Seville, you will turn from it with some of the tearful sorrow of Amici who loved to call it "snow-white Seville," for you will bear away memories with you even whiter than snow in their purity.

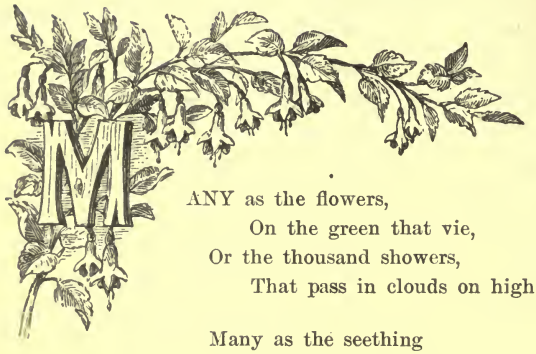


THE BELL OF THE GIRALDA.

"OFT AS YULE-TREE GLEAMINGS."

(After the German.)

By J. H. L.



MANY as the flowers,
On the green that vie,
Or the thousand showers,
That pass in clouds on high;

Many as the seething
Billows of the main,
Or the gently-wreathing
Waves of ripened grain;

Many as the splashing,
Dancing, Alpine tides,
Ever gaily dashing
Down the glacier's sides;

Myriad as the glimm'ring
Dewdrops on the mead,
Or the wondrous shimm'ring,
In the dome o'er head;

Many as the swaying
Leaves on every bough,
Ruddy berries playing
Hide-and-seek below;

Many as the shifting
Flakes of downy snow,
Ever kindly drifting
On the barren bough;

Many as the patt'ring
Raindrops on the pane,
Boist'rous now and clatt'ring,
Now subdued again—

As the wild lay, swelling
Clear from every wold,
Soulful measure welling
Up from hearts untold;

Oft as yule-tree gleamings
Kindle childish mirth,
Oft as wistful dreamings
Have place on our earth:—

So oft, enraptured greeting,
Sweet Mother, do we bring,
With bounding heart and beating,
Fondest offering.

A NOBLE AMERICAN LIFE.

Jenny C. White Del Bal.

Born September 1, 1835, died September 24, 1867.

By M. L. Meany.

I.—Girlhood.

THOSE who have longed—as who has not?—to take a peep into the everyday life of the first Christians and their compeers of the Middle Ages will find an exquisite treat in the memoir of Jenny C. White. True, "Fabiola" has partly unveiled our early ancestors' times, and "the dear St. Elizabeth" furnishes a charming picture of those chivalric days so dear to all persons of good taste. But there is a touch of austerity about both that mars the enjoyment. In this country and in this century there is no taste for penance. The holiest souls were the first to recognize this. It is charming to find Madame Barat acknowledging to her daughters that taking the discipline unnerved her, and so forbidding its use to them as an ordinary mortification.

Our own Jenny White, then, heroine as all can see by her life—holy, as the infallible voice of the people whom she loved

[1] Memoir and Letters of Jenny C. White del Bal. By her Mother, Rhoda E. White. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

and served proclaims her—is quite encouraging. In every trait an American, in every instinct a Catholic, she rises before us as a true model and patron for the nineteenth century in general and our country in particular. Her history begins a new era of holiness. It is different in many respects from the olden histories of saintly persons, and proves that the deep feelings, ardent affections, and ceaseless impulses to activity which they have been represented as suppressing all their life long, are no hindrances to union of the soul with God.

The noble life beginning on September 1st, 1835, at Binghamton, New York, and closing on September 24th, 1867, at Santiago de Cuba, near Panama, was, from the first dawn of intelligence to its last conscious hour, *all for God.* No solitary ever attained to closer ties with heaven; no martyr bore the cross with firmer acceptance. Yet outwardly it was but the life of an active, busy Christian—a devotee, some would say—alternating with that of a worldly-minded favorite of fortune. The account of her childhood reads like a fairy tale, so bright, precocious, and joyous—only the *fairies* are holy persons, and the *gifts* are graces used with Christian prudence and joyous perseverance. Then follows an episode—may we call it one of love?—more exquisite than any that romance has ever pictured. Those two periods are too sweet and perfect, as fondly traced from a *mother's* heart, to be commented on or abridged. They would form two charming Catholic story-books.

The youthful attachment of South American Don Bernardino del Bal and the Catholic belle, Jenny C. White, was crowned, after five years' constancy, by the solemn sacramental ceremony thus described in one of the New York papers:

"At the splendid wedding of one of our most charming belles (daughter of Hon. Judge W——), celebrated according to the Catholic Spanish form, the ceremony of blessing the bridal pair, under a canopy held by the attendants, was performed for the first time in this country. The scene was very beautiful, with the brilliant dresses of a numerous assemblage, the profusion of flowers decorating the Virgin's shrine (May is her

peculiar month), the blaze of lights, and the sacerdotal ceremonies."

Almost immediately came the news of a revolution in the town of Santiago, delaying the departure of the bridal pair for their home. They were obliged to remain for a year at Judge White's beautiful home; there a son was born, but only to fly to a happier land, and in bereavement and sorrow the parents of a new angel set out for their far-off home.

II.—At Panama.

The first railway ride in a foreign land! "You can perhaps imagine, dearest parents, but I cannot tell you, my feelings during the ride. Everything around me was so old and strange; the narrow streets, the numberless ruins, the old churches, all giving me the feeling that I was reversing the story of Rip Van Winkle. . . . Such was my struggle to keep the mastery over my feelings and appear pleasant and cheerful to my new friends, who tried in every way to please and console me, that yet my head is confused; and I find, when I try to write, I cannot give a clear account of anything. But I must not dwell upon my feelings, or you will never have an account of my arrival."

So writes the young bride from Panama, on July 4th, 1863. She found her new cousins, who received her there, much like her own family. "The same united, loving affection expressed and felt one for another; and your kindness to those far from their own land, dear parents, is already returned to me in every way in their power."

She proceeds to give a graphic account of her new surroundings, the home-like kindness she met with from every caller, which soon reconciled her to hear only Spanish. "What I find most difficult is to reply with sufficient form and stateliness to the long, polite speeches they make me. On leaving, at their first call, they place themselves, houses, services, etc., at my disposal, and beg me to command them in future at whatever hour I may need them, and in whatever quarter of the globe they may be

where they can be of any use to me. At the end of one of these flourishes, delivered by some old Spaniard, it takes all my self-possession to reply with due courtesy!"

She did so, however, in such a manner as to take all those critical yet generous observers captive, and at once established an empire she never lost. Yet already the ruling passion of this child of grace betrays itself. She concludes with this strong appeal:

"As a matter of charity, do, please, dear parents, obtain all the prayers you can for us. We have here now no religious exercises of any kind. The churches are closed. No priest can say Mass or administer any sacrament under pain of fine so heavy that none can pay it; and, in case of failure to pay it, either imprisonment or exile is the penalty."

This continued to be the burden of every letter home. The daughter of free America found no freedom of worship in a land governed by "Liberals." She stated the real condition of affairs in many appeals not only to relatives, but to statesmen and men of influence. "I do not speak as a Catholic, but as a republican, who believes in a form of government offering equal rights to all." And again: "No one in his senses can willingly place supreme power, in matters of conscience, in the hands of government, trusting that such power will not be abused." In a letter to President Lincoln, after describing the laws of "mortmain" and "tincion," she goes on: "The constitution which was drawn up sounds well, and proclaims religious liberty; yet no minister of any denomination can officiate until he has taken the oath of allegiance, not as an ordinary citizen, but under a law made especially for priests, and which recognizes Mosquera as head of all churches in his dominion, with a right of inspection over all religious worship. This oath no Catholic priest can take. . . . The present government, on paper as a written constitution, is a liberal republic, but in fact is a despotism. I think, from the president to the alcalde of the smallest town, each in his sphere rules supreme, issuing decrees, levying taxes, etc., without any regard to the constitution or laws."

But above all she begged for prayers, for what she justly termed an almost God-forsaken country. "I hope something will be done," she writes to her sister Nell, "and then I can go to work to arrange for Father Goetz to come. I think I can succeed, and what a world of good he can do here!"

Little did the zealous young stranger foresee that her hope would be frustrated, and that the "world of good" would be done, under God, by herself! The opportunity for this seemed to be ordered providentially. As closed buildings soon fall to ruin in that climate, the keys of the churches had been left with ladies who would attend to having them properly ventilated and cared for. Pious people took advantage of this to meet in the churches on Sundays for prayer and reading a spiritual book; and on week-days many a desolate heart sought the ever dear house of God, as occasion offered. Jenny describes the ladies as "all pious—many very pious. We go to the churches to say novenas, stations, and rosaries; but I cannot kneel as these ladies can. They can kneel for hours, I believe, without any support." They, on their part, instinctively recognized her as a leader, and she found herself, much against her will, deferred to by all. As she could not escape the honor, her upright mind assumed the responsibilities of her position, with humble trust in God.

III.—Life at Santiago.

In September the young couple left their temporary home, which the truest Christian kindness had endeared to them, for Santiago. At the time of their marriage a house had been prepared for them, but in the Revolution it shared the general fate, and they remained as guests of Don Bernardino's sister, Julianna, while their future home was being repaired and refurnished. The loving child-wife, naturally elated at the prospect of going to housekeeping, had made light of all the trials and dangers of the journey, which had been unusually tedious and trying, and, though always secretly home-sick, was the life of the affectionate family by whom she was almost idolized. Here again we meet with the "ruling passion." Her first letter concludes with the

hope that her parents pray for her, "for we are deprived of all Christian consolation. Inez Arosemena has a nice little baby (a boy), and cannot have him baptized." And again to the Sacred Heart novice: "Dear Rho wrote to me that you expected, please God, to receive the veil to-day. I could not have the happiness of going to Holy Communion for you, dearest Nell, nor the pleasure of hearing Mass, as you know our churches are closed; but Julianna, Fermina (her widowed sister), and myself said a rosary for you. . . . Good-bye, dear 'Old Nell.' I depend upon all you good nuns to pray for me. Do pray we may not die here, if it is God's will to spare us."

Dying without the Sacraments was always the first thought in Jenny's mind when she heard of anyone's illness; and during a long sickness which followed her removal to Santiago she experienced all the desolation of heart which she had so often sympathized with in others. "You cannot think how I felt when I was so sick, without a priest to give me the Sacraments," she writes to her mother.

It pleased God not only to spare her life, which all Santiago was praying for, but to give her the consolations so dear to His faithful child. The 30th of January, 1864, she writes to her mother "sitting beside my sweet little baby, little Rhoda," and gives this joyful news: "The day of the birth of the baby I was blessed by the presence of a very holy priest from an Indian mission, who heard my confession. He was almost equal to Father Driscoll. I have never been so convinced of the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost in the confessional, as since I came here."

And now she is ready for her mission, not only to Santiago but the whole Isthmus. The Cross has been borne in every form; she has come to love it, and is no longer timid or scrupulous about doing all her hands find to do. "I am quite noted here," she writes to her father, "and have been obliged to spend much of my time in writing Spanish letters to the Consul and President of the States, at the request of several gentlemen here. I shine, however, entirely by reflected light. It is owing to my

being daughter of Judge White, of New York, that I am of influence."

An Altar Society was established, under the name of "Hermanas de Maria" (Sisters of Mary), for the three-fold purpose of adorning the denuded sanctuaries, giving the people a habit of supporting the Church by voluntary contributions, and exciting a general interest in the success of religion. The poor, from the country, rallied to its ranks with great spirit, and joyfully came to "Niña Jenna" (Lady Jenny) with their small contributions. A Sunday-school was established in her house, which soon brought not only children, but grown-up people, who were charmed with the novelty. The foundress was surprised to find her former timidity in imparting instruction had vanished, to be replaced by joy in teaching people who had not gone to confession for years, to be ready for the first opportunity of going. Sooner than any ventured to hope, it came. She must describe it:

"May 1st.—We have been almost wild with joy because the rumor has reached us that the law regarding priests has been repealed! The joy-bells rang three hours; *Te Deum* sung in the church; firing of guns; and in the evening the city band played in the plaza and principal streets.

"I was serenaded by the band in the evening, and at about one in the morning by a band of singers, with guitar accompaniment, with one improvisator at their head, who sang some verses in honor of 'la Niña Jenna!'

"We are waiting to have an official announcement before we can have a public Mass, but this morning early quite a number had Mass said, and many went to Communion. It was a little strange that our first Mass in church was said at a side altar of the Sacred Heart. I am sure all your prayers are helping us."

The people's *instinct* had recognized to whom, under God, was due the joyful change; while she, in sweet humility, attributed it to the prayers of those noble souls who had consecrated their lives to God in the cloister.

IV.—Private Correspondence.

To this almost sacerdotal zeal for religion, the young American joined the various intellectual, artistic, and feminine tastes which would seem incompatible with it. She could put her hand and her mind to everything, while the pure heart beat for One alone. Her mother, a daughter of General Waterman, had trained her well; being one of those converts to whom Catholicity in this country owes so much; and both father and grandfather being eminent lawyers, she had possessed unusual advantages, which in the other sex would have made a statesman. But with all she was a *real woman*, as shown by this charming *mélange* from her letters home:

"June 26th. A law has been passed in Congress repealing the law, requiring priests to take the oath, but obliging bishops to do so. The oath has been modified—so it may be that they can conscientiously take it.

"Meantime, we are making the most of the present time, amid solemn rejoicings and festivities. The Blessed Sacrament is once more placed in the church—the sanctuary lamp relighted, after having been nearly a year extinguished. I wish I could give you a description of the festival to-day, although perhaps you would not enjoy it as I did. In the first place, the pillars of the church were dressed in palms, woven by the country people into a variety of figures curiously and tastefully executed. The altar was decorated in an effective manner. A French carpenter and I put our heads together, and arranged it in effective style. Filled with lights and flowers, it looked beautiful. The joy-bells were rung, guns fired, and drums and fifes played all the morning.

"Now comes the South American part of the ceremony. The Mass is heard with the greatest reverence and respect. At the elevation and the replacing of the Blessed Sacrament in the remonstrance, drums beat, a salute is fired, and the bells of both churches are rung. Perhaps it would not strike you as devotional, but it was most impressive and imposing to me.

"After this Mass a *Te Deum* was sung, and we had the

exposition of the Blessed Sacrament until afternoon, when there was a procession. The principal gentlemen of the town carried the *palio*[2] over the Blessed Sacrament, and the entire congregation followed, each bearing a lighted candle.

"The houses which the procession would pass were decorated. It is the custom to attend these religious celebrations almost in ball dress (full dress). When I first heard this, it seemed to me I would not like it; but when I came to dress, and saw the others dressing in the richest and best they had—even the poor trying to have something new, because they were to accompany the Blessed Sacrament—it entirely took away the idea of vanity in the motive, and seemed want of respect to do otherwise."

In a letter to her sister in the convent she describes a similar celebration of St. Peter's day:

"All the houses were decorated with drapery and greens, and some houses had altars arranged in the portals (porches). At each of these the procession paused, the Blessed Sacrament was placed upon the altar, and prayers said. . . .

"Certainly there is something very different in the effect of the sun here and at home. The gentlemen walked bareheaded, and the ladies, only veiled out of respect to the Blessed Sacrament, do not even cover their heads by a parasol. The sun blistered my face and neck, and yet I had not the shadow of a headache. They never heard of a case of sunstroke here. . . .

"As I was following in the procession, it seemed as though we were almost living in that time when our Saviour was present in His sacred humanity. When I thought of the crowds who then followed Him, and how He never passed without performing many miracles, I could not but hope He would not pass us by without marking His way by miracles—miracles wrought at least in the hearts of the people.

"Our hearts were not as light as they would have been, had we been sure this would last. We are still in doubt whether the present law will be considered good, or at least, bearable, by the Pope.

[2] Canopy.

"We had a novena to the Sacred Heart in the church, Mass said every day, and, for this place, quite a number went to Holy Communion. It concluded on the feast of the Sacred Heart.

"And now to our temporal celebrations. The Fourth of July we gave a family dinner party, at which, in honor of the day, I introduced some American dishes—*capon à l'Americaine*, and *lemon meringue pie!*

"As my knowledge of cooking is principally theoretical, I feared the result; but I came out grandly! I kept half a dozen servants busy, however, owing to my inexperience—they of course attributing the bustle to the extreme difficulty of making American dishes! We drank patriotic toasts heartily. We arose in the morning before four, and flung to the breeze a large flag from our house. Dr. Dickson, who lives next door (the only other American here), did likewise. The salute was given with what they call a *camara*, which makes a report almost equal to a cannon. We startled a number of the inhabitants—they thought it was a revolution! I had a handsome little flag hung in the parlor, and the *guarda brisas* ornamented with the American colors.

"We had wine all day for those who called. In the evening we had the band play, and fireworks, punch, and refreshments. The house, portal, and street were crowded. A gentleman here surprised us with a large balloon he had made, and which went off beautifully. After the entertainments outside, we sang in the parlor national and other songs, some of the gentlemen joining in the choruses. We broke up about twelve, feeling we had kept 'the Fourth' as it had never been kept in Santiago."

V.—Crowned in Triumph.

A pardonable error of judgment had led Jenny to believe that a priest from the States would be best for Santiago. The former pastor had been suspended by his Bishop for having, perhaps inadvertently, taken "the oath." Now he was restored. It touched the generous heart to see him performing the public penance required for this. She therefore prepared a grand cele-

bration to welcome him back, which took place on the feast of the Assumption. The description of this reads like a fairy tale. Not only was the city aglow with enthusiasm, but the country people who came from far and near were wild with gratitude to her for such a "grand Church function." Thus her plan had perfectly succeeded. Painful memories were forgotten, and the reinstated pastor mingled with his expressions of gratitude prayers that God would reward her. Two years afterward his Reverence applied to her to secure a good reception for the Bishop who had been so disrespectfully treated on his last visit to Santiago as to resolve never to appear there again. But "Lady Jenny" took the work of arrangements in hand, and the prelate was so touched by the surprising reception awarded him, that he prolonged his stay and preached again and again to crowded congregations. In return he proposed to confirm her little Rhoda, was himself her godfather, and empowered the mother to take any steps she pleased for religious purposes, as he would sanction all.

A year of varied trials followed. Jenny found many uses for the permission so graciously accorded, and was faithful to God and the Church, as well as to every duty of affection and friendship to the end. In September, 1867, the yellow fever transported her to the happy home in which dwelt the God in Whom she believed *with faith working by love.*

THE WRECK OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

By Brendan Burke.

MASS was over in the Cathedral of Sligo and, as the people genuflected and passed out at the doors, Mrs. Moran left her place to say her morning *Memorare* at the Lady altar. She was a woman on the sunny side of sixty, but her care-furrowed face and gray hairs would have marked her as well on the road to the three-score and ten years of the Psalmist. One thing, however, lent a buoyancy to her step and a sweet smile of content to her once handsome face: it was the love of God, that gathered fuel with years and was often her only fire on a bleak night in winter. Pit-pat up the aisle sounded her slippers and her large-beaded rosary clinked on the altar-rail, as she knelt with eyes upturned to the sweet face, smiling down upon her from its niche.

It was Christmas week and Mrs. Moran's thoughts naturally recurred to her only son Phil, who for seven years now had been absent in America. So the head in its snow-white cap sank low on the rail, and the beads sped through her fingers, as the poor mother prayed our fair Mother of Heaven to bless and shield her son. She arose with a light heart and, with a final ejaculation and a generous *asperges* of holy-water, genuflected and passed out of the church.

With a wistful gaze she peered down the street as she gained the gate. The post-boy was going his rounds with a bundle of letters and newspapers under his arm. Ever and anon he stopped at some door and, as he came up the street, his bundle of mail dwindled to a mere handful. Mrs. Moran was at her door unconsciously asking herself—"Will he write at all, and it Christmas too? Sure, Phil never forgot me at Christmas." Her heart was beating audibly under her faded cashmere, and her hungry eyes watched the post-boy crossing and recrossing the street from door to door. At last he came toward her and her eyes grew strangely misty as he handed her a letter.

"A letter from Phil, Mrs. Moran! It's always a rale thrate for me to see his 'hand' on the envelope."

"God bless you, asthore, for your good news this happy mornin'! But Matthew, avic, if you're passin' by Mr. Grady's, plase send him up to read the letther. He's a good man to the widow, and may every hair in his head be a mould candle to light his sowl to glory!"

And so Mrs. Moran hobbled in doors, overjoyed at the receipt of anticipated good news. Seven years ago—long years they had seemed to the poor mother—he had set sail with the exiles, who are annually driven to seek in other lands the freedom denied them at home. How slowly the time had passed since then! though, in the meantime, never a month had intervened without its regular visitor in the shape of a letter from America, with its generous enclosure of money. But now after all the heartbreak of separation, after all the long years of solitude, cheered only by the presence of her little Mary, Phil's young sister, she was to see him again—and at Christmas, too! The joy in her breast was too much and again the fountain of her full heart overflowed through her eyes.

Presently a heavy step rang on the threshold, and an honest face was thrust through the door—such a face that is sunshine and pleasure—and a hearty voice exclaimed: "Good morrow! good morrow, Mrs. Moran! What's this news that Matthew's after tellin' me? The blessin's o' God are without end. A letther from Liverpool, and that spalpeen Phil comin' home? Well, well, it's good news: it is indeed, glory be to God! Have sense, woman, have sense! It's a shame to see tears on the envelope; begorra it's the cheque that might be desthroyed!"

And after Mr. Grady, the kindly pedagogue, had humorously delivered himself of this oration, he drew a chair to the fire, and carefully lifting the skirts of his "olive-hoary" broadcloth, seated himself, twitched up the knees of his pantaloons, stretched his legs, and settled himself in his most approved attitude of study.

"It's congratulatin' yourself you ought to be, ma'am, instead of being in a lachrymose mood!" he exclaimed with profound dignity and a due sense of his importance; at the same time

diving into his skirt-pocket and producing a generous red handkerchief and a spectacle case.

"Yes, ma'am," he repeated, as he dusted his glasses with minute conscientiousness, "congratulations and felicitations are more becoming than dolorous lugubrations, when a woman is the recipient of an epistle from her son." And he gave a sly look over the rim of his spectacles, to observe the effect of his stupendous vocabulary on the widow. Seeing that he had fairly succeeded in dazing her and that she sat mute before this oracle of mystic speech, he proceeded to examine the letter at arm's length.

"Troth, then, his calli-gráph-y has in no way degenerated. He's a credit to the mother that reared him, and to the schoolmaster—hem!—that educated him, not to mention the flagellations and repeated castigations he got. It was always a maxim o' mine, Mrs. Moran, never to spare the rod for fear that I might spoil the child. Well, now, for the epistle!" Mr. Grady never allowed an occasion to pass without impressing on his neighbors the gravity of his profession, which end he invariably accomplished, as in the present case, by an artillery-fire of polysyllabics.

"Well, Misther Grady, is it good news?" eagerly questioned the anxious mother.

"Good news, ma'am? Why, it's the very best o' news! Let me give you a digest and critical analysis of it from the Alpha to the Omayga," and he settled himself in a thoughtful posture, while the polysyllables shaped themselves on his tongue.

"To all intents and purposes, then, as far as my erudition can circumnavigate the spalpeen's chir-o-gráph-y—calli-gráph-y I should have said, ma'am, for it's elegant writin'—Phil says that he'll be home on Christmas Eve. That's to-morrow; think o' that, ma'am, think o' that! The *Seagull* sails to-day from Liverpool and he'll be home in plenty o' time to patronize the good things o' the Lord, and hear the bells ring out on Christmas mornin'. He landed ere yesterday from America."

"God be praised for that, asthore! And is my boy well and happy, Mr. Grady?"

"He's every bit o' that, ma'am; and he says he has some nice things for Mary, bonbons or something o' that nature."

"And do you think is he changed, Mr. Grady, if it's not throublin' you too much I am?"

"Troth, ma'am, the physical man may have changed in seven years, but the generosity of that boy's nature is unalterable. I'll go bail, he's as big as Hercules the Grecian, and as strong as Sampson, and as rich as Crœsus the Philistine. And he says, too, that he has an elegant new shawl for yourself, and a little gown for Mary and—God bless the good boy!—a chalice all the way from America for Father Pat. Think o' that, ma'am, think o' that! Happy and proud you ought to be, to be the mother of such a boy."

"Arrah, Mr. Grady, it's a light heart you've put in my breast this blessed mornin'!"

Mr. Grady left his seat by the fire and strode to the door, patting little Mary's head of curly gold, on his way, "for the scholars," said he, "will be makin' a pandemonium of the school." So with a cheery good-morning, he took his way across the street where the school was ringing with the noisy mirth of the boys, who were practically illustrating the old adage,—

> When the cat's away,
> The mice will play.

Mrs. Moran stood at the door watching him, until he disappeared into the school, preceded by a wild scamper of youths, who had been posted as scouts to announce his approach to the boisterous crowd within. Then she went in doors and produced the letter from her breast, once more to have a good cry, winding all up with a shower of kisses on the face of Queen Victoria—meant however for Phil, not in token of the good mother's loyalty to the powers that be. Finally she opened an old chest and, taking out a neat little packet of letters, undid the ribbon that bound them, fastened the latest arrival with them, and, after a parting kiss to Her Majesty, consigned the bundle to its corner in the depths of the chest.

II.

Little Mary was all chatter through the forenoon. She dimly remembered Phil, but his name was very familiar to her. The sum of all her delight was contained in the fact that Phil was coming home for Christmas with divers nice things, such as please small girls,—a piece of news which she kept constantly communicating to her jealous little companions all that day. Her mother joyfully bustled around, brightening tins with all the energy of her warm heart and setting things in order in her humble home, to give a fit reception to Phil.

The boys of the street had been out in the woods securing evergreens for Christmas garniture. A neighboring lad, who often did Mrs. Moran's errands and who remembered Phil, came in with burning cheeks and snow-sprinkled garments and tossed an armful of shining holly on her floor. Little Mary was all aglow with pleasure, diving into the prickly branches and bringing out the ruddiest berries.

"Oh, mother!" she cried exultingly, "here's a grand piece; 'twill do just for Phil's picture," casting a sweet smile at the portrait that hung on the wall, in a frame of tarnished gilding. "He'll look pretty with these red berries all round him, and he'll wonder who did it. Oh, *do* mother! please let me put this piece round Phil." And without waiting for the solicited leave, she drew a chair under the picture, and clambering up on it, began to wreathe the young face in the frame, until it was almost hidden in a wealth of shining leaves.. Then she jumped down and surveyed it with an arch smile and, being pleased exceedingly with her work, she clapped her hands and laughed with pleasure. And Mrs. Moran was pleased, too, and rewarded Mary with a kiss.

Then the mother wove a garland about a picture of St. Patrick that had been Phil's favorite work of art in the days before he sailed away. But it had been removed since, and now it hung in another quarter of the room.

"He always liked to have it there," she soliloquized, looking at the bare wall, fronting the door, "and my boy must see

it there to-morrow night when he comes. 'Twill be a good welcome he'll get from his own St. Patrick." So with trouble she reached it down and hung it in the old place, to greet their Christmas visitor on the threshold.

The women of the street came in and out for gossip and congratulations, and Mrs. Moran had a word of welcome for them all.

Toward evening Mr. Grady came over. The good man was as deeply moved by the news as the old woman; for he had conceived a strong affection for Phil Moran, when, under his tuition years ago, he was mastering the mysteries of the three R's—"Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic"—of the National School curriculum.

"Well, well, Mrs. Moran," he began, as he drew a seat to the fire and warmed his hands thereat; "well, well, I'm glad, I'm very glad that that spalpeen Phil is comin' home."

"Sure, then, sir, I know that well and I thank you hearty. Oh, but I'm so glad and happy! May be it might be my last Christmas, Misther Grady. There's no knowin', sir," she added, as the latter shook his head disparagingly. "I've prayed a long, long time for Phil to come home at Christmas. He's the light o' my eyes and the pulse o' my heart. He was always a good boy to me."

"Faith, then, ma'am, he wouldn't be the son of his father or his mother's child if he were otherwise, savin' your presence," added the schoolmaster. "'Twas he was the apt boy at learnin'. By the powers, ma'am, he'd beat all the spalpeens that are goin' now to smithereens!"

"Yes, sir, he minded his books," ventured Mrs. Moran, with a touch of motherly pride.

"Thunder and turf! ma'am, it's I that know it. There wasn't a word in the whole vocabulary that could thrip him. No, ma'am! I knew him to spell 'Constantinople' and 'Liliputian' as readily as I'd decline *amo-amas-amat*. And he banged Banagher at geography; faith, he knew the whole world from Jerusalem to Mady-gascar and back again; and he could parse a

verb or consthrue a tense, or add up a sum of subtraction as easily as I'd say 'A-B-C.' He's a credit to his profession and a feather in the cap of his old schoolmaster. Yes, ma'am!" And Mr. Grady slapped his thigh with emphasis, to clinch his argument, and wisely nodded his head, while the good woman smiled a happy smile at this ponderous eulogy of Phil.

"You were always kind to the orphan and good to the widow, and may the Heavens be your bed, asthore!" she sighed. "It's often that Phil asked afther you. Won't you come over to-morrow night to give him a *cead mille failthe?* Sure he'll be glad to see you."

"Come over, ma'am?" repeated the schoolmaster indignantly. "If I'm sound and well and I had to travel ten miles, I'll be before the spalpeen when he comes in. It's not often, ma'am, that I graduated a clerk in the city of Philadelphia; and it's not every boy that can describe America to a schoolmaster. But Phil can do *that*, ma'am, Phil can do *that!*"

Mrs. Moran was pleased and little Mary was mute with admiration. Deep within her blue eyes blazed elfin fires, reflected from the hearth, and her fair hair lay like a halo on her shoulders.

"I didn't feel the day go by, Mr. Grady, I'm that happy!" ejaculated Mrs. Moran, as she courteously escorted Mr. Grady to the door.

"Faith, I believe you, ma'am. That's just the sentiment of our national bard, Tom Moore. He says with great veracity:

> But Time like a pitiless master
> Cries onward and spurs the gay hours,
> For never does Time travel faster
> Than when his way lies among flowers.

There's great wisdom in that, Mrs. Moran, great wisdom. Faith, then, it's lookin' wild," he added, as he paused on the threshold to button his coat, "and there's a puff o' wind comin' out of that sunset yonder, or I haven't lived on the coast all my life and my fathers before me." And he strode away, down the shining street, for out beyond the harbor the sun had left a line of lurid gold that shone out in wild contrast to the sable darkness encompass-

ing it. For a moment the woman gazed wistfully into the glory, knowing that out of it on the morrow her boy would sail to her.

As she sat by the fire that night, while Mary garrulously catechized her about Phil and when he'd come, and how, and what nice things he'd bring, and was he a good man and a big one, the wind began to sigh around the gables; and moaned down the chimney and whistled in the keyhole, like a poor houseless ghost craving shelter. The stars were obscured, and across the moon, which occasionally struggled painfully through the gloom, ran black clouds, blown swiftly before the sea-winds. Presently the town-clock rang fitfully out on the night, rising and falling in weird cadences on the pauses of the wind.

"Nine o'clock, mother!" said little Mary. "Do you think, did Phil start yet from Liverpool?"

"Yes, alanna; he's out now on the deep sea, and may the Lord guide him safe home!"

"Listen to the wind, mother! It's like a poor hungry man crying for bread. They say mother that it's awful bad to be on sea in a storm. Do you think, will Phil be out in that?"

"I hope not, asthore. It's a rough night surely and it's gettin' worse every minute; but God is on the sea, acushla, and He'll bring Phil safe home to us."

"And is the Blessed Virgin there too, mother? I think I wouldn't be afraid, if she was there; for she'd ask the Lord Jesus to save me, and *I'm sure* I couldn't be drowned," said the little girl innocently.

"Hush! alanna, hush!" whispered the mother, within whose soul rose a tempest of anxiety and dark foreboding, as rude as that which moaned abroad by the sea. "Hush! asthore; let's pray to the Blessed Virgin and the good Lord Jesus to save all on sea to-night, and then we'll go to bed and trust in His mercy."

And they knelt down and said the Rosary together, and little Mary remembered a verse of a hymn she had learnt at school and added, as she blessed herself, at the end:

> Mother of Christ, Star of the Sea
> Pray for the mariner, pray for me.

III.

Christmas Eve dawned in wind and rain. The widow Moran was roused early by the howl of the storm in her chimneys and the patter of the rain on her windows. The concert of the heavens appalled her waking ears, and with pale face and blanched lips she tottered to the window, where a rueful sight met her gaze.

The snow, that had lain on the distant hills, was washed away and the streets were filled with flying spray, caught up in handfuls by the wind and borne far inland. The town sat by the sea, sad, wet and melancholy, and the harbor was churned into foamy billows that washed and lapped and lashed against the piers and rattled the shipping that groaned at anchor. Groups of men, clad from head to foot in dripping oil-skins, gathered on the beach and along the quays, securing everything loose and drawing their little boats into shelter from the grinding waves. The spars of the frail craft that lay at anchor howled responsive to the wind, and the rigging shrieked with shrill accord. The town was filled with strange noises, the roar of many waters, the clamor of wind and wave, the creaking of signs and doors, the rattle of flying slates and timbers, and the shouting of the sea-folk and fishermen along the quays.

With a sickening sensation at her heart, the poor woman turned away and falling on her knees by her bed, she buried her face in her hands and prayed with anguished fervor—prayed long and deeply, with tears and sighs. Her heart flew on the wings of the storm, away to the wild ocean, where struggled the ship that carried Phil. She pressed him to her breast in imagination, kissed his lips, drenched with the flying spray, sheltered him under her mantle, and brought him tenderly home through the storm. Then she rose from her knees with a strong heart, and remembering that it was Christmas Eve, she set about arranging things in her humble home. The bell for Mass rang; she heard it borne fitfully on the blast and she looked out of the window again.

"Asthore machree! a wild morning, a bitter wild morning!

Such a day as came twenty years ago! Too wild, too wild, to venture out to Mass, and I'd so long to go to His altar and tell Him all my heartbreak and anxiety this holy Christmas Eve. His holy will be done! He'll take an ould woman's intention for the deed; oh, I know He will! I commend my boy into His hands. He has brought him through greater dangers, and He'll bring him through this!" And her heart was resigned to the will of Him, Who Himself prayed that His Father's will might be done on earth.

Presently little Mary came creeping down stairs, all aglow with excitement; her golden hair streaming rebelliously over her eyes and about her neck and shoulders. Her mother was seated by the fire, waiting for the tea to draw, preparatory to breakfast. Mary came slyly over, and wound her arms about her neck and laid her fresh young cheek against hers. "Oh! mother, I had such a grand dream last night and all about Phil; and I'm not a bit afraid of the wind, because the dear Blessed Virgin was there. Will I tell it you, mother?" she smilingly coaxed.

"Tell me, alanna," replied her mother with bated breath.

"Well, it was like this, mother. The big ship was out in the sea; and, oh, it was *aw*ful big!" she added slowly with wide wondrous eyes. "And the wind was very wild, crying just like the poor little girl I gave a piece of bread to. You know, mother, that little girl the other day? The sea was terribly big; such great white waves, and the ship tossed and tossed about on them like a little cork. And I saw Phil, a big, handsome man standing on the ship, not a bit frightened; but all the other people were crying. And then the moon and the stars hid themselves, and the ship was drowned. Oh, *I'm* not afraid!" she added innocently, as her mother grew deadly pale, "because the Blessed Virgin was there, and I know it was the Blessed Virgin, because she came down from the sky, and was smiling ever so sweetly, and she carried a little baby in her arms, for all the world like the one in the chapel over the altar. And she caught Phil by the hand and lifted him up out of the water, and—and—he wasn't drowned!"

"Did you say your prayers, acushla?" asked Mrs. Moran, kissing her young lips.

"Not yet, mother; I wanted to tell you my dream, but I will say them, mother. I couldn't forget *them*, because God is too good. Oh!" she added with sudden recollection, "won't the Sisters have the little baby in the convent crib to-night, like last year?"

"Yes, asthore," replied her mother; "but now ask the Blessed Virgin to bring Phil home safely."

"Oh! I'm not afraid at all. I *know* he'll come home, because the Blessed Virgin saved him." And she crept up stairs again, while the roar of the wind sounded more dreadful for the pause of her innocent prattle. Her poor mother craved for sympathy in this her hour of anxiety, nor did she crave long, for the door soon opened, admitting a rush of storm and spray together with the jovial presence of Mr. Grady.

"My, oh my! Mrs. Moran, but this is a wild day for Christmas Eve," he gasped, as he shook the sea out of his hair and whiskers. A single glance at the woman's face told him the story of her inward agony. He had just come up from the beach, where his own gloomy forebodings, as to the result of the storm, were more than confirmed by the discouraging augury of the seamen. But he could not rest until he had seen the widow and made some effort to allay her anxiety on the score of the *Seagull's* safety. There was a tell-tale quaver in his laughter, as he commented on his striking resemblance to a drowned rat.

"Well, well, it was a wild night, last night," he said; "I couldn't sleep till it was almost day, the wind made such a hullabulloo around the house." Mr. Grady in his more serious moods descended from his pedestal of learning to more common and more intelligible Anglo-Saxon. "But," he added, "thanks be to God! it's gettin' milder every moment," an assertion that was by no means strengthened by a dreadful rattle of chimney-pots and slates in the street without, and an angry howl of the wind. In spite of himself Mr. Grady started, and then remarked, by way of palliating his emotion, "the houses on this street,

ma'am, are a shame to the country and a menace to life. The slaters that slated them should be prosecuted according to the law, for their slipshod work. Just fancy a puff o' wind like that to scatter them like a bundle of *thraneens;* it's a shame, ma'am, a positive shame!"

The poor widow's heart was not here; it was away with Phil in the storm; so she made no response to the schoolmaster's impeachment of the slaters.

"Tut, tut, Mrs. Moran; it's wrong to feel any uneasiness about this. It's a mere breeze, ma'am. We're used to the likes of it. Sure, they're as common as mackerel around this coast." And the wind, like a reproaching angel, shrieked a dismal "No—o—o!" down the chimney.

"Asthore machree," replied the poor woman at length, talking like one in a dream, "I know there's danger and I know there's death in the sea to-night."

"No, no, ma'am. Not to-night; any night but this. Sure the Lord Who came to-night to save, will not destroy the widow's hope. No, no, Mrs. Moran. Phil will come all right; take my word for it."

"Ah! it's often and often I heard my husband say—God be good to his soul to-night—" ("Amen," from Mr. Grady)—"that no ship could live along the North Coast in this weather. And oh!" she moaned, as the dreadful recollection suddenly flashed upon her, "'twas such a day as this, a bitter day and Christmas Eve, that they carried him in to me from the sea."

"Now, ma'am," replied the pedagogue with a show of anger, "you're only magnifying mole-hills into mountains. If one died, that's no reason why another should. And as for your bad auguries from the weather and the day, why, they're only *pish-rogues* and no one should heed them. It's a mere coincidence, ma'am, a mere coincidence. God knows," he added, softening, "it's only natural for the mother's heart to feel uneasy, but it's Christmas Eve, ma'am, and do not forget the words o' the Lord: *Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing and not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father?*" And to the

hoping mother's heart, the wind with a sudden pause seemed to confirm the schoolmaster's words.

But Mrs. Moran's mind again went out on the storm to her son on the sea and her lips moved in silent prayer. Little Mary, who had hitherto been silent, now mustered courage and chimed in.

"*I'm* not frightened, Mr. Grady, because the Blessed Virgin is on the sea and she took Phil by the hand and she'll soon bring him home now; and she had her little Baby for the crib in the convent to-night."

"That's my fair *colleen*," said the old man affectionately, patting the child's fair head and presenting her with a bright silver sixpence, which, he explained, was his Christmas box to her. Thus encouraged the child became garrulous and confiding and talked much innocent talk about Phil and the Christmas crib and the Baby, while her mother continued to gaze with vacant unconsciousness into the glowing embers. At length the schoolmaster rose to go, and as he did, he capped the climax of his consoling words by telling Mrs. Moran that the *Seagull* was the hardiest and safest vessel of all plying to Liverpool, he cared not whether they were "ocean greyhounds" or water curs of low degree; and withal the luckiest, for it had never been known to spring a leak, or damage a screw, or lose a hand in its long nautical record. And the storm fairly reproached Mr. Grady for this pleasant piece of fiction, with a reproving and melancholy "Oh—h—h!"

So the dreary day wore on, until the dark of evening found a group of sympathetic friends in the widow Moran's cottage. The hour of the *Seagull's* arrival had long since passed and the tension of hope deferred had indeed made many a heart sick in that little group. Mr. Grady accused the clock of precipitate flight, and averred with ponderous emphasis that the *Seagull* might be a *little* late, but she would unquestionably bring "the spalpeen Phil" home in health and happiness.

"Musha, then, God grant it!" sighed half a dozen women in chorus; and as each directed her flattering unction to Mrs.

Moran's soul, regardless of the others' remarks, the babble was infinite. Suddenly Mr. Grady sprang to his feet in a high state of excitement.

"By the word of a schoolmaster, there it is! Listen, ye heathens, listen!" And as the chatter ceased, there rang distinctly above the roar of the wind the shrill whistle of a steamer.

"By the livin' powers, it's the *Seagull!* The spalpeen is safe! I'll have him here in a jiffy." And with a bound, surprising in a man of his venerable years, he disappeared into the storm, and made straight for the beach, whither a large crowd of men were running with incoherent shouts and excited gesture. There was a sickly glare of torches and lanterns along the sands, and in their light a great group of men were huddled together, pointing out to sea. They stood like a picture of Vandyke's, their bearded faces, in profile, clear-cut by the torchlight on the surrounding darkness. Again the whistle sounded, and the fitful clang of a bell gave signals of distress. But there was no sail to be seen, only the white-capped breakers racing in maddened wrath to the land and heaving in mountains athwart the inky gloom.

"For heaven's sake, where is she?" they groaned. "She'll be lost while we are standing helplessly by, unable to lend her a hand this holy Christmas night."

Even as they spoke, a wild cheer went up from their ranks; for the moon, riding gloriously forth from a rack of clouds, shed a brilliant radiance over the scene. And there, within a short distance of land, lay the huge hulk of a steamer, her masts gone by the board and the waves foaming angrily across her bows. There was a white gleam of faces along the deck, and then all was gone in an instant as the clouds once more obscured the moon.

"God help them!" was their piteous prayer. "If we could only man a boat, we might save them; but the stoutest boat along the coast would be ground into smithereens in this sea."

Once more the moon lit up the scene, and this time a shudder ran along the crowd, as plainly seen by all, a man leaped

overboard from the stranded vessel. His white face came up for a moment on the crest of a mountainous wave, disappeared in the trough of the seas, and once more appeared nearer shore. It was clear to all that the fearless fellow was fighting his way ashore. Anxious eyes swept the surf, and surely he came along on each successive swell, until at length a thunderous breaker flung him exhausted at their feet. Then was seen the heroism of the man, for about his body was lashed a long line, which communicated through the water with the doomed vessel. It was the only hope of rescue left the crew, to bridge the deep with a rope, over which they might crawl to land, hand over hand. In the excitement of the hour no one knew him and, indeed, all their attention was confined to the task of rescuing the passengers and crew; while two seamen poured brandy down the unknown man's throat. After an hour of dreadful uncertainty and fearless effort, the whole crew was brought ashore, dripping and shivering; but they found ready hospitality at the hands of their deliverers, who placed their homes at their disposal.

Presently the captain of the *Seagull*—for such was the foundered steamer—asked for their fearless deliverer, and thus once more riveted attention upon him. He raised his voice, disclaiming aught of praise for his deed, declaring that he had only done his duty.

"Make way, ye Brobdingnagians, make way!" exclaimed the old schoolmaster excitedly, "I'd know his voice in the island of Juan Fernandez."

"Why, Mr. Grady, my old master! How do you do? Don't you know me, Phil Moran?"

"Thunder and turf! my bonny boy! how you're changed," exclaimed the pedagogue, dancing with delight. "He's a regular Horatius Cocles, boys! A Roman, I say! Bring him home, ye heathens, bring him home! His mother's waitin' to see him."

With a wild hurrah and a shout of "Phil Moran! Phil Moran!" the wet seamen lifted him high on their shoulders and marched him proudly through the town.

"It's a monument he should have, ma'am, a regular monument to extol his virtues to posterity," exclaimed Mr. Grady, as the surging crowd lifted Phil into his mother's presence, like a general in triumph.

But we draw a veil over that meeting of mother and son; nor will we explain how little Mary, at first shy, gradually communicative, clomb up on his knee and told him that he wasn't at all like the Phil in the frame; and made petulant inquiries about the Blessed Virgin on the sea. Nor will we venture to describe the wild joy of the townsfolk, and how the night sped away in cheer and congratulations, Phil comfortably installed in a borrowed suit of the pedagogue's drier but more abbreviated garments; or how the schoolmaster proposed Phil's health in a smoking brew of Mrs. Moran's Christmas punch, with divers allusions disparaging to the Greeks and Romans and to Horatius Cocles and the Tiber. Suffice it to say, that all were glad on this truly happy Christmas Eve. And as the winds abated in the pale dawn of the morning, and the Angel of peace descended upon sea and land, and laid a soothing finger on the poor mother's heart, the chimes, swelling from the Cathedral towers, seemed to fill her sleep with the song of the Angels at Bethlehem:—

Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will!

"GRACE BEAMETH STILL."

By J. J. M.

In sober Autumn time, the sun doth light
The interchange of bough and yellow leaf;
Crisp foliage and sere, and droop'd in grief,
Oft rustles, too, the silence of the night;
For living sap recedes,—this fatal blight
O'er bush and branch and tree steals like a thief.
Does not the sun give warmth? No respite brief
To dying leaves aids their distressing plight.
Christian! God's grace doth ever shine before
The tabernacle of your weary soul:
But should the living faith not there abide,
Desolate soul! you'll wither to the core.
Grace beameth still,—yet still persists thy dole;
Will Thomas place his hand on Jesus' Side?

St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy.
October 10, 1889.

FROM LOURDES TO POUEYLAÜN.

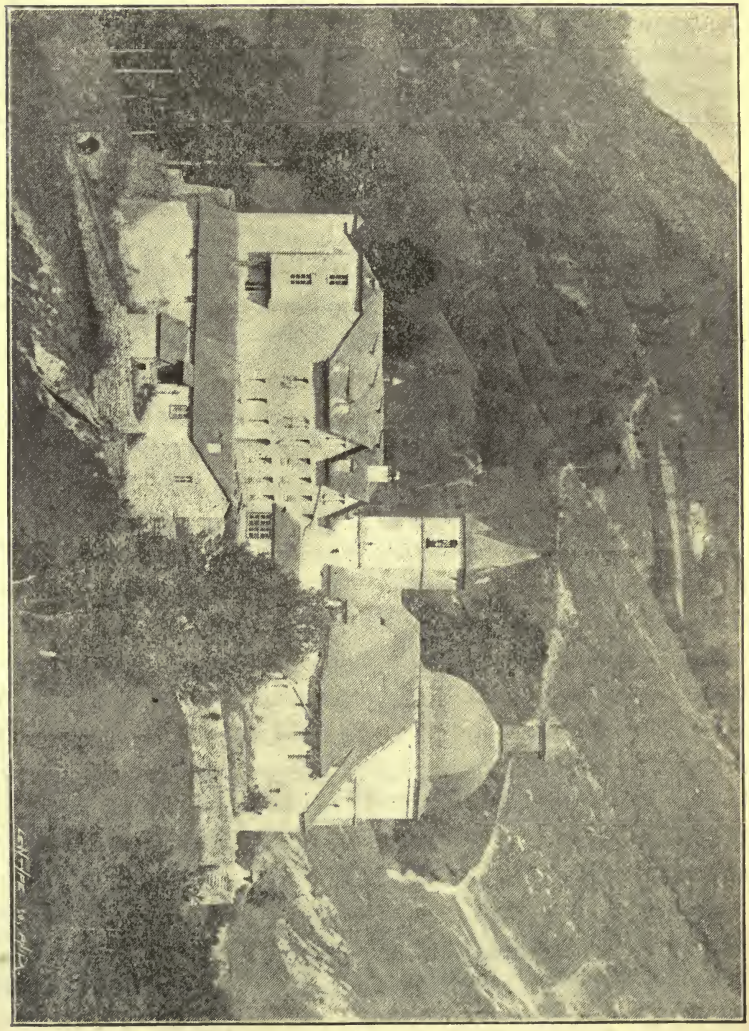
By Mrs. Jane Cave.

AT first sight Poueylaün seems a rather difficult and unfamiliar name, but translated from the idiom of the *Hautes Pyrénées* it means simply "Hill of the Laün; from 'pouey' hill or mount, and Laün, the little river or stream"—still flowing at the foot of the mountain whereon stands this famous chapel of our Lady. This same stream once flowed higher up, at the foot of the Mamelon, but the descending torrents have thrown it near the village of Arrens where it flows to-day.

"If it be true that life is only a voyage, I maintain, for my part, that there is no greater pleasure than to travel always," says a great writer. He must have written this here, in the delightful valley of Azur, which is not less beautiful than that of Argeles, and more tranquil.

It is asserted for a fact, that it is quite impossible to be sensible of fatigue while journeying from Lourdes to the chapel of Notre Dame de Poueylaün, and I can testify to the truth of the statement, as far as I am concerned. This is due not solely to the beauty of the country, which will always stand for something, but to the pure invigorating air and the absence of everything that can in the least excite or trouble the traveller. There is no dust, plenty of shade, and an aspect of perfect peace reigning over all. Added to these are the attractions, powerful still, even upon minds used to change, to be met along the road.

Nowhere in France is the worship of the Mother of God more general or more profound than in the Pyrenees. The ancient chapels erected in her honor declare this. Poueylaün is second to none in interest. The foundation of the first chapel dates back into the dark ages. All records of its early days have been destroyed, but the stones bear witness to its antiquity. The present chapel must have been built at different epochs, and consequently it has lost much of its primitive character, but no sanctuary in the world can show a greater curiosity than the floor of this temple, which is one single block of stone or rock,



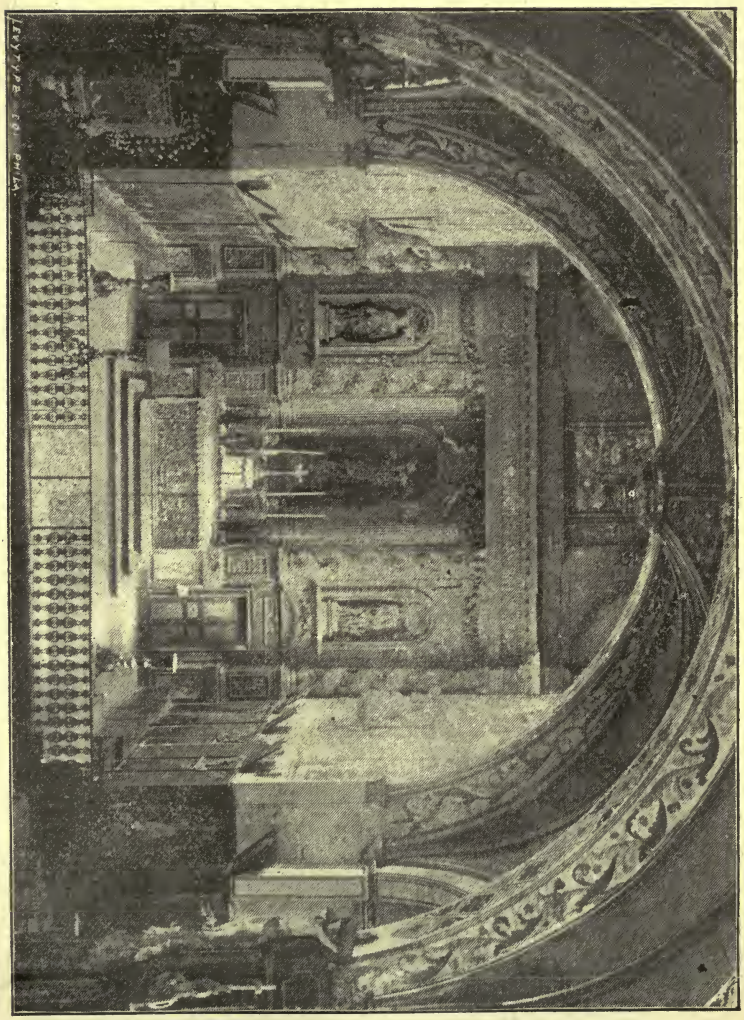
CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF POUEYLAÏN.

marbled and cut in the form of an amphitheatre. What prodigious work! The descent into the body of the church is by three steps cut in this solid mass. You would say that the mountain had been levelled, and the church posed lightly upon it, so gracefully does the many-vaulted roof rise above this rocky surface. A great contrast is the rich carving and gilding of the altars—Spanish in style evidently, rich in coloring, light, and everywhere the symbolical pilgrim's shell.

The Jacobins wreaked their fury here, but they met with brave resistance, and the venerated statue was saved. The church was closed and abandoned, to save it from utter destruction. It was reopened to become the barracks of Spanish soldiers, who desecrated it. Sad and dark days followed for those who had worshipped there.

One day Queen Hortense came to visit the Pyrenees. She was in great sorrow. Her idolized son, Napoleon Charles, crown prince of Holland, had just been taken from her. The fame of the chapel of Poueylaün had an especial attraction for her. Its romantic situation charmed her, and she frequently made her way to the ruined and deserted edifice. Hear what she writes on one of these visits: "After the loss of a cherished object, who has not been profoundly moved on entering a church? It is there that man is first brought on his entrance into the world. It is there that he pronounces the most sacred vows, makes the most solemn engagements, and it is there that are said for him the last prayers. The world forgets him afterward, but a mother forgets nothing. All things conspire to recall to her heart the tender emotions that once agitated it; and all things increase her regret and her sorrow."

Thanks to the good queen, the chapel was once more restored, and public worship again held on the mountain. Recommending her family to the Virgin of Poueylaün, Queen Hortense founded here a Mass for the anniversary of the death of her son. May 5th, 1808, this Mass was celebrated for the first time, and with great pomp and ceremony. The National Guards of the Canton, and the civil authorities of the surrounding country were



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF POUEYLAÜN.

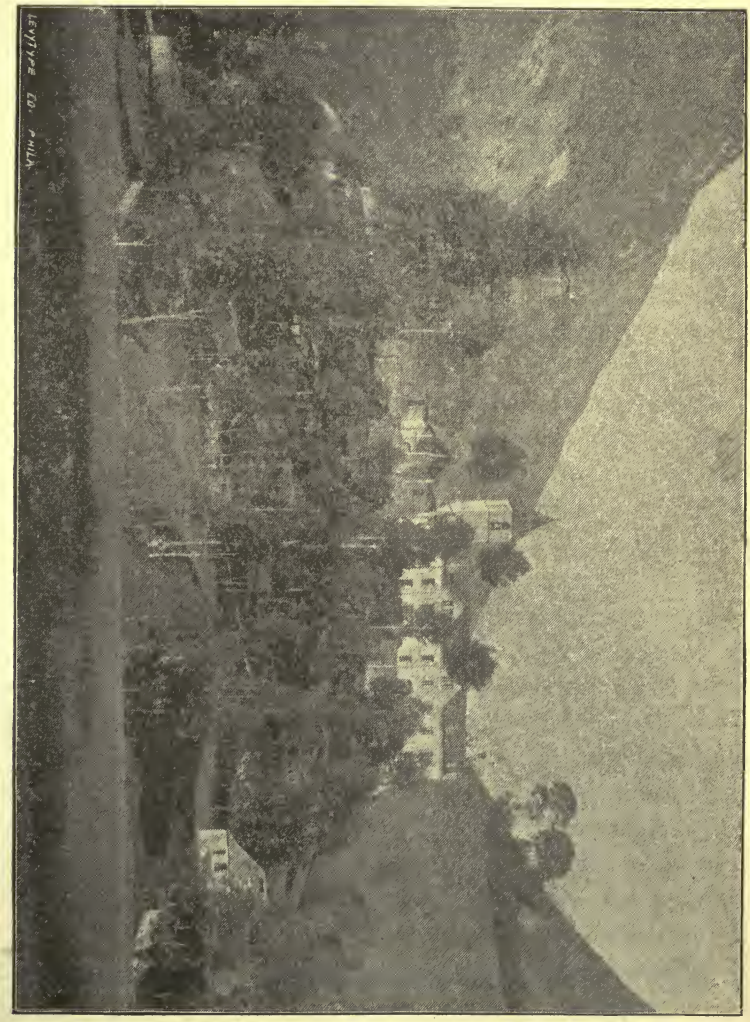
present at it. In a chronicle of the valley the queen is spoken of as the "generous benefactress, who has dried our tears, revived our courage, and become the object of our dearest hopes." When another son was born to Queen Hortense (afterward Napoleon III.), nowhere were the rejoicings more spontaneous and sincere than in this valley and on this mountain.

Both branches of the House of Bourbon have also visited the venerable sanctuary, as well as strangers from other countries; especially has it been visited by many Russians. May our own dear travellers from America be no longer strangers to Our Lady of Poueylaün! It may facilitate matters for them if I give here a few notes from my journal.

"August 3d.—Mass at five o'clock at the Parish Church. I had time to walk leisurely to the station, as the train only leaves at 6.15, and the train time is ten minutes behind the church time. Argeles was my destination, a run of thirty-five minutes through beautiful scenery. Return ticket costs about two francs."

"*Café-au-lait* at Argeles—the milk, butter, and cream of this region are delicious in spring, and not bad at any time. But the cows work so hard all summer that the milk is less good than it would otherwise be. They plough, draw wood, hay, etc. There are others that pass the summer on the mountains. They take turns very likely."

From Argeles to Arras is a most beautiful drive. We pass *le Saut-du-Procureur*, so called, because a certain lord of the valley taxed his people overmuch, and they arose in rebellion and threw his emissaries, from the steep hill-top, into the awful precipice beneath. All looks green and smiling now, both on the hill-side and in the abyss, but the place is admirably calculated by nature for the accomplishment of such a deed. We mount steadily for two hours; they seem no more than half an hour; hardly that, for the landscape changes at every step of the way. The road is perfect, with the valley below you and the winding river, and many cascades and ravines and dark gorges; and before you snow-clad mountains; while on either hand hang trailing



CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF POUEYLAÏN.
(Distant view through the hills.)

vines and sweet wild flowers, and there are old stone walls all moss-grown, and birds singing in the bushes, and not a single thing to trouble your meditation, neither fly nor mosquito, nor too much heat nor too little, and not a speck of dust. You feel yourself growing stronger at every step. And here on your right hand is an old ruin, nay more, 'the ruin of a ruin,' because, sad to say, they are carrying away, little by little, the old historical castle of Arras. How many a tale its ruins tell!

Plato says that exercise of the body should accompany that of the mind, so you can descend from your donkey, or mule, or carriage—the road is good for *everything*—and look into the old dungeon, if you like. How many victims were done to death within these iron cages! It is not easy to believe that such things *ever were*, here, where now all is silence and peace.

But let us hasten on to Arrens, where there is a good hotel, and the most delicious trout in the world. There is a church too, and you may try to read the inscription over the stone portal. There is only one man in the Pyrenees who can read it. He is a priest and an antiquary, and lives like a hermit, hiding his learning. And look at the stone '*benitier*' beside the church door.

After breakfast walk for five or six minutes (always up hill), and you will find yourself in the hollow of the mountain and see before you the dear old church, as it is in the photograph. People often make mistakes and say St. Anne of Poueylaün, instead of Notre Dame de Poueylaün. This is all because St. Anne, the mother of our Blessed Lady, is so loved here. Within the church there is a beautiful altar in her honor, and you will be electrified by the sight of the statue thereon. St. Anne is bending slightly forward and gazing piercingly into your eyes, into your heart. It is the strangest face I ever saw, for intensity of gaze, and at the same time soft and pleasing.

Neglect not the chapel of St. Roch on the spur of the hill, as you descend. It is barred and bolted, but through the bars you can see and also reach the holy-water font. You will surely linger long in the brilliant chapel; it is not a place to be left quickly. I went back three or four times, before I could separate myself entirely from it.

THE PROMISES OF THE SACRED HEART.

THE TWELFTH PROMISE: *I promise thee in the excessive mercy of My Heart that My all-powerful love will grant to all those who communicate on the First Friday in nine consecutive months, the grace of final penitence; they shall not die in My disgrace nor without receiving their sacraments; My Divine Heart shall be their safe refuge in this last moment.*

The way has already been prepared for the consideration of this—the last and, as it has been aptly called, the Great Promise of the Sacred Heart. The wonderful graces it contains fall into the same line as those promised to the Scapular and other "devotions with promise"; and, granted the original private revelation by which it was made known, its theological explanation is essentially the same. As considerable misapprehension seems to exist concerning the nature and meaning, as well as the authenticity, of this Twelfth Promise, it will be well to proceed by strict question and answer:

1. *What is the origin of this Promise?*

Like all the graces promised in detail to practices of devotion in honor of the Sacred Heart, it is taken textually from the writings of the prophetic seer of the devotion, Blessed Margaret Mary.

In a letter of May, 1688, to Mother de Saumaise, who as her religious superior had been a special instrument of Providence toward her during the years of the great revelations, she gave the Promise in the exact words now commonly used in publishing it. A year later she took occasion to repeat it, without substantial change, to the same sympathetic friend. Each time she accompanies it by one of the humble formulas with which she was wont to preface the recital of the revelations made to her: "one Friday, during Holy Communion, He [our Lord] said these words to His unworthy slave, if she mistakes not;"—"another time, it seems to me that it was said to me after Holy Communion."

It is difficult, therefore, to see why this practice of devotion, along with its promise of supernatural graces, should not be received with the same general acceptance as the remainder of

the devotion as set forth by Blessed Margaret Mary. That her "contemporaries," who bore witness to her wonderful holiness in life and in death, thus accepted it, is shown conclusively by their careful insertion of the seer's words in the *Life* they compiled from her own writings.[1]

2. *What official recognition has been made in the Church of the practice recommended in this Promise?*

Evidently, no direct action of the supreme authority has ever been called for, except in the general Decree of September 22, 1827, relative to the writings of Blessed Margaret Mary. This was in the necessary course of the Process of her beatification, and comes to us with all the authority of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, together with the express approbation of the Sovereign Pontiff. After giving the catalogue of the writings and Letters "attributed to the Servant of God and preserved in the Archives of the Episcopal Chancery of Autun and in the Monastery at Paray," the following is decreed as the result of the "theological censure."

These writings and Letters have been seriously and diligently weighed and examined by the Theologian deputed for this purpose by His Eminence the Most Reverend Lord Cardinal Giulio Maria de Somalia, Prefect [of the Congregation of Rites] and *Relator* of the Cause. A report of each in detail has since been made by His Eminence in the usual meeting of the Sacred Rites assembled in the Vatican on the date mentioned. From this it was clearly

[1] The *Letter* is No. lxxxii [page 159, 2d volume] of the authentic edition of the *Life and Writings of Blessed Margaret Mary.* The passage given in the *Vie par ses Contemporaines* is under its proper year, 1689, [p. 291, 1st vol.] of the same first edition. These numbers are somewhat advanced in the less common, but fuller second edition, published like the first at the seer's own convent of Paray-le-Monial, where most of the original MSS. are preserved. Even if the autograph copy of this special revelation had been lost, the testimony of the "contemporaries" would be conclusive as to its authenticity.

It is curious to see that so prominent a Catholic periodical as the *Dublin Review*, in noticing the late excellent Latin compendium of the theology of the devotion by Father Nix, should wonder at his undoubting publication of this Promise, and credit him with taking it from the very modern French *Life* by Father Daniel, S. J. Its real source, as has been explained, is of undoubted authenticity and, like all the authentic writings of one proposed for beatification, comes under the Roman Decree relative to such writings.

established (*aperte constiterit*) that nothing had been found in these writings and Letters worthy of theological censure.

As a result of this report, the Sacred Congregation of Rites gave the usual Decree that no obstacle to the formal beatification was to be found in the writings of the Servant of God (*nihil obstare, et procedi posse ad ulteriora*). On the 26th of the same month, their decision was officially approved by the Sovereign Pontiff then reigning, Leo XII.

This is amply sufficient to show that nothing is to be feared for Christian faith, or its application in popular devotion, from the Promise made in favor of the Nine First Fridays.

It may, however, be asked why this special practice has never been officially taken into the statutes of some one of the approved associations that propagate the devotion to the Sacred Heart, and why the Church's Indulgences have never been asked for it. To this it may be answered that the Communion of *each* First Friday has been made a part of the official devotion of all such associations, and has already received the full benefit of Indulgences, so that there is no occasion for any further sanction of this practice.

The Promise simply concerns a supernatural grace promised to the faithful and continued observance of a practice *which has already been approved and sanctioned in the most formal manner possible.* The Decree of our Holy Father Leo XIII., given for the feast of the Sacred Heart in the year now closing (1889), shows the credit which the devotion of the First Friday has obtained in the universal Church, and it has never been the practice of the Church, when there was question of private revelations, to approve specially and in detail the supernatural graces promised to certain observances of devotion. That the observances should be declared praiseworthy and share in the Indulgences granted to the devotion, and that the seer should be raised to the Church's altars, are sufficient warrant for the instincts of Catholic piety.

The observances in question are both safe and useful; this much we have on the authority of the Church—the sure guardian of the faith and devotion of Christ's people. The special graces

promised to these observances are credible, for the Blessed seer is a witness beyond reproach. Besides, as has been explained at great length in previous articles, the graces promised, however wonderful they may seem in their supernatural generosity, are quite in the line of the gifts of the Holy Ghost to Christian devotion.

3. *Why was not this Promise published as early and widely as the others?*

For the simple reason that the collected writings of Blessed Margaret Mary were not published until after her beatification; and neither in the nature of things nor in the ordinary ways of Providence should the extraordinary and altogether special details of a devotion be brought forward commonly until its ordinary and substantial practice has been surely established.

This seems to have been the case with the promises attached to the wearing of the Carmelite Scapular, inasmuch as the earliest documents regarding it are almost entirely concerned with its supernatural origin and its character as the habit or badge of a confraternity. The present Promise needed, moreover, the special accrediting of the seer to whom it was made, which was effectively given only by her formal beatification by the Church.

About this time, Father Dufau, one of the most notable propagators of devotion to the Sacred Heart among the common people, verified this Twelfth Promise in the authentic manuscripts at Paray-le-Monial. It was next referred to the severe theological judgment of Father Ramière, then in his full reputation as the author of the two remarkable works on *The Hopes of the Church* and *The Apostleship of Prayer*.[2] His keen and earnest mind, ever on the alert where the supernatural interests of the faithful were concerned, grasped at once the fulness of encouragement and consolation found in this thoroughly Christian practice of devotion to the Sacred Heart. It was not in the line of his own work, but in the succeeding years he opened the

[2] See *Preface* and *Editor's Notes* to the new translation of the latter work (*The Sacred Heart Library*, Nos. I. and II., MESSENGER office, 1889).

pages of the MESSENGER again and again to its explanation and defence.

This Twelfth Promise has now for many years been spread as a practice of devotion in widely different parts of the world. Throughout Belgium, and in at least thirteen of the northeastern dioceses of France, it has received the public encouragement of the Bishops as a devotional practice fitly brought before the people at the close of missions and retreats. In Germany and elsewhere, with the approbation of the most distinguished prelates, leaflets of explanation devoted to this Great Promise alone have been widely circulated; and the Directors of the League of the Sacred Heart, without in any way identifying it with the Apostleship of Prayer, have still commonly published it on the "Promise cards" which they scatter by hundreds of thousands in all parts of the world.[3]

Assuredly, the Twelfth Promise has so made its way among the Christian people as to claim rightfully its place in the devotion to the Sacred Heart.

4. *Of what general principle of Christian devotion is this Promise a special application?*

All promises of supernatural grace *privately* revealed to the Saints must necessarily be in favor of some practice of devotion based on the teachings of the *public* revelation made through the Apostles to the Church. The *extraordinary* graces promised are from the *special* good-pleasure of God toward something which of itself is already included in His *general* promise of *ordinary* graces.

Thus the due wearing of a pious Scapular, without any special promise, would still have a right to the general graces of

[3] The little pamphlet of Father Eugene Brady, S.J., of Cincinnati, has the express encouragement of the Most Reverend Archbishop Elder and of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. This Promise is also printed at length on the Promise cards published in over one hundred different languages by Mr. Philip A. Kemper, of Dayton, Ohio, as described in a former notice of his excellent work; and these cards, it must be remembered, have been welcomed and distributed among their new Christians by the most venerable missionary Bishops of the Church in the remotest regions of the world.

perseverance promised to the continued prayer of Christian faith and hope. Communion on the First Friday of each month, without any special revelation to Blessed Margaret Mary, would have still been a fruitful application of the benefits of the Holy Eucharist and of devotion to Christ's Passion.

Thus, too, the consecutive Communions of Nine First Fridays, without reference to any special revelation, make up a striking instance of faith and hope in the Eucharist as a means of obtaining the graces needed by saint or sinner at the hour of death. All the Fathers agree that final perseverance, with the graces which it implies, is not only a fit object of prayer, but that prayer is its necessary condition.[4] And Holy Communion, as It is the seed of the future resurrection of the body, is also the *daily Bread* for the persevering in life of the soul.

In view of the single difficulty of any apparent force against the present Promise, it must not be lost sight of that all prayer for final perseverance demands and depends on the graces needed by the free will of the one praying, through all the successive circumstances of life up to the hour of death. It is enough to note here that the practice of the Nine First Fridays, in asking and hoping to obtain graces that possibly lie so far ahead, is quite on a line with all other devotional practices for obtaining final perseverance. Either we must not pray at all for this most necessary of all graces—something which no Christian could bear to think of for a moment—or else the Communions of the Nine First Fridays are perfectly praiseworthy and efficacious for their declared aim, and that *on merely general principles of Christian faith.*

The private revelation to Blessed Margaret Mary simply concerns special graces attached to what was always a means of grace. It makes better known God's present good-pleasure that men should respond to the love of His Incarnation by earnest

[4] Cornelius à Lapide, in whose vast Scripture commentary, the voice of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church is everywhere heard, speaks innumerable times of final perseverance, and never without demanding prayer for the *gratia congrua.*

devotion to His Sacred Heart. What stronger and sweeter practice of devotion could there be than the persevering and frequent Communion of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ—God Incarnate and *dwelling amongst us!*

It is this reason, perhaps, that dictated the words of the revelation—"in the excessive mercy of My Heart"—"My love all-powerful"—"My Divine Heart making Itself (*se rendant*) their sure refuge in this last moment."

5. *What is the precise nature of the special and extraordinary grace promised in favor of Communion on Nine First Fridays of as many consecutive months, out of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus?*

The grace is threefold, or rather a single grace implying three special blessings of the Divine Heart.

The first is "the *final* grace of *penitence*." [5]

This part of the Promise quite does away, in this case, with a charge somewhat ignorantly brought against other "devotions with promise," such as that of the Carmelite Scapular, already treated: namely, that they may lead simple souls to compound the soul's dying in mortal sin with the soul's salvation. A soul thus simple would, in fact, no longer have Christian faith or, indeed, the natural religion of a God rewarding and punishing. That a superstition, in direct contradiction with the prime elements of Christian faith, may find some shadow of foundation in a thoroughly Christian *practice* of devotion is possible; but we have not to reckon with its probability. Who, indeed, has ever seen it actually verified?

That the "final grace" promised is "penitence" also removes any idea that the so-called "confirmation in grace" is in question. The latter is an extraordinary grace like the gift of working miracles or of prophecy, and is not properly an object of prayer at all. It is a grace freely given for God's own purposes (*gratis*

[5] It is to be regretted that this has been so frequently printed "the grace of final *perseverance*." The two formulas are, indeed, essentially equivalent, but the wording of the original revelation ought not to be changed, and the misapprehension of the nature of this Promise has largely arisen from the change.

data), and is not in the regular course of personal sanctification (*gratum faciens*), as is the grace of final perseverance.

"Penitence" also is not the subject-matter of a grace which, once gained, is laid up in store for us at some future time—quite without our doing anything of ourselves meanwhile. The act of penitence must proceed from the free will of the penitent; and every grace, no matter how extraordinary, will suppose such action of the will. And he who prays for the "final grace of penitence," always and of necessity, asks for the aids of grace which will be needed at the hour of death in order that his will may then act aright.

How far these aids can be obtained by prayer, made long beforehand, is a question to be answered further on; it concerns, as has often been declared, all prayer for final perseverance.

The special case of the prayer of the Nine First Fridays has this advantage—it supposes *actual charity* in the praying soul, this being a necessary condition of Holy Communion; whereas theologians explain the infallible power of prayer for obtaining sanctifying grace as extending to the prayers of the sinner who is *without charity*, provided they are made under the proper conditions of faith and hope.

The second blessing of the Promise is that they who practise this devotion "shall not die in the disgrace" of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Who is to judge them. This follows directly from the blessing of final penitence: *a humble and contrite heart Thou wilt not despise.*[6] This is also in accordance with the reason given by our Lord in the revelation for all the wonderful graces promised: "My Sacred Heart making Itself their sure refuge in this last moment."

This part of the Promise, again, is in direct contradiction with the notion that even the simplest Christians might draw an excuse for living indifferently from having once performed this devotion of the Nine First Fridays. The primary teaching of their faith is that sin is displeasing to God: therefore the soul that is in sin cannot but be "in the disgrace" of the Divine

[6] Psalm *Miserere.*

Heart. In fact, there is no valid reason to suppose any such preposterous application of the Promise, not to speak of the unfitness for the nine Holy Communions in which a soul, possessed with such a superstition, would of necessity be found.

The third blessing is connected with something tangible and exterior, and therefore needs a more precise explanation. It is that they who perform this devotion shall not die "without receiving their Sacraments."

There is no difficulty in this, even though a Christian had nine times fervently gone through the Nine First Fridays and afterward died suddenly without time for the outward reception of the Sacraments. All promises of grace concern first of all the interior effect on the soul, and this alone is of absolute necessity. Thus God promises the grace of salvation to all men, and this grace is directly connected with the sacrament of Baptism. Yet the grace of Baptism may be received without the exterior reception of the sacrament, when this is impossible, by the working of charity in the heart. So too the special aids and graces of the Sacraments of the dying, when these cannot outwardly be received, may be abundantly supplied by the interior workings of the Holy Ghost. This will most certainly be done with all Christians that die "in the final grace of penitence, and not in the disgrace of the Sacred Heart"—

The Fount and Giver of all grace.[7]

6. *How does this Promise apply to the case in which a long space of time intervenes between the performance of the devotion and the hour of death?*

The same answer is to be given here, as in similar questions concerning the Carmelite Scapular or, indeed, all prayer for final perseverance. To die in God's grace is not a matter of merit of any kind; it is a pure gift of God's goodness. But we may and must pray for it, since it is a gift absolutely necessary to our eternal welfare. And it has been promised us that our prayers shall be heard without fail.

Most certainly, our prayers for this grace of graces must be

[7] Blessed Margaret Mary's *Hymn*, in October *Pilgrim*, 1889.

Christian, that is, not superstitious and without any interior affection of the soul; and they must be *persevering until the grace is obtained.* To no prayer can it be promised that, once made, the grace of final salvation shall be its reward after a long intervening life of sin.

On the other hand, God's gifts are not withdrawn even from the sinner, unless they are deliberately cast away. Thus, even after charity has been driven out by mortal sin, supernatural faith and hope still remain as a seed of the soul's resurrection to the life of grace, and *as a sure groundwork of the sinner's prayers*, which all theologians teach are certain to be heard, if offered with the proper dispositions. That is to say, so long as the sinner prays with the sincerity of faith and hope, he is sure sooner or later to grow up into the good-will of charity and sanctifying grace.

We have already explained how the counting on any prayer for the future, while deliberately purposing for the present to remain in sin, is against the first principles of the Christian faith. We have not to reckon with its probable occurrence; and, on the other hand, it has never been Catholic instinct to shut the door of heaven in sight of the poor sinner, simply because he comes on with faltering pace.

In regard to the present Promise, the devotion it inculcates is evidently the best calculated to win the grace and induce the habit of living constantly in God's charity. The Christian who, for nine successive months together, has prepared himself to receive fervently on each First Friday the Body of his Lord, will not easily and all at once fall away from His friendship. Otherwise, where would be the wondrous grace of power and love and life so solemnly promised by Jesus Christ Himself to even the ordinary frequentation of Holy Communion by His faithful people?

I am the Living Bread, Which came down from Heaven.

If any man eat of this Bread, he shall live forever; and the Bread That I will give is My Flesh for the life of the world. . . .

Amen, amen, I say unto you: Except you eat the Flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you.

He that eateth My Flesh, and drinketh My Blood, hath everlasting life: and I will raise him up in the last day.

For My Flesh is meat indeed: and My Blood is drink indeed;

He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, abideth in Me, and I in him.

As the living Father has sent Me, and I live by the Father: so he that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me. . . .

He that eateth this Bread shall live forever.[8]

But even when the unhappy Christian, after the due performance of his Nine First Fridays, falls into grievous sin, if he does not by deliberate calculation remain therein, why should not the *special* and *extraordinary* grace he had gained still work in him to raise him up again by the victories of a grace suited to his own wavering, but still praying, believing, hoping will?

Gratia victrix et congrua—it is promised as the *general* and *ordinary* reward of all prayer, even when made by sinners, provided their prayer proceeds from the good-will of faith and hope. How then can it be denied to the prayer that is founded on faith and hope in the Aid of aids granted us by our God—the Communion of His Body and Precious Blood? And how can it be otherwise than credible that this grace should be specially intensified when won by the devotion to the Sacred Heart, in which God has declared Himself to be well pleased?

Surely, this Great Promise is based on the certain teaching of Christ's Church concerning His love for sinful men. It comes to us as a direct revelation from the Blessed seer whose holiness is certified by the Church that has received from her the entire devotion to the Sacred Heart. And experience shows, day by day, the divine blessings of this and all the other Promises to the Christian people.

[8] St. John, vi.

The Reader.

At the beginning of this year our Holy Father, in a letter to President Flores, of Ecuador, expresses great delight on account of the condition of public sentiment in that country. The people of Ecuador are giving splendid fulfilment to the prophecy of their martyred President, Garcia Moreno, and hold their place in the world to-day as a model Christian Republic.

***

In the old world, no less than in the two hardy Christian commonwealths of the new—Ecuador and Colombia—valiant and enlightened men are striving earnestly to find an acknowledgment of Christian principles in the management of public affairs. The Archbishops and Bishops of France have lately issued strong pastoral letters for the instruction and guidance of their flocks, in regard to the duties of citizenship and the obligation of striving manfully for the maintenance of the Church's freedom and authority. Some of them are masterly documents. Notably so is the Pastoral of Mgr. Perraud, Bishop of Autun and Member of the French Academy. He points out forcibly that the most detestable and the most dangerous of sophisms is that which would kill two consciences in a man, the Christian's and the citizen's, by arguing that one has nothing to do with the other. He very powerfully impresses upon citizens that it is their duty to use every lawful means in their power to make the legislation of their country harmonize with the high principles of the Gospel.

And meanwhile, the infidel press and the political jugglers are trying to create a bugbear of alarm, because the Church is meddling with the State, because the spiritual authority invades the domain of the temporal. As if, forsooth, the Church of Jesus Christ were a worn-out institution entitled at best to some quiet comfort from the memory of the past, and not the ever-fresh and ever-active and ever-fearless teacher of all nations!

***

The Messenger is a publication the sole aim of which is to spread devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and nothing could be farther from the minds of its managers than a desire to interfere in politics. Yet, the duties of political life are so closely interwoven with the ordinary obligations of conscience, that we

would like to be both plain and explicit in a few remarks about the standing of the Catholic Church in regard to political contests, as such.

First of all, then, we may be allowed to say that the word "politics" has grown to have a very limited, and not always a very honorable meaning: though in its origin it signified the concern of good citizens for the advantage of the common weal—the effort of the right-minded and the wise to correct the movement of the many for the common good of all. But we are not unaware that the word "politics," like many other reputable words, has been "soiled by ignoble use." Therefore we take it in the original sense, of a rightful interest in the conduct of our public affairs; and we ask ourselves what are the duties of Catholics, priests and laymen, in politics so understood? Briefly it may be said that their plain duty is, first and above all, to see that the principles of eternal justice and the dictates of a correct conscience, which are essential to the morality of every action of private life, shall not be disregarded in the performance of the public duties of citizenship. As our Holy Father, Leo XIII., says in his splendid Encyclical *Immortale Dei:* "In private life, indeed, the first duty is to conform one's life and morals to the precepts of the Gospel, and not to refuse if Christian duty demands something unusually hard to be borne. Individuals are bound to love the Church as their common mother, to keep her laws obediently, to give her the service of due honor and to wish her rights respected; and to endeavor to have her fostered and beloved by those over whom they may exercise authority.

"So, in like manner, it is of great importance to the public welfare, diligently and wisely to give attention to the duties of citizenship. And furthermore, with that interest in public affairs which is righteous among Christians, Catholics ought to labor earnestly for the passing of effective measures, so that public provision may be made for the instruction of youth in religion and true morality, since upon these things depends very largely the welfare of every state (November 1, 1885)."

***

Reckless declaimers are both loud and frequent in their denunciations of priestly interference in politics, and unreflecting men imagine that there is a plea for genuine liberty in the cry. Nevertheless, all must acknowledge that an educated man, other

things being equal, is better fitted to offer a sound solution of some problem of civil life than a man in primeval ignorance. So, too, when public interest or the safety of the commonwealth is at stake, the priest, in his capacity of pastor and guide of the flock entrusted to him, can give wise counsel on the broad principles of justice and religion—teaching his people to have upright aims, to withstand all mercenary allurements, to hold in high esteem the duty of citizenship and to honor with sacred reverence the purity of the ballot. On matters of mere policy, or the divergencies of political parties, his flock have an inalienable right to differ from one another; and the priest is not called upon by his duty to side with either party. His obligation is to instruct all, alike, upon the necessity of having just aims and of striving to reach them by lawful means. He may, of course, as a private citizen have his preferences, but he will be consulting more wisely for the dignity and the sacredness and the usefulness of his office, both in Church and State, if he strive earnestly to keep such preference, as it ought to be, numerically a unit. He must not be a partisan, especially where, as in this country under our free government, the dividing lines between political parties are not drawn upon principles of right and wrong, but rather upon questions of expediency as to the proper method of conducting affairs of state. About such methods good men may differ, and the priest ought to be the friend and the father of the disputants on both sides. As Leo XIII. says: "The wish to take no part in public affairs would be to that extent vicious in which it would bring neither care nor work to the common weal; and all the more so because Catholic men are bound, by the admonitions of the doctrine which they profess, to do what has to be done with uprightness and conscientious fidelity." Therefore, the advice of the Supreme Pastor addressed to the universal world, is taken up by the bishops and conveyed by them unto the priests and people of their respective flocks, exhorting all to a faithful, conscientious and truly patriotic discharge of the duties of citizenship. For, unless the citizen walk in the way which faith illumines and where conscience guides, his journey is not heavenward.

These truths we proclaim when no troublesome questions divide our ranks, in the hope that a word in season may help toward the abundance of the harvest which good principles bring forth in Church and State.

General Intention

FOR DECEMBER, 1889.

Designated by His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer,—and confirmed with his special blessing by His Holiness Leo XIII.

IN the General Intention for October we were called upon to pray for the humiliation of the enemies who harass the Church, and in November, for the atoning governments of South America which befriend her by repairing past wrong-doing. Now we are to close the year by an earnest appeal for God's blessing upon the *Preachers of the Gospel*, the men whose sublime duty it is to act as God's ambassadors in the divine work of saving souls. Wherefore, a few thoughts upon the nature of their work and the manner in which we can aid them will, no doubt, help us to understand more clearly what it is that we are to pray for.

I.

Preaching must always be a highly important function in the Church which was founded by Jesus Christ. First, because it was the sole method of teaching divine truth which He Himself made use of; and, secondly, because in sending forth His chosen few to *teach all nations*[1] He commands them, in very emphatic terms, to *preach the gospel to every creature.*[2] It must, however, be remembered that He added the charge: *baptizing them, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,*[3] plainly implying that the ministry of the spoken word was to be brought to its completeness by the ministry of the Sacraments.

These two ministries are widely different, not merely in the manner of their fulfilment but, also, in their meaning and their efficiency. Because, the Sacrament is an "outward sign of an inward grace" which it has the power of producing in every soul that does not put an obstacle in its way. Whereas preaching,

[1] St. Matthew, xxviii. [2] St. Mark, xvi. [3] St. Matthew, xxviii.

at its best, is only an outward sign of an *outward* grace—a mere sound to tell the hearer that he has an opportunity of hearkening to the truth, or to remind him of the presence of the *acceptable time* and the *day of salvation.*[4] The sacrament gives grace; the preaching only tells how grace may be obtained. Yet it is somewhat strange that St. Paul, in one well-known utterance, seems to set preaching on a higher plane than the office of administering such a very essential sacrament as Baptism. *The Lord hath not sent me,* says he, *to baptize but to preach.*[5] Well were it, indeed, for the interests of religion if many a one who prefers preaching to baptizing had as good a reason for his choice as St. Paul had! His course was guided by the clear knowledge he possessed of the fact that in the Church of Christ *there are diversities of ministries*[6] and that when a man like him was divinely set apart for one he should not allow himself to be too easily led to the discharge of the other: especially when, as in the case before him, a lower reason than necessity should invite him. But he very clearly proclaimed the nature of his apostleship in such manner as to include both the ministry of preaching and the ministry of the Sacraments, when he said: *Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God.*[7] The one was an apostleship of power, inasmuch as the Sacrament of and by itself produces grace in the soul, unless it is hindered; whilst the other, fulfilling its ministry by the sound which reaches the ear, awaits some further influence, some new agency to operate upon the spiritual nature.

II.

Readers of the MESSENGER, Associates of the Holy League, you have the influence that is demanded. Remember how our blessed Lord, on a certain occasion, said with plaintive melancholy: *the harvest indeed is great but the laborers are few!*[8] He seemed to be holding out an invitation for volunteers to undertake the work. And He was, though somewhat differently

[4] Isaias, xlix. [5] I. Corinthians, i. [6] I. Corinthians, xii.
[7] I. Corinthians, iv. [8] St. Matthew, ix.

from what one would have imagined; for He presently added: *Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He send forth laborers into His harvest.*[9] Therein He taught them that, besides the apostleship of power which is exercised in the administering of the Sacraments, and the duties of which only a few, comparatively, can discharge, there is within reach of all the apostleship of prayer which brings down heavenly grace to make the ministry of the word fruitful in the soul.

When, therefore, we are invited to pray for the Preachers of the Gospel, it is only another way of saying to us: pray that the soil may be prepared for the word of God. Pray that the Holy Ghost may fertilize the souls of men with the dew of divine grace, so that when the good seed of the Gospel falls upon them it may take deep root and fructify one hundredfold. This may seem to you rather praying for those to whom the Gospel is preached than for the preachers thereof. Don't mind that distraction: you are following a good pattern. The parable of the sower assigns both the fruitfulness and the failure of the seed to one single cause—the condition of the soil. Granted, therefore, that the sower goes forth to sow—that the preacher scatters the good seed of the word of God, the result will depend upon the soil. Pray for the soil, then, and you pray for the preacher; pray for the listeners in the pews and there will be little doubt about the success of the man in the pulpit.

III.

Still it must be added, in all fairness, that the preacher of the Gospel stands greatly in need of prayer, so that it may be entirely certain that he really has a supply of good seed with him, when he goeth forth to sow. The very best of soil would remain fallow, if the husbandman should only pretend to scatter the seed upon it from an empty hand. Pray, therefore, for the preachers of the Gospel that they may cherish personal holiness for their own sake, and through a reverent esteem of their sacred office. Pray that they may be, in very

[9] St. Matthew, ix.

truth, *the light of the world*[10] shining conspicuously in all branches of sacred knowledge and striving to attain as high a degree of scholarship as their faculties will admit of. Pray that they may never be led to condone their neglect of study by the alluring sophistry which is built upon the fact that the first preachers of the Gospel were ignorant men, and that the Lord Himself said to them: *Take no thought how or what to speak: for it shall be given you.*[11] For, in one case, He speaks of an hour of sore distress in which they were to be delivered up to kings and councils, to be scourged and reviled, and He cheers them with the assurance that they will be strengthened to profess the truth, without heeding the form of words in which it is to be conveyed. In the other, it is certainly a threadbare truth that, no matter what phase of apostolic endowment the Church has held up for imitation by her ministers, she has always been fertile in her miscellaneous methods of persuading them, that the ignorance of the Apostles must not be regarded as a part of the lawful equipment of their successors.

In fine, we pray that the Catholic University, just opened under happy auspices, may have God's abundant blessing upon her labors, that she may be the nursing mother of saints and scholars, and that from her halls may come forth, in good season, Preachers of the Gospel, richly endowed with the qualities which the Lord of the harvest will make fruitful of good, in the immense field even now ready for their labors.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular, that the Preachers of the Gospel may have light and strength, wisdom and zeal in their holy mission. *Amen.*

[10] St. Matthew, v. [11] St. Matthew, x.

THE GOLDEN BOOKS.

OUR *Golden Books* are finished, and will be transmitted to to Paray-le-Monial the middle of this month. One of the Fathers of the MESSENGER staff, who visited Paray on the feast of Blessed Margaret Mary (October 17) to make final arrangements, writes us the result of his visit:

"The *Golden Books* with the names of our American Consecrated Families will remain on the tomb of Blessed Margaret Mary for some time, and will then be placed permanently in the chamber (now a chapel) of the infirmary where she died."

They are sumptuous. Here is the description given by a Promoter who is a member of the Tabernacle Society:

As announced in the November MESSENGER, the Ladies of the Tabernacle Society of the Convent of Notre Dame, Philadelphia, kindly undertook to prepare the *Golden Books*, in which the Lists of names of Consecrated Families are to be bound. These ladies are all Associates of the League, many of them being zealous Promoters; and they deemed it an honor and a privilege to make this special offering to the Sacred Heart. It was understood from the start that nothing was to be taken from the *Fund for Poor Churches*, but it was to be an act of private generosity on their part.

Owing to the great number of Lists for the Consecration of Families which will be transmitted from the United States to Paray-le-Monial, something spacious as well as beautiful had to be specially designed for the purpose, and the form finally adopted is chaste, elegant, and appropriate. It consists of two handsome cases in book form, of similar size and design, ten inches wide, seventeen inches long, and five inches high, made of heavy cardboard, covered with a rich shade of the finest red grained-leather, and giving evidence of most careful and delicate workmanship.

The back of each volume is heavily moulded, and is covered with a double thickness of leather, strongly securing the two covers, while the front and sides are gilded to represent the leaves

of a book. Within a rectangular design, pressed on the cover, there are two exquisite pieces of French gilt decoration in scroll-pattern, occupying opposite corners, the one above and the other on the lower end, bearing respectively the figures 1689 and 1889 in relief, thus prominently recalling the significance of the design and showing to the observer the purpose of the *Golden Books*. These corner-pieces are specimens of artistic elegance.

The base, or lower cover, of the Book is, naturally, perfectly plain. The handsome red leather is only ornamented by brass buttons under the four corners, upon which the Book rests and which prevent the leather from becoming rubbed.

The interior of the Books is finished throughout in handsome white satin, of a cream tint. The reverse of the cover is no less rich than the exterior, being, however, heightened and made more effective by superb illuminated handwork upon the satin ground, and having a different design for each case.

The beautiful motto of the League—*Adveniat Regnum Tuum!*—is in both designs. The lettering is of the finest brush-work, and of delicate coloring, while a handsome bordering, two inches wide, is on one side and below the words. One is an intricate scroll-pattern, in raised gold, through which are drawn delicate conventional flowers, in light colors; and the other has the passion flower, in the natural tints, interlaced in circles of gold—a fitting emblem of the great redeeming love without which we could never have been the "Children of the Kingdom."

Both of these exquisite pieces of hand-painting were designed and executed at the Convent of Notre Dame, where the League of the Sacred Heart is established and where the good religious are earnest workers for its propagation.

The body of each case has three partitions, dividing it into compartments eight inches long and five inches wide, to allow the depositing of the Lists within them. They are nearly five inches deep, thus affording place for 5,000 Lists in each Book.

The Lists will be pressed and bound into packages, tied with

red silk cord, and will thus be placed in the *Golden Books*, there to rest as a continual reminder to the Divine Heart of Jesus of the families that have consecrated themselves to Him and therefore claim His loving protection.

Over these packages of Lists, on each compartment, will rest a cross five inches square, the shape and design of the Promoter's Cross, again to remind our Divine Lord that the Promoters of the League have been earnest in their endeavors to realize His wish, to have Christian society consecrated to His Sacred Heart. These crosses are of Maltese shape and made of red leather, to harmonize with the covering of the Books.

The arms are ornamented with gilded lines, corresponding with the graceful design of the Indulgenced Cross so dear to every Promoter's heart, and in the centre of the crosses, covering the extreme compartments, are the letters I. H. S. stamped in gold and of old English lettering, while the middle cross bears in a similar position the figure of the Sacred Heart.

These leather crosses are held in place on each partition by small gilt pins, while over the entire interior body of the case lies the following MEMORIAL DEDICATION in French, beautifully inscribed on white satin in letters of gold:

"FAMILLES AMÉRICAINES
QUI, RÉPONDANT À L'APPEL DE 1689
ET EN RÉPARATION
DES IMPIÉTÉS RÉVOLUTIONNAIRES DE 1789,
SE SONT CONSACRÉES EN 1889
AU SACRÉ CŒUR.
"*Direction Centrale de la Ligue du Sacré Cœur aux États Unis.*"

The translation of this reads: "These are the names of the American Families who, in response to the appeal of 1689 and in reparation for the evils of the Revolution of 1789, have consecrated themselves to the Sacred Heart in 1889.

"*Central Direction of the League of the Sacred Heart in the United States.*"

AMERICAN HEAD CENTRE

OF THE

League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

CONSECRATION

OF

CHRISTIAN FAMILIES TO THE DIVINE HEART OF JESUS,

FOR THE

CENTENARY OF JUNE, 1689.

AMERICAN PARENTS OR SUMMARY OF

FAMILIES. REPRESENTATIVES. NAMES.

MADE IN 1889.

[The name of the church, college, convent, or school is given only when the Consecration was made *officially*. In many instances, on account of the sender's failure to note the place on the List, it was impossible to tell whence the names had come.]

ARCHDIOCESES.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

PLACE.	CHURCH.	CONVENT.	NAMES.
BALTIMORE—	St. Gregory's		84
"	St. Ignatius'		1476
"	St. Vincent's		742
"		Carmelite	33
BRYANTOWN—	St. Mary's		43
CHARLES COUNTY—	St. Thomas'		50
"	" St. Joseph's		47
EMMITSBURG—		St. Joseph's	644
FREDERICK—		Visitation	183
GEORGETOWN—	Holy Trinity		704
ST. MARY'S COUNTY—	Sacred Heart		156
HARRISONVILLE—	Holy Family		27
WASHINGTON—	St. Aloysius'		360
WOODSTOCK—	St. Alphonsus'		71
Various			709

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON—	St. Francis de Sales'		571
"	Immaculate Conception		2771
"		Sacred Heart	12
SALEM—	St. James'		289
WALTHAM—	St. Mary's		1136
Various			377

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO—	St. Brigid's		851
"	St. Columkille's		430
"	Holy Family		2456
Various			284

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

BELLEFONTAINE—	St. Mary's		139
CINCINNATI—	St. Francis Xavier's		1782
"	St. Patrick's		264
PRICE HILL—	St. Lawrence's		53
URBANA—	St. Mary's		139
Various			169

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE—	Holy Name		322

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

ARNAUDVILLE			171
BAYOU GOULA—	St. Paul's		60
GRAND COTEAU—	St. Charles'		60
NEW ORLEANS—	Immaculate Concep.		689
"	" St. Alphonsus'		60
"	"	Sacred Heart	40
Various			431

NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

PLACE.	CHURCH.	CONVENT.	NAMES.
NEW YORK CITY—	Cathedral		4689
" " "	Mt. Carmel		177
" " "	St. Francis Xavier's		776
" " "	St. Jerome's		287
" " "	St. James'		580
" " "	St. Lawrence's		133
" " "	Holy Innocents'		61
" " "	Good Counsel		120
" " "	Sacred Heart		504
" " "	St. Stephen's		220
" " "	St. Teresa's		648
" " "	St. Vincent Ferrer's		2022
" " "	St. Brigid's	Academy	536
" " "	St. Raphael's		307
FORDHAM—	B. V. M. of Mercy		382
Various			1019

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

MANAYUNK—	St. John Baptist's		513
MEDIA—	Nativity, B. V. M.		50
PHILADELPHIA—	St. Francis'		169
"	The Gesú		12622
"	St. James'		1227
"		Mercy	116
SHARON HILL—		S. H. C. J.	20
WEST CHESTER—	Immaculate Heart		262
Various			791

ST. LOUIS MISSOURI.

PLACE.	CHURCH.	CONVENT.	NAMES.
FLORISSANT—	St. Ferdinand's		145
ST. LOUIS—	St. Alphonsus'		120
"	St. Francis Xavier's		2201
"		Carmelite	68
"		Visitation	356
Various			458

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

MINNEAPOLIS—	Immaculate Concep.		436
ST. PAUL—	Holy Rosary		179
"	St. Joseph's		209
Various			605

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

ALAMEDA—		Notre Dame	120
SANTA CLARA—	St. Clare's		150
SAN FRANCISCO—	St. Francis'		523
" "	St. Peter's		172
" "		Magdalen Asylum	31
SAN JOSÉ—	St. Joseph's		249
Various			121

SANTA FÉ, NEW MEXICO.

SOCORRO—	St. Michael's		29
Various			15

DIOCESES.

ALBANY, NEW YORK.

PLACE.	CHURCH.	CONVENT.	NAMES.
ALBANY—	Cathedral		330
AMSTERDAM—	St. Mary's		507
KENWOOD—		Sacred Heart	14
TROY—	St. Joseph's		1425
Various			70

ALTON, ILLINOIS.

BLUFF CITY—	St. Patrick's		25
WINCHESTER—	St. Mark's		51
Various			5

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

BROOKLYN—	St. Ambrose's		122
"		Good Shepherd	25
"	St. Joseph's		195
"	St. Mary's		120
"	Presentation		150
FLUSHING—		St. Joseph's	271
Various			690

BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

BUFFALO—	Holy Angels'		200
"		St. Joseph's	30
Various			30

BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

PLACE.	CHURCH.	CONVENT.	NAMES.
MONTPELIER—	St. Michael's		147
Various			13

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

ALLIANCE—	St. Joseph's		30
SYLVANIA—	St. Patrick's		30
TOLEDO—	St. Mary's		299
"		Ursuline	396
"		St. Vincent's	30
YOUNGSTOWN—	St. Columba's		227
Various			123

CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

CHEYENNE—	Cathedral		90
Various			6

COVINGTON, KENTUCKY.

COVINGTON—	Cathedral		30
Various			30

DAVENPORT, IOWA.

DAVENPORT—	Cathedral		269

DÉTROIT, MICHIGAN.

PLACE.	CHURCH. CONVENT.	NAMES.
DETROIT—Sts. Peter and Paul's		540
GROSSE POINTE—	Sacred Heart	58
MONROE—	St. Mary's	18
PORT HURON—	Sacred Heart	150

DUBUQUE, IOWA.

LAWLER—Mt. Carmel	30

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA.

MEADVILLE—St. Bridget's	30
ST. MARY'S— Benedictine	60
Various	11

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

TEXARKANA—Sacred Heart	488
Various	8

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN.

COOPERSTOWN—St. James'	30
SHAWANO—Sacred Heart	55

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

CONEWAGO—Sacred Heart	300
LEBANON—St. Mary's	63
LITTLESTOWN—St. Aloysius'	60
McSHERRYSTOWN— St. Joseph's	30
Various	28

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

DANBURY—St. Peter's	844
HARTFORD— Mercy	120
LAKEVILLE—St. Joseph's	248
STAFFORD SPRINGS—St. Edward's	60
Various	30

HELENA, MONTANA.

HELENA— Ursuline	30

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

KANSAS CITY—St. Aloysius'	71
NORBORNE—Sacred Heart	60
Various	8

LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN—St. Gabriel's	90
Various	20

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

ABILENE—St. Andrew's	44
ATCHISON—St. Benedict's	76
ARMOURDALE—St. Thomas'	30
EMERALD—St. Patrick's	60
INDEPENDENCE—St. Andrew's	44
KIMEO—St. Michael's	69
LAWRENCE—St. John's	41
LEAVENWORTH—Cathedral	93
" Sacred Heart	90
" Mt. St. Mary's	88
ST. MARY'S—St. Mary's	204
" College	203
TOPEKA—St. Mary's	90
Various	65

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

PLACE.	CHURCH. CONVENT.	NAMES.
EARLINGTON—Immaculate Concep.		85
LOUISVILLE—St. Columba's		64
" St. John's		346
" St. Michael's		36
SHELBYVILLE—	Franciscan	26
ST. MARY'S—St. Charles'		139
Various		15

MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

LACONIA—St. Joseph's	180

MOBILE, ALABAMA.

MOBILE—St. Joseph's	662
" St. Vincent's	40
" Visitation	30

MONTEREY AND LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

LOS ANGELES—Cathedral	270
" " St. Vincent's	21
Various	67

NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI.

NATCHEZ—St. Alphonsus'	32
VICKSBURG—St. Paul's	147
YAZOO CITY—Assumption	77
Various	1

NATCHITOCHES, LOUISIANA.

SHREVEPORT—St. Vincent's	30
Various	111

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

ELIZABETH— St. Mary's	21
HOBOKEN—St. Michael's	354
JERSEY CITY—St. Paul of Cross	202
" " St. Patrick's	32
" " St. Peter's	305
NEWARK—St. Aloysius'	139
NEWTON—St. Joseph's	173
PASSAIC—St. Nicholas'	31
PATERSON—St. John's	670
SO. ORANGE— Seton	66
Various	157

OGDENSBURG, NEW YORK.

GOUVERNEUR—St. James'	32
ROSIÈRE—St. Vincent's	178
Various	8

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

OMAHA—Cathedral	94
" Collegiate	362
" Holy Family	157
" St. Patrick's	81
Various	51

PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTOONA—St. John's	475
McKEESPORT—St. Peter's	22
PITTSBURG—St. James'	90
" Mercy	30
Various	218

PORTLAND, MAINE.

PLACE.	CHURCH.	CONVENT. NAMES.
LEWISTON—St. Joseph's		30
Various		16

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

ASHTON—St. Joseph's		34
PROVIDENCE—Immaculate Concep.		9
"	St. Joseph's	77
"	St. Mary's	65
"	St. Patrick's	170
ELMHURST—	Sacred Heart	66
VALLEY FALLS—St. Patrick's		431
Various		198

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

ALEXANDRIA—St. Mary's		180
HARPER'S FERRY—St. Peter's		39
MARTINSBURG—St. Joseph's		17
Various		4

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

Various		279

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.

EUREKA—	St. Joseph's	150
GRASS VALLEY	Mt. St. Mary's	60
Various		5

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

MACON—St. Joseph's		320
Various		172

SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

PLAINS—	Sacred Heart	30
TOWANDA—Sts. Peter and Paul's		83
Various		361

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

PLACE.	CHURCH.	CONVENT. NAMES.
LEE—	St. Joseph's	322
N. BROOKFIELD—St. Joseph's		30
SPRINGFIELD—Cathedral		474
W. BOYLSTON—St. Joseph's		82
WORCESTER—St. Ann's		13
"	Sacred Heart	275
"	St. Paul's	60

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

BINGHAMTON—St. Patrick's		30
SYRACUSE—Cathedral		146
"	St. Mary's	76
Various		333

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

BORDENTOWN—St. Mary's		18
Various		40

VINCENNES, INDIANA.

ST. MARY'S—	St. Mary's	569
Various		2

WHEELING, W. VIRGINIA.

CLARKSBURGH—	St. Joseph's	60
WHEELING—Cathedral		595
Various		4

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

WILMINGTON—	Visitation	95
Various		34

DAKOTA, DAKOTA.

ABERDEEN—Sacred Heart		30
GRAND FORKS—	St. Bernard's	30
STANDING ROCK AG'CY—		8

IDAHO, IDAHO.

OLD MISSION—Sacred Heart		90

CANADA.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

PLACE.	CHURCH.	CONVENT. NAMES.
HALIFAX—Cathedral		360
"	St. Patrick's	1032
"	St. Joseph's	240
BEDFORD—	Mt. St. Vincent's	191
EELBROOK—St. Ann's		277
TANGIERE—St. Martin's		198
Various		379

MONTREAL, QUEBEC.

MONTREAL—St. Anthony's		48
Various		536

TORONTO, ONTARIO.

THOROLD—Holy Rosary		124
TORONTO—St. Basil's		60

ANTIGONISH, NEW BRUNSWICK.

PLACE.	CHURCH.	CONVENT. NAMES.
MAINADIEU—St. Patrick's		90
NORTH SYDNEY—St. Patrick's		190
SYDNEY MINES—St. Peter's		180
Various		49

LONDON, ONTARIO.

LONDON—Cathedral		150
WINDSOR—		210
Various		27

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

ST. JOHN—Cathedral		810
FREDERICTON—	St. Dunstan's	150

MISCELLANEOUS	2164
Total number of Families	**82,738**

Apostleship Notices.

Recent Aggregations.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (from October 12 to November 12, 1889).

(The name of diocese in *italics*, before parish or community aggregated.)

Boston, Massachusetts: St. Mary's Church, Lawrence; Academy of Notre Dame (Berkeley St.), Boston.

Buffalo, New York: Convent of Mercy, Le Roy; Academy of Our Lady of the Angels (Sisters of Mercy), Elmira.

Burlington, Vermont: St. Peter's Church, and St. Joseph's Convent (Sisters of St. Joseph), East Rutland.

Cincinnati, Ohio: St. Patrick's Church, Cincinnati.

Dakota, Dakota: St. Francis' Mission, Rosebud Agency.

Detroit, Michigan: St. Mary's Church, Pinckney.

Hartford, Connecticut: Immaculate Conception Church, Norfolk.

Leavenworth, Kansas: Church of the Sacred Heart, Emporia; Church of the Seven Dolors B.V.M., Manhattan; Church of the Holy Angels, Hoge; St. Patrick's Church, Horanif.

Louisville, Kentucky: Holy Trinity Church, Fredericktown; St. Dominic's Church, Springfield.

Manchester, New Hampshire: St. Paul's Church, Franklin Falls.

Marquette and Sault-Sainte-Marie, Michigan: St. Ambrose's Church, Ironwood.

Nachitoches, Louisiana: St. Francis Xavier's Church, Alexandria.

New Orleans, Louisiana: Convent of Perpetual Adoration, New Orleans.

New York, New York: St. Patrick's Church, New York; St. Peter's Church, Rosendale.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: Convent of St. Joachim (Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary), Frankford.

Portland, Maine: St. Joseph's Home (Sisters of Mercy), Deering.

Providence, Rhode Island: Immaculate Conception Church, Providence; Immaculate Conception Church, Taunton; St. Joseph's Church, Fall River.

Richmond, Virginia: Saint Mary's Academy (Sisters of the Holy Cross), Alexandria; Sacred Heart Church, Richmond.

Saint Louis, Missouri: St. Joseph's Church, Edina; St. Mary's Academy (Sisters of Loretto), Moberly.

Santa Fé, New Mexico: Immaculate Conception Church, Las Vegas.

Springfield, Massachusetts: St. John's Church, Worcester.

Syracuse, New York: St. Lucy's Church, Syracuse.

Trenton, New Jersey: Church of the Sacred Heart, New Brunswick.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from October 12 to November 12, 1889.

	NO. OF TIMES.		NO. OF TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity . . .	84,451	11. Masses Heard	48,740
2. Beads	140,257	12. Mortifications	81,742
3. Stations of the Cross . .	13,219	13. Works of Charity . . .	31,285
4. Holy Communions . .	22,714	14. Works of Zeal	962,364
5. Spiritual Communions	49,931	15. Prayers	10,769,442
6. Examens of Conscience	45,952	16. Charitable Conversation	11,136
7. Hours of Labor . .	200,713	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	8,791
8. Hours of Silence . . .	70,663	18. Self-conquest	21,496
9. Pious Reading	56,687	19. Visits to B. Sacrament .	71,541
10. Masses Celebrated . .	944	20. Various Good Works . .	179,756

Total . . . . . 12,864,824.

The above represents two hundred and sixty-five Centres, and is three times greater than the largest offering heretofore received.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, **34,801.**

——*I desire that . . . thanksgivings be made for all men.*
(I. Timothy, ii.).——

——, *Ky., Oct. 13.*—A lady wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a man who had left off the practice of his religion for forty years. He was recommended to the prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart for about six months in succession, and on his deathbed he called for a priest, made his confession, and died a most edifying death. Another man had been out of the church for thirty years, and now, thanks to the prayers of the Associates, he is again a practical Catholic.

Boston, Oct. 13.—A year ago, I promised that if the Sacred Heart would settle a lawsuit without a trial at court, I would have the favor published in the MESSENGER. In a short time the matter was settled to the satisfaction of all concerned, thanks to the Sacred Heart.

New York, Oct. 14.—I have heard, within the past two weeks, in calling upon members of the League, of five narrow escapes from sudden death among those whom I recommend to the League monthly. A man, whom I prevailed upon to join the League, went to Confession after ten years' absence. Another has reformed from intemperance.

——, *Oct. 23.*—We wish to return our heartfelt thanks to

the Sacred Heart for having been preserved from an epidemic with which we were threatened. Before the Blessed Sacrament a promise was made to our Lord that in thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart, if the dreaded scourge were averted, the MESSENGER would be requested to publish our thanks.

Allegheny, Pa., Oct. 25.—I had requested the prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart several times for my eldest brother, who had been negligent in his religious duties, and intemperate for several years. We had a "mission" at our church and, thank God! he attended it, and received the Sacraments. I give thanks to the dear Sacred Heart.

Philadelphia, Oct. 29.—Most earnest thanksgiving is offered the Sacred Heart for the conversion of an old gentleman who had not been to the Sacraments for *sixty* years. The last two months of his life were spent in the most acute suffering, but all was offered in sentiments of deepest contrition and humility, in satisfaction for his sins, and his death was a calm and peaceful going home to our Lord with the confidence of a child seeking the protection of his Father's arms.

——, ***Colorado, Oct. 30.***—I desire to publish in the MESSENGER thanks to the Sacred Heart for favors received; for the return to the Sacraments of one dear to me, after ten years' neglect, and for two other favors which, previous to my asking the prayers of the League, seemed almost impossible.

St. Joseph, Mo.—Six months ago we recommended a woman, 40 years of age, to the prayers of the League. She had been baptized in infancy, but had never made her First Communion. In July she received the Sacraments for the first time. Please thank the Sacred Heart.

New York, Oct. 30.—I am happy to inform you of the following temporal favor which was conferred on one of my children, a girl fifteen years of age, who had been suffering during the present year with that incurable disease—the *King's Evil.* Having tried several medical remedies, which proved unsuccessful, I concluded to try a spiritual one. I took the Sacred Heart League Badge which I wore myself, and put it on

the girl, to wear around her neck as a true remedy. To-day, thanks to the Sacred Heart, she is entirely free from her former trouble.

Brooklyn, Oct. 30.—Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart of our dear Lord through the MESSENGER for a great favor granted. About the First Friday of September, after exhausting all human means, and even after making a novena, I sent in a request asking for assistance to enable me to send back to college a promising youth. In a few days the money was given to me by different persons, some of whom I do not even know. The boy is now back in his college home. Again thank the dear Sacred Heart for this and numerous other favors.

Various Centres.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for means to pay debts and for peace restored to a family.—Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for spiritual favors received.—I return thanks to the Sacred Heart for an answer to my prayer for financial help.—A Promoter returns his sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for constant increase in his business each month, since he commenced to send in an intention for it, a year ago.—Thanks are returned for the reform of a drunkard, through the prayers of the League.—Special thanks are offered for a temporal favor—work and means received from an unexpected source.—Please return special thanks for news of an absent brother, recommended four months ago; also for two spiritual favors.—Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart for two favors, the conversion of a brother and the return of two sisters to the Faith. This is evidently the result of the prayers of the Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart.—Return thanks to the Sacred Heart of our dear Lord for several favors lately received through the prayers of the League.—I wish to return thanks for many temporal favors received, one in an especially marked manner, for which I am very grateful to the Sacred Heart.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for many favors obtained.—One who had been a drunkard for many years has at last reformed. His case was a desperate one, but not too desperate for the prayers of the League.

BX 801 .M55 1889 SMC

The Messenger.

AIP-2703 (mcab)

Does Not Circulate